As a rule only two years are spent at the university, the student in that time reviewing his whole course, with constant memorizing of medical principles. The theory and philosophy of medicine are taught him after he has already learned their application in practice. The Chinese university student works almost entirely at night.

Surgery is in China a distinct profession from medicine, and the student of the latter is not trained in specialties. He becomes, however, thoroughly versed in hygiene, everything pertaining to diet and the relative values of foods in health or disease, and in preventive medicine. He believes that, except in cases of accident, all derangements of the human system arise from imperfect nutrition or a disordered state of one or more of the vital organs, frequently caused by the disturbing effects of climatic conditions or the influences of the five natural elements, namely: fire, water, earth, vegetation and minerals. His treatment is usually directed towards restoring the harmonious action of these organs and consequently the strength and vitality of the patient, leaving to nature the directing of that strength to the seat of disease.

The educated Chinese believe in keeping well rather than in becoming ill and then perhaps being cured. All well-to-do Chinese families employ physicians by the year, whose duty is to prevent sickness rather than to cure it. In matters of health the Chinese are, as a rule, temperate, sober and self-restrained. The hurry and worry of American business life are unknown in China. Were the American people, with their superior hereditary endowments of mental and physical force, as careful in observing the laws of health as are my countrymen, they would be to the latter a race of giants as compared with a race of pigmies. Yet, with the conditions as they exist today, I believe that the ancient peoples of China will long outlast the Caucasian races.

Some Educational Figures.

THE annual report of the Board of Education of the city of Los Angeles is significant of the progress of the schools. The total number of census children (between the ages of 5 and 17 years) is 16,956, in 1895; an increase of 2,213 over 1894. There are 290 teachers this year, as against 252 last. In 1885 the number was 68.

The County Superintendent of Schools reports a total of 34,245 children of school age in Los Angeles county; besides 13,148 under five years old. Of these, only 1026 are foreign-born, and 46,367 are natives. There are in the county 394 primary, 170 grammar and 6 high schools. There are 600 teachers, of whom 486 are women. Their salaries aggregate $360,122; and the value of buildings and furniture amounts to $1,395,030. None of these schools run less than six months; and only three of them less than eight months.

Besides these public schools there are in the county 17 private schools, with 129 teachers and 1361 pupils.

THE

LAND OF SUNSHINE

A MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA AND
THE SOUTHWEST.

EDITED BY

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

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Union Eng. Co.

MIDWINTER COASTING IN SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Negative by Mrs. A. Glassell, Jr., enlarged by Steckel.

"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

VOL. 4, No. 1. LOS ANGELES DECEMBER, 1895

CALIFORNIA AND FRÉMONT.

BY JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.

"If it were now to die
'Twere now to be most happy : for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown Fate."

SOMETIMES there comes a culminating hour of hopes fulfilled, so great, so deeply felt, that Othello's feeling seems its natural expression. "Unknown Fate" had other comforts still in store for Frémont, but this beautiful Los Angeles country was the scene of his first, his *unalloyed*, memories of grand success. It "inspired him then with devotion to California," and when time and illness made imperative the remove to a gentle climate his heart turned to Los Angeles.

"There are no rough breezes blowing
In that fair land,"

and illness *was* stayed.

Often we walked in vain endeavor to retrace once well-known places, but they were built over with houses of American growth. Even the landscape had changed. The noble sycamores and live oak trees along the unvexed river had fallen under the American axe, and one had to drive far to come upon a familiar object, such as the tall pomegranate hedge of Don Benito Wilson, and the San Gabriel Mission church. But the everlasting hills were there, and the lovely soft spring-like sunshine, though we had left New York in a snow storm and reached here on Christmas eve.

And some few old friends were left, and there were many welcoming new ones. Of the past was Godey, the faithful companion of many dangers — Godey the light-hearted and fearless, nearly ninety but still gay of heart and alert of mind and body and renewing the youth of his old Captain with his "You remember? And you remember?"

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And Don Totoy Pico, eighty now, who, hearing his son answer "yes, my father is always well; he still catches and saddles his horse every morning," looks severely at the son with "*Y porque no?*" Why not indeed, in such wholesome conditions and such a climate? Listening to the cheery talks I felt the joy of that long-ago time for them.

"You remember that day we ride over from San Fernando and on the Cahuenga plain we see Don Andres Pico and his friends riding to meet you? Eh, but they could ride! And their fine horses dancing, and their silver bridles and saddles shining! and we just in our blue flannels all stained with that hard march over the Santa Inez mountains. Well, we were good men all the same.

"And Don Andres rides, all alone, to meet you, when you leave us and ride to meet him. Then he unbuckles his sword and throws it far off—then you unbuckle your sword and throw it away, and just you two meet.

"Don Andres rides alongside and holds out his hand. Don Totoy by me says 'he thanks him for giving me my life.' (Don Totoy lifts a look of affection to the General, then gravely nods approval and listens again.)

"Then you settle all the whole thing; and after you and Don Andres first, we all ride through the Pass and into Los Angeles—*Eh, Mon Dieu*" cries Godey, who was the true old-time French enthusiast, "*Mon Dieu c'etait beau!*"

Ninety, and eighty, and seventy grew young as they recalled the days of glorious youth.

Frémont was in exulting youth, only thirty-three, when he had the certainty that on the Cahuenga plain he had completed the long hopes and great aims of wise men, and secured that ocean frontier "that now gives us a country from sea to sea—from the Atlantic to the Pacific, on the breadth of the temperate zone."

With the throwing away of the swords, strife ended; and our flag went up—never to come down—and the long contest for dominion over our continent, between France and England, transferred by France to us in selling Louisiana to Jefferson, was now finally decided. Though Admiral Sir George Seymour, commanding the Collingwood, haughtily notified Commodore Sloat that he had instructed British Consuls and through them British interests to consider the condition "*provisional and still open.*"

H. M. Ship Collingwood,
Monterey, 22d. July, 1846.

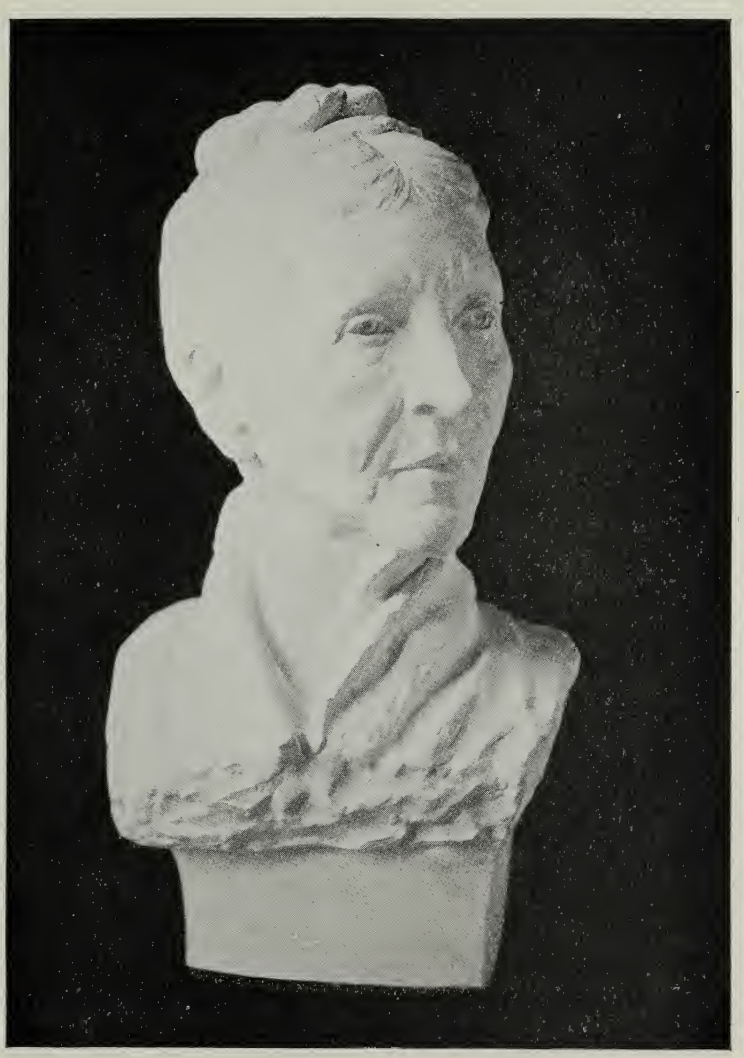
(*Admiral Seymour to Commodore Sloat, enclosing his instructions to Forbes, English Consul:*)

Instructions to Forbes, from Sir George Seymour, Commanding British Squadron:

* * * "I observe in the proclamation issued on the 7th of July, (Sloat's) 'that he acquaints the inhabitants that California will henceforward be a portion of the United States.'

"Whatever may be the expectations of that officer, I apprehend he would not be warranted by the practice or law of nations, nor, I believe,

by the Constitution of the United States, to declare that California has been annexed to that Republic ; and the tenure under which the forces of the U. S. Squadron at present hold this province should therefore be regarded as a provisional occupation pending future decisions or the issue of the contest between the United States and Mexico ; and in that light alone it should be regarded by you, until you receive instructions from the department under which you act, for your conduct."



L. A. Eng. Co. JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT AT 70. Negative by Maude.
From the bust by John Gutzon Borglum.

With his large feeling for this public good, Frémont had that inner, heart-warming feeling that *home* would share his pride and joy to the roots. For great international events must have roots. They cannot "happen;" and their growth is of logical sequence. With England, however slow and interrupted, tenacious always.

Some day it will be obligatory to teach our young people the history of their own nation.

That high school of Boston historians, Prescott, Motley, Bancroft, —has been carried forward and supplemented by Parkman and Winsor and others who have individualized our later history, and I trust our young people will grow up in knowledge and value of the patient wisdom, the taking advantage of opportunities, which finally ended the century of contest between France and England, then England and ourselves for the Mississippi valley; and for the later expansion of our country westward, and to the Pacific.

With the purchase of Louisiana, Jefferson, continuing the work of our Revolution, used every means to counteract England's plans. When he was President he would not even send to the Senate the treaty England wished confirmed for a *joint navigation* of the Missisippi. It was Jefferson who sent Lewis and Clarke to look for—and they found—the sources of the Columbia. We all know how near we came to war long after his time from allowing joint occupation of that river by England. "When that Lion lies down with the Lamb, it is only after the lamb is inside of him."

In 1824, my father, whose Missouri constituents numbered many French and Spanish, as well as American traders to New Mexico and on to the Sea of Cortez (as the Gulf of California was then called), was anxious to protect them across Mexican territory. He went to visit Jefferson at his mountain home in Virginia and inform himself regarding a peaceable outlet to the Pacific.

Jefferson had seen to this during his Presidency, and a map was referred to—our railways use now much of that old "Santa Fé Trail"—and their long talk of future interests was good seed falling on good ground; to bring forth a hundred fold.

Among powerful, effective forces, now closing in for the last act, was the philosophical historian who judged the future by the past as he studied the history of nations; the learned, the honorable, George Bancroft; who among many high uses of his ninety useful years actively moulded the history of California.

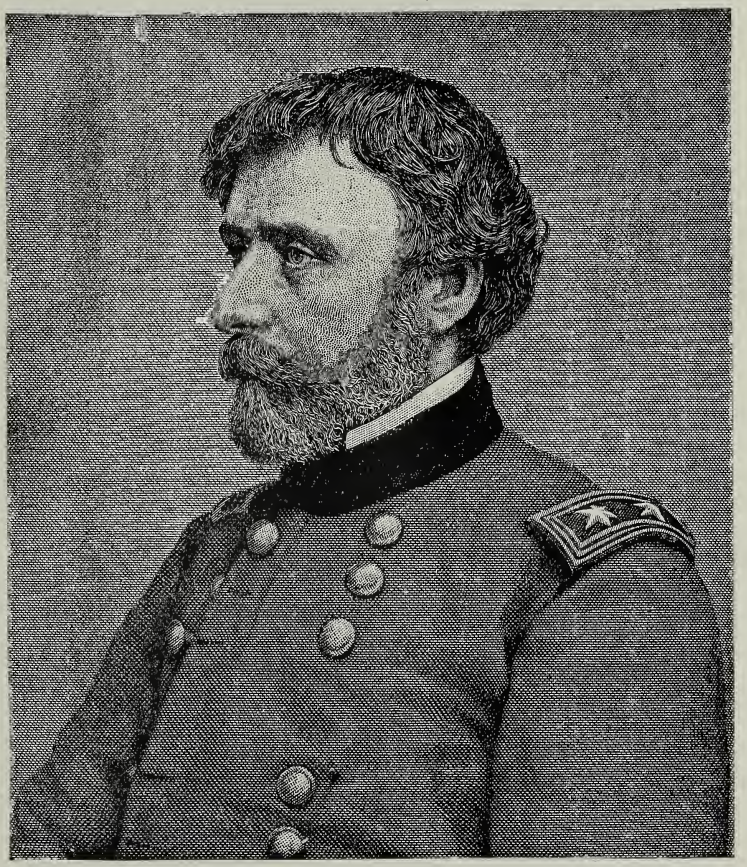
He had had previous years of intimacy with my father and with Mr. Frémont; but now Mr. Bancroft had come to Washington as Secretary of the Navy under President Polk, he was in power to give effective shape to thought.

It was my happy right as well as my great pleasure to be part in the councils held over the coming expedition of Frémont ('45–'46)—councils where with sure, light touch, past, present and future events were gone over—"Unknown Fate" to be watched for by the light of the past, and

all present advantages to be used in shaping the future; for nothing is more true than

"BEHIND FATE THERE STANDS A MAN."

For it was not Mexico but England we had now to confront for California. It was no "weak power trying to copy our republic," but our



Herve Friend, Eng. GEN. FREMONT IN 1864.

ancient enemy intending to hold the Bay of San Francisco. History cannot be understood on detached facts.

When writing his memoirs the General was again in Washington for the conveniences of records. Those of Mr. Bancroft were precious, and we were together constantly. There is not place here for all that belongs to that wonderfully interesting episode, but Mr. Bancroft became so re-awakened to its dramatic interest that he resolved

to write a monograph on the taking of California. And in his 87th year he made the long travel to Nashville to consult the private papers of President Polk ; Mrs. Polk giving him fullest permission to copy and use all he needed. Hence the Polk diary,* now in the Lenox library of New York, which bought all of Mr. Bancroft's library and papers.

Our Oregon question was, in 1845, unsettled and angry ; Mexico was preparing for war with us. She owed a huge debt to England, and an English protectorate of California, with the Bay of San Francisco as an English harbor, would be held as security. To make assurance doubly sure, a colonization scheme was *accepted* by Mexico ; nominally religious, but to be made up from England's treasury of fighting material, Irishmen ; these, in thousands with their families, were to have a grant of the San Joaquin valley from San Gabriel to San Francisco.† This and much more was known, officially, and also through exceptional information, from London and Mexico City ; and this is what President Polk had to meet in March, 1845.

No "*weak nation trying to copy our Republic,*" but a formidable combination in which the power of England and the religious zeal of the Catholic church had also governing parts.

To meet this, at once and with the utmost secrecy possible, Bancroft sent his orders of June 24, 1845, repeated in August and October, to Commodore Sloat, then commanding our Pacific squadron.‡

Earlier, and with greater silence (because oral instructions could be given) Frémont says, " In 1845 I was sent out at the head of a third and stronger expedition with *instructions to foil England* by carrying the imminent war with Mexico into their territory of California. At the fitting moment that territory was seized, and held, by the United States." Silence is essential to military success—Mexico had not proclaimed her combinations, though we learned them through exceptional channels ; as she learned all that could be known or inferred of ours, partly through a woman in society, who was employed by the English Legation. For the sake of her family, Mr. Buchanan, always kind-natured and hating a fuss, made no exposure, but thereafter *he opened his own mail;* and brought all his Mexican correspondence and newspapers to our house for reading and translation, as he knew no Spanish. My father did, also General Dix of New York, and these two as Chairman and member of the Senate Military Committee were necessarily in active consultation with the President. In the security of my father's library these Spanish letters would be read to Mr. Buchanan—discussed, and (by my sister and myself) translations made of points to be laid before the President and Cabinet. In this way I can speak with authority of the councils I saw held, and the results hoped for from Mr. Frémont's third expedition. *It was all planned—leaving details of time, place and circumstance to his own discretion.* If possible, he was to be

* See Atlantic Monthly—August and September, 1895.

† The agent for this colonization resided all winter with the British Consul in Mexico City, was sent on to California as a guest on the British war frigate Juno, and taken away by Sir George Seymour on H. B. M.'s man-of-war Collingwood.

‡ The orders under which Sloat raised our flag, July 7, 1846.

further directed later. But that might be impossible because of war, and the interruption of the only and slow means of travel, involving months of time and great personal risk. The home government of

L A Eng. Co. Photo. (copyrighted) by Doremus, Paterson. N. J.

Yours truly yours
John C. Fremont

"THE PATHFINDER" AT 77 (JUNE, 1890).

Mexico sent positive orders to General Castro to drive Frémont out of the country; Frémont having previously asked and obtained his permission to rest and refresh his party. These orders arrived by the brig Hannah, March 9th, 1846, and were at once made fully known by General Castro to our Consul, Larkin—and Mr. Larkin immediately informs and warns Frémont, also writes it to the State department officially.

Castro then made a pretext that his permission did not include the coast country; and Frémont, thinking the time had come, entrenched himself on the Gavilan Peak. But judging it premature he left, after some days' waiting, and moved slowly north—where Gillespie overtook him a few weeks later with the expected signal. Gillespie *came direct from the President and Secretary of the Navy, accredited* as "*Special and Confidential agent for California.*" *Through Gillespie* Frémont obtained all needed supplies and money from the Naval officer in command then, Captain Montgomery, U. S. S. Portsmouth.

For six months after our flag was raised there was not, and never had been in California, but one officer of the U. S. Army, Frémont. His party were American citizens; self-reliant, experienced mountain men—"each of us Captain in his own way," as Carson said to me with just pride. Now when notified from Washington through Gillespie "*the time has come to* ACT—DISCREETLY, *but* ACT," Frémont asked the aid of American immigrants and raised our flag.

Commodore Stockton could not as a Naval officer "command" either an army officer or citizens. But as a land force was needed to co-operate with the men-of-war along the coast, they all, Frémont and the Pioneers, VOLUNTEERED to serve under Stockton; renouncing, for the sake of securing California, the dearest right of Americans, independent self-control. They laughed at Stockton's offer to pay them twelve dollars a month. "We only want pay for our wagons and teams and guns; we will trust the government." And our government *did* pay them in that way; paid them all the expenses of their part in taking California. And interesting reading it makes now to see in those Congressional debates *who* opposed having "valueless land" on any terms. Only fifty years ago! This war debt was less than one million, and fourteen millions was the price paid Mexico for California. *After* '48 and the gold discoveries, fancy if fourteen millons would have been accepted.

It is not a gracious office to overthrow a local story, but really as there was not a single soldier or uniform in Frémont's battalion, "the many army buttons and other evidences of a soldier camp" found some miles west of Los Angeles, cannot be held as belonging to his forces. He came, direct, into the little town. Was warmly welcomed, and at once occupied a large two-story adobe house with a broad gallery all around the upper story. The house was not far from the old Spanish cathedral—nearly in a line with the hill long called "Fort Hill." The battery and earthworks were put by him on the projecting height where Mrs. Wills has built her beautiful home—localities identified by General Frémont for her soon after our arrival in 1888—and the flag of the

Castelar street school is almost where our flag—of fewer stars then, but equal power—waved in the sea breeze against the same majestic mountain background.

Trade's effacing finger has built away the traces of the old headquarters, but it was in line with the battery above on the hill, and traces of the earthworks still remained when we came out seven years ago. Naturally the battalion was quartered very near. Self-respecting men they were, used to good homes and comforts, and the long, rainy march over and among the coast mountains had been wet and rough.

"I pause to say that only in emergencies which call out the best men,

Herve Friend, Eng. SENATOR BENTON, OF MISSOURI.

Father of Mrs. Fremont, and the first great foreseer and friend of the West (from portrait by Friedrichs, about 1839).

could any four hundred be collected together among whom would be found an equal number of good self-respecting men as were in the ranks and among the officers of the companies and of the staff of this corps." (Frémont's Memoirs, p. 595.)

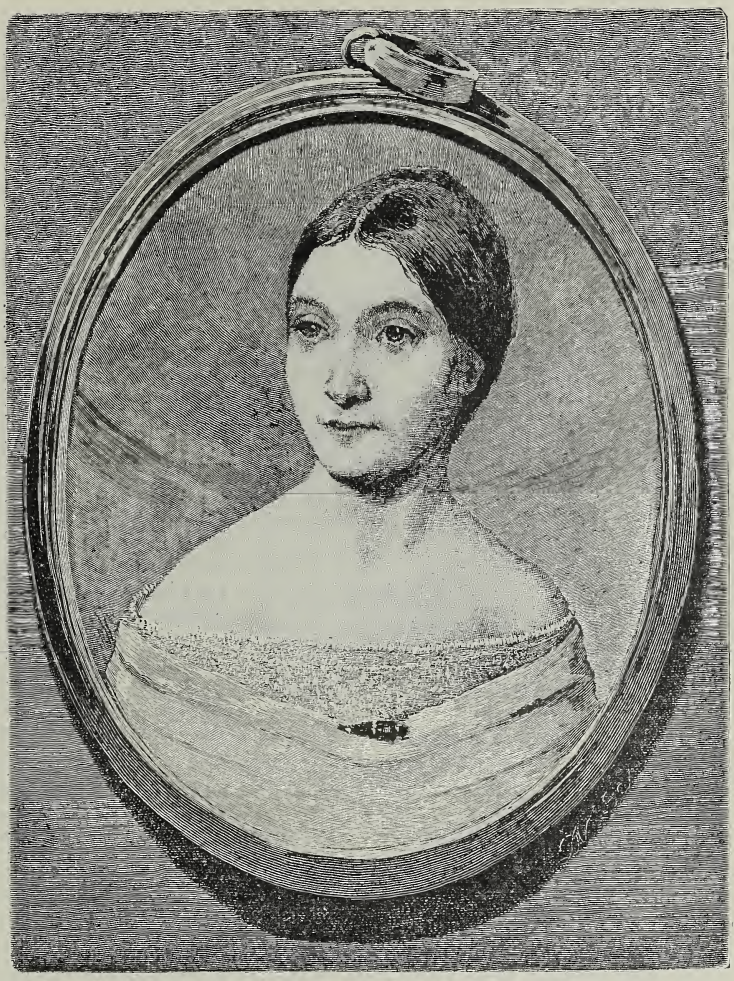
Frémont had had many charges to "conciliate the people of the country," and did so from his own feelings as well as for policy; it had been one of his advantages for this that he needed no interpreter, for he knew Spanish well, and acting directly with governing Californians they came to know and trust him.

Stockton had issued a proclamation declaring forfeited the lives of insurgents who had broken parole—Don Totoy, captured at Santa Barbara,

Herve Friend. Eng. Photo. by Maude.
MRS. FRÉMONT'S HOME, WEST 28TH STREET, LOS ANGELES.

had broken his parole, also; and so by military law forfeited his life. But this extreme measure, though decided on by a court martial, and bravely accepted by Pico, was set aside by Frémont. Pico's name was a noun of multitude, and this pardon touched many of the most influential Californians, and caused the surrender to Frémont rather than to Stockton.

An elderly woman, Doña Bernarda Ruiz, aunt to the Picos, came to thank Frémont for Pico's life, and offered herself as intermediary with Don Andres. Largely to her good sense and clear perception of the inevitable, was due the shaping of that historic treaty of Cahuenga, embodied in the final settlement of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Which also settled Admiral Seymour's defiant protest.



L. A. Eng. Co. JESSIE BENTON FREMONT AT 20.

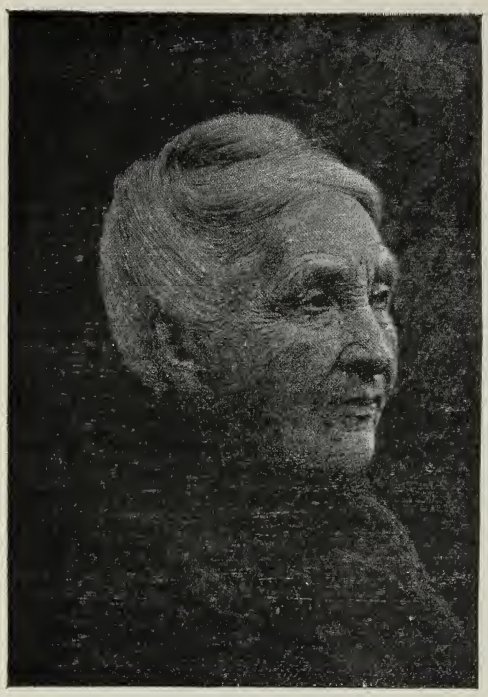
This miniature, painted in Richmond by Dodge, was carried by Kit Carson across the plains to Col. Fremont in California.

LOS ANGELES, 15th January, 1847.

(Commodore Stockton reports to the Navy Department.)

* * "It seems that not being able to negotiate with me, and having lost the battles of the 8th and 9th, they met Col. Frémont on the 12th on his way here, who not knowing what had occurred, entered into the capitulation with them which I now send you; and although I refused to do it myself, still I have thought it best to approve it. I am glad to say that by this capitulation we have recovered the gun taken by the insurgents at the sad defeat of General Kearney at San Pasqual."

"Conciliate the people of the country" was a direction as congenial to Frémont's nature as it was good policy—"no feud withstands social



Jessie Benton Frémont

L. A. Eng. Co. Photo. by C. F. L., Nov. 6, 1895.

A STUDY OF MRS. FRÉMONT.

intercourse." Many a friendship made then lasted through life; and I have often been made to feel its warm remembering atmosphere. And many dances made gay the roomy headquarters—sometimes prolonged until the sunrise gun was fired from the Fort. Always at that hour Mr. Frémont's horse was waiting him, and in the sweet, still sunrise, he loved to lope across country until he reached one of the lovely hills, where giving his horse its lariat's range he would lie under a tree in congenial solitude "revolving many memories" in a dream of unalloyed delight—delight in scenery and climate, and that enchantment of realized ambitions which made it for always "A content most absolute." Of the many kindnesses unknown Fate reserved for Frémont the kindest was the last. He had just succeeded in a most cherished wish. Peace and rest were again secured, when he was attacked in New York by what he thought was a passing summer illness. His physician recognized danger, and quickly the cessation of pain showed a fatal condition. But this was mercifully unknown to his patient, and again his content was kept "absolute"—family affection never failed Frémont, and now it was on guard to protect him from the useless pain of knowing the grief to follow for others. Night and day his loving son watched over him, and with their long-time friend and physician kept unbroken his happy composure. Rousing from a prolonged deep sleep the General said "If I continue so comfortable I can finish my writing next week and go home." Seeing the eyes closing again his physician said, to test the mind:

"Home? Where do you call *home*, General?"

One last clear look, a pleased smile: "California, of course."

Los Angeles, October, 1895.

THE GLORY OF THE YUCCAS.

BY LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES.

* * * "Ah love! such happy days as these!
Must we still waste them, craving for the best?"

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

"YES, Signor, you are right, there is to be a service. The pictures can be seen after the service. It is for the Spanish-speaking pilgrims now in Rome. They are from the Americas. Perhaps you also are from the Americas? Perhaps you also speak the Spanish? Perhaps you would like to hear the sermon?" All this in voluble Italian from the acolyte lighting up the church.

Margaret looked helplessly at me. I interpreted; whereupon she twisted her pretty, thin New England mouth: "Tell him, no, and thank you kindly, too."

"On the contrary," I pleaded—strange memories tugging at my heart, "I have a fancy for the Spanish."

"Oh, in that case!"

I turned to the acolyte, "Si Señor, nosotros nos quedamus. Español es la lengua de la devocion."

Again the swift Italian. "You stay? You said that you will stay? I do not understand the Spanish myself, but Father Barda—he who preaches today—it is music when he speaks. And he is himself from the Americas—from—how do you call it? Nueva Spain? California?"

He had brought us a couple of chairs and was turning away. "Barda?" I repeated, "Barda?"

"Si, Signor, Father Manuel Barda."

Memory was master now. Again I galloped on Juanita under a sky of burning blue over a rainbow-blossomed earth, from which rose, here, there, everywhere, the tall, white-cupped yuccas. High on the mesa before me stretched the long, low adobe, protected forever from the desert, assured forever of the tropics, by its background of sunlit mountains. Again I drew rein and wound slowly in and out, up and up, among vineyards and orange orchards. Again Ysidro Barda stood on the porch to welcome me—But the preacher was already in the pulpit—could that be Manuel Barda? I bowed my head, my brain groped among the forgotten dates for the hour when those yuccas opened to the sun. Yes, it was long ago—very long ago. "My countrymen, my kinfolk"—I raised my eyes. The worn, ascetic face was transfigured by the fire of the fanatic, the saint. The people hung spell-bound upon his words—words whose music I acknowledged, but whose meaning was dim to me. Ah, here was something intelligible at last, something that breathed of the world I understood! "Like the glory of the yuccas in full blossom—" he paused, a smile, an almost boyish smile, crept across his lips. I leaned eagerly forward and looked more intently at him. And as I looked, the dusky church, the black-robed pilgrims, the whole present of space, of time faded and passed away.

Concepcion sat in the sun at the end of the porch, her baby crowing in her arms. She sang to it—little disconnected fragments of Spanish

lullabies,—and the pepper-tree boughs cast tiny, flickering shadows over them both. I drew up a stool beside her.

"Here is a member of the family I have not seen before."

"Not? That is because you are here little time. He is vera important."

"Does he belong to you?"

"Oh yes, he is mine. Seven months old today."

"And his name?"

She bent over the child. "Manuel Barda, I call him Manuelito."

"And his"—the question died on my tongue. Concepcion was Ysidro's sister-in-law, that much I knew, but of his brother, her husband, no one had spoken. I suddenly felt it discourteous to ask. Perhaps Concepcion read my thoughts, for she said quietly, "My husband—Manuel Barda—he is a priest."

I stared in dumb amazement.

"You are our friend," she went on, "I tell you about it. If I could only speak the English."

"Your English is beautiful, Señora."

"He wished to be a priest—always from a boy, and then—he forgot"—she flushed, hesitated a little, and went bravely on, "and after we were married, it came again—the desire. I saw it growing on his face, but I did not understand—not then. I thought that he—." Again she left her sentence unfinished. "Then there was a—a—I know not how you call it in English. There was church every day, all day, and you go, and Manuel would stay at the Mission. And he came not back. He wrote. He was to be a priest. It was the will of God. He had had a—a—how do you call it? A something seen—"

"A vision?"

"Yes—a vision."

"And then?"

"That is all."

I picked a geranium leaf and broke it absently in my fingers. "But, Señora, did no one object—not Ysidro, nor his mother, nor the Fathers?"

"Oh, yes, they were vera angry. They said to come home. They talked of me, always of me. I grew vera tired. I said it was no use. What can you do when there is a vision? He goes to Italia vera soon—to Roma. The Fathers have not let him go last winter."

"Then he is not a priest yet?"

"Not yet—but he will be. There was a vision."

I looked into her face—that sensitively proud, thin, Castilian face with its strained mouth and brown, childish, wondering eyes. Those eyes haunted me through all that long holiday in a holiday land. I sometimes fancied that for Concepcion Barda I would forego heaven. Strange dreams drifted through my brain—why not? Manuel Barda was more than dead; she spoke of him as we learn to speak of the dead—without desire, with infinite quiet. And as I dreamed—for I was young—there came a day when I thought that she read my secret and was moved by it. Her hand trembled in mine, her eyes fell before my gaze, her face

flushed—I would speak at last, even that very night! Feverishly I paced the terrace in the afternoon sun—an object of inexplicable interest to the rest of the family, for now one, now another, came to the low step of the porch and stared—at me or only down the valley? At sunset a Mexican came riding through the flowering fields and up the road. Ysidro met him at the porch and led him in. Dinner was late that night. The old Señora did not appear—nor Concepcion. Ysidro excused himself immediately after the somewhat silent meal. He must go to his mother, he said, who was ill. Ah, that explained Concepcion's absence! She must be caring for her mother-in-law; she would come out presently, under the stars! I sought the friendly terrace. A maid stood on the steps with little Manuelito in her arms, peering into the night.

"He is up late." I said, lightly touching his cheek as I passed.

"Yes Señor, the Señora has not come to put him to bed, and she lets no one else." Her voice sank to a whisper, "Ah, Señor, they may say what they like, but I know well enough that she looked for Señor Manuel back today. Look at the boy's dress! Fit for a christening! And he has never seen the boy—but he sailed without good-bye, is it not true? I overheard—"

"I know nothing about it," I replied, turning on my heel, angry with myself for having listened to the girl's gossip. Her words troubled me. I strode through the darkness—anywhere, to be alone. The paths of the upper vineyard wound in and out like twisted threads; before I realized it, I had come almost to the edge of the sharply-descending mesa. Something besides the steep declivity barred my way. A woman lay face downward on the earth, her arms flung hopelessly above her head toward the south. It was Concepcion. I knew it before I heard her voice. But I heard her voice. "Manuel! Manuelito! Oh my husband!" I stumbled away, blinded by revulsion of knowledge.

* * * "Like the glory of the yuccas in full blossom" — the smile died from the old man's lips, leaving only the fanatic, the saint, again—"is the beauty of the sacrificed life."

"Whose life, Manuel Barda?" I thought—but gently, for it was long ago, very long ago. And perhaps after all—who knows? He may be right.

Margaret and I threaded our way through the pilgrims to the street. It was too dark to see the pictures. A fine, cold rain was falling. I raised my umbrella above her head. How fresh and young she looked in that gray weather! Yet she was not young, it was only the faint, pink color born of Atlantic winds that made her seem so. She would always keep that color. I waited for her to button her waterproof about her.

"My dear," she said, looking up from the last button, "you never told me that you knew Spanish."

"No?" I drew her arm in mine and smiled down into her serious, gray eyes. "No? But now that I come to think of it, I doubt if I ever did."

Pasadena.

FRÉMONT.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

Hero, scholar, cavalier,
  Bayard of thy brave new land,
Poppies for thy bed and bier,
  Dreamful poppies foot and hand.

Poppies garmented in gold ;
  Poppies of the land you won—
Love and gratitude untold—
  Poppies—peace—the setting sun !

The Hights, Oakland, Nov. '95.

CALIFORNIA.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

Quick birds pour out the exulting strain ;
  The sun was ne'er so bold ;
Spring lays a green upon the plain,
  And summer makes it gold ;
When Earth hath all it can contain,
  What joy more can Earth hold ?

Pasadena.

JOHN CHARLES FRÉMONT.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Pathfinder—and Path-clincher !
    Who blazed the way, indeed,
But more—who made the eternal Fact
    whereto a path had need ;
Who, while our Websters set at nought
    the thing that was to be,
Whipped-out our halting, half-way map
    full to the Other Sea !

'Twas well that there were some could read
    the logic of the West !
A Kansas-edged geography,
    of provinces confessed,
Became potential Union
    and took a Nation's span
When God sent Opportunity
    and Benton found the Man !

Los Angeles, Nov. 14.

"OUR LADY OF ANGELS."

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

THE oldest church in Los Angeles (never a Mission but only, like San Bernardino, a chapel of the Mission San Gabriel Arcángel) is known in local American parlance indifferently as "The Plaza Church," "Our Lady," "Our Lady of Angels," "Church of Our Lady," "Church of the Angels," "Father Liébana's Church," and "The Adobe Church." It is formally the church of Nuestra Señora, Reina de los Angeles—Our Lady, Queen of the Angels; from whom Los Angeles gets its name.

The Plaza of Los Angeles holds all the municipal history of the pueblo compressed within a parallelogram.

Herve Friend, Eng. "THE PLAZA CHURCH." Photo. by Maude.

The history of the church* or *iglesia* giving upon it must be studied, to be understood at all, in connection with the famous old guard-house which once defended it; and with that civilization which faced upon its other three sides in the days of allegiance to Spain; when, as Spanish as the corresponding public square in Guatemala itself, it figured always as the *Plaza Real* or Royal Square.

* "The twelve devout Spanish soldiers who founded the city, named it at their leisure, with a long name, musical as a chime of bells."—H.H.

Once regarding the church record books, its bells, its pictures, associations, traditions and history as one side of this royal parallelogram, you have material not to be duplicated in interest even in California, and comparable only to the similar records, associations and traditions of the northern pueblo of San José. Our study of all these has been given every facility by clerical courtesy and Spanish introduction. Approved by Bishop Mora and accredited by kind letters of the Vicar-General of the Diocese, more than one morning has found us deep in the yellowing pages which contain the record of baptism and burial—Father Louis Dye (now pastor at San Luis Obispo) holding the book, and grave young

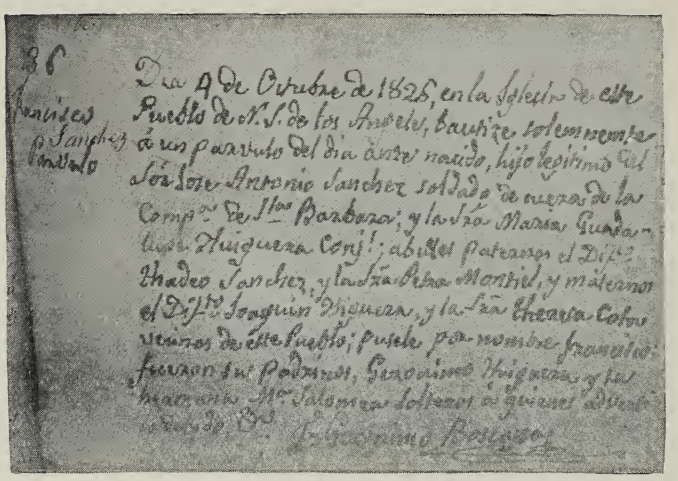
Herve Friend, Eng. *INTERIOR AND ALTAR.* Photo. by Maude.

Judge Benjamin Hayes, writing avowedly as an estrangero, speaks of the "elegance, kindness, good sense and wit all happily blended" in the Los Angeles ladies of 1850, who knelt "in vari-colored silks in that venerable pile upon the Plaza, which then had no pews." He compares them in their gay rebosos to the "most gorgeous and charming imaginable garden of tulips and dahlias of every hue." (See "An Historical Sketch of Los Angeles County." Part II, p. 40.)

Father Liébana corroborating the Spanish of Fray Geronimo Boscana, or explaining its local differentiation from that of Spain.

Some disputed point is suggested in the illustration where one such morning is recorded, and where Bishop Emigdio in his original picture frame sits enthroned forever in his "Diocese of Earthquakes," and the old bell which once rang the Angelus in the fallen bell-tower of San Fernando, rests upon the corridor floor where "Don Hidalgo" carefully placed it for us.

Herve Friend, Eng. *GRAVEYARD AND TOWER OF THE PLAZA CHURCH.* Photo. by Maude.



Union Eng. Co. *IN THE OLD BOOKS.*

A page from the pastorate of Fray Geronimo Boscano. Record concerning "a leather-jacket" of the company of Santa Barbara.

Our meetings on these mornings took place always in this inner church corridor giving upon the patio, with its old date palm, its flight of doves from upper windows, its growing century plants and still blooming orange trees, making both corridor and patio accessories and setting for such a series of pictures of Spanish *genre* as many a traveler has "crossed a continent to see" and gone away without getting a glimpse of. Here we have deposited feminine gloves upon the old Indian-carved bench, seated upon which the Franciscan father read his Mexican *Gaceta* or contemplated the women in procession carrying "Our Lady" around the Plaza, or watched the bull-fight, when the bull came in on the Camino Real on the north, and, if victorious, was driven out upon the south, past Doña Arcadia's window, by all the mounted cavaliers who made the fame of "Our Lady of Angels."

Herve Friend, Eng. Photo. by Maude.

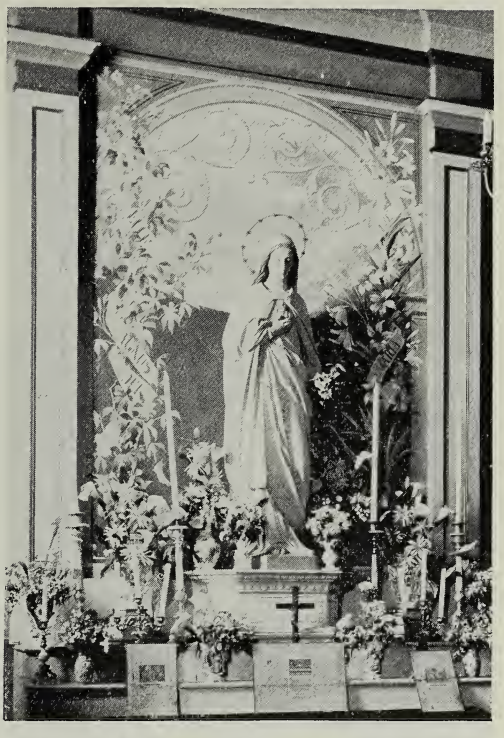
THE BENCH AND THE BELL.

In this corridor still lingers the life recorded in the books. Choir boys and acolytes range themselves, lending scarlet to the blue sky; Don Hidalgo reads his Spanish paper in the shade; a devout Doña passes, carrying the mended church lace into the

sacristy. In May come files of Spanish-eyed little girls addressing the Virgin in a hymn so old it rests you and reconciles you to this exciting century.

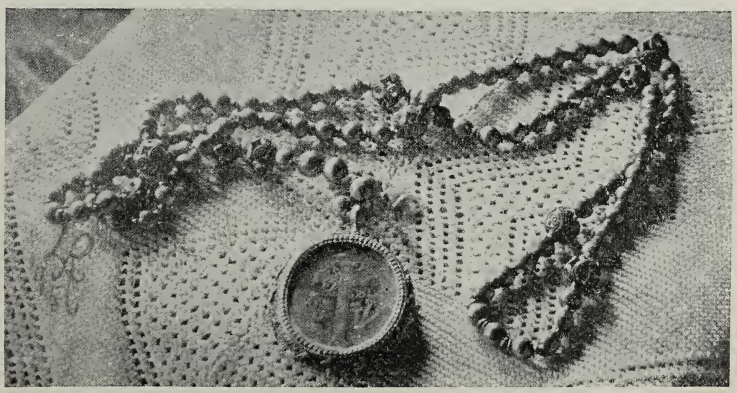
Here the shadows fell upon us at our table, through a curtain-awning wrought by some devout embroiderer as a votive offering in crimson and yellow, purple and blue, and a green like that of the plumes of Montezuma himself.

That the black-robed secular clergy walk through and dominate all this color in a legitimate succession to the gray friars, only adds to the breadth of historic Upper California and connects it with the Lower one. Nothing could be more effective than the "symphony in sable" into which the present fathers often group themselves. I remember one special morning when no less than five of the clergy in black *bonete* and the *sotana* girt or ungirt with



Herve Friend, Eng. Photo. by Bertrand.

"OUR LADY, QUEEN OF THE ANGELS."



L. A. Eng. Co. THE DEL VALLE ROSARY. Photo. by Crandall.

Made of the first gold discovered in the State—near the Mission of San Fernando.

the silken sash, were moving up or down or seated at the table in the discussion of Padre Junipero and the pronunciation of his name; two sisters, the shadows of whose rosaries you might stoop to pick up from the *brea* pavement, joined us softly on their way to perform some errand of mercy: an old woman, whose black skirt and shawl always come off victorious in competition with Godet pleats and Alsacian bonnets, stood picturesquely under the palm tree, and I myself, dressed for a later engagement, walked in the corridor wearing a "secular" and tailor-made costume of black velvet, and representing, as the privileged cynic of our coterie was pleased to suggest, "all the prosperity of the American Occupation."

Union Eng. Co. Photo. by Crandall.

BISHOP EMIGDIO, ADVOCATE AGAINST EARTHQUAKES.

From this patio and corridor we went, on one October morning, through the wicket gate into the Campo Santo to hear the story of that Avila and Pacheco who killed one another for the north and south, and were buried together in this churchyard upon the same day.

Back from the Campo Santo, and out of its memories we came again, as the noon bells began their first vibrations, to which the doves always flutter down against the palm, and, stooping under the gay awning, bade adios to Bishop Emigdio, still upright in his frame. Ten years ago, it is said, His Grace was hanging upon the Plaza Church wall and shared with Our Lady entreaties at each vibration or shock of the dreaded "*temblor*,"

against which he is advocate. Now under our American civilization, with its seven stories defying both earth and sky, the good Bishop is as antiquated as the *temblor* seems to be, and is associated only with past adobes, their *brea* or tiled roofs, and the devout Doñas who trembled in them. This episcopal *adios* finished, we read aloud once more the list of names for which we have been looking in the records of the church: "Alvarado, Avila, Yorba and Lugo, preceded by Grijalva;" then that of Don José Sepulveda; then Tapia, Ordas, Arguëllo, Verdugo and Dominguez; last, del Valle, forever associated with the Southern and first discovery of California gold.

We pause for a minute over the opening page of the second book of baptisms, written by Fray Francisco de Jesus Sanchez, and commencing wlth the strange "viva" which we might assign to a wedding banquet, but which was only conventional with them:

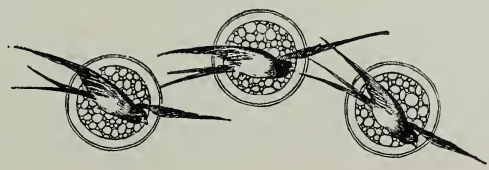
Viva Jesus Maria y Joseph.

There is a blot upon the letter J, but we forgive it because it is Franciscan and because it is in pomegranate ink.

Followed to the outer corridor by our courteous hosts, we step out into the blossoming chrysanthemum garden of Padre Blas Raho, and then cross over to enter the church itself on our way to the street. Here angels, as ministers of God, are suggested everywhere. Bowed angels guard the altar; frescoed angels recline above it. Our Lady upon the white silk banner is *La Reina* of the celestial hierarchy. For the rest, the Church of the Angels is paved like every Mission church in California, and solemn with such associations as make one involuntarily kneel.

There are two congregations in every one of them, present together at every lifting of the chalice or opening of the kyrie eleison during mass. One, seated or kneeling, responds audibly to the priest or listens to the answering choir. The other is the congregation of the dead under its feet. The last two recorded burials within these walls are those of the young wife of Nathaniel M. Pryor, "buried on the left hand side facing the altar," and of "Doña Eustaquia," mother of Don Andres, Don Jesus and Don Pio Pico, all a part of the permanent history of the pueblo and the State. Later, it is said, this honor was desired for Alfredo Flores, infant son of General José Maria Flores, but it was opposed by the Ayuntamiento and given up.

Once through the church portal and into the street, after a morning like this, it is not difficult to understand why so much of Spanish Los Angeles still salutes the Church of Our Lady as it passes through the old Plaza Real.



Borrowed from the Enemy.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

THERE are no more interesting nomads than words; no others which can so go gypsying to the ends of the earth and homestead there—yet still retain residence in their birthplace. And among these wanderers from mouth to mouth, that outlast time and laugh at space, no others have quite such romance to us as those we have adopted from Spain—and mostly from the Spanish pioneers in America. We have never borrowed as many words from any other contemporary language.

It is astonishing what a successful invasion of English has been made by the sons of those who failed with the Armada. With the ebb and flow of frontiers the innumerable driftwood of the Castilian tongue has lodged, here, there, everywhere. And where it once came it was never forgotten. The Iberian had an almost matchless aptitude at nomenclature—an ear not only for music of the tongue, but for harmony of meaning, both of which are rather lost on a race of Smithvillains and Jonesburrowers. He rather overdid the saint business, perhaps—though saints may be as good godfathers as are crossroads autocrats. But aside from that, his names were all melodious and the rest of them almost invariably appropriate. For the one reason or the other, they have stuck like burrs. Two-thirds of the geographical names in the New World today are of Spanish derivation ; and the same linguistic tracks are abundant in every other walk of American life. This swart name-putter has penetrated ubiquitously and intimately the speech of his traditional foe. You will hardly turn a corner in our dictionaries without running up against him. Nothing but words—yet it gives one a little thrill to find all across the deserts where they left their bones, in every nook of the unforseen empires that have grown upon their dust, these unobliterated footprints of the pioneers.

If any word might off-hand be taken for straight English—and Cockney at that—"Picadilly" might. But "Picadilly" is no Londoner, nor even a Saxon. It came straight from Spain and the Spanish participle *picado* long ago—when a *picadillo* (little pierced) collar had a very different style from the now proverbial one.

And what word could be more flavorsome of our South, "befo' the wah," than "pickaninny?" But it is not a native of our cotton-belt—it came from Cuba, where it was *piquinini*, and its parents were the Spanish pequeño niño, (little child). Our very word "negro" is a direct transfer from the Spanish *negro* (náy-gro, black), and that other commonest nickname "Sambo" is from the Castilian *zambo* (bow-legged), a *mote* invented for the African before there was an English-speaking person in all the New World.

You will hardly pick from the New York gutter a more typical gamin word than "Dago"—but here again the street-Arab is debtor to the

Herve Friend, Eng. *SOUTHWESTERN TYPES—AN OLD MESTIZO.* Photo. by Jas. L. Smith.

true Arab heir, for "Dago" is only an ignorant corruption of the Spanish patron saint *Diego* (dee-áy-go), James.

The New England housewife could not make pumpkin pie without a "colander" (which she calls "cullinder"), that useful strainer whose holes and name were invented long before Plymouth Rock — the Spanish *colador*. And so far as that goes, what Yankee boy stowing away some of grandma's cookies with joyous munching of the little brown seeds, dreams that "caraway" originated not among the Granite Hills but in Spain, whose *alcarahueya* came still earlier from the Moors? Even the "cloves" in the sweet pickle are only Spanish "nails" (*clavos*); and the old farmer's "almanac" gets its name from Arabia through Spain.

The missionary about to tempt the South Sea Islanders might perhaps be comforted to remember that "cannibals" are nothing worse than a corruption of the Spanish *Caribes* (cah-rée-bes) or Caribs. The spinster owes both her canary and its name (if she will trace the debt back), to the Spaniards — though with them *canario* is now hardly so fond a term as she might expect. As for her "porcelain," that comes the same way, its original being *porcelana*, which in turn is from *puerco* (pig) — the porcelain shell having a shape-resemblance to a porker's back.

The "calabash" which once made water from the old well taste sweeter than water will ever taste again, is another loan of Spain, its derivation being from *calabasa*, a gourd. But it has lost its prettiest romance — in all Spanish-America the gift of *las calabasas* was equivalent to "the mitten." The vagrant clapped into the "calaboose" still finds the connection — for it was originally *calaboz*. The merchant prince would hardly be an heir-apparent were there no such thing as "cotton"— and that gets its name from *coton*, and that is from *algodon*, with its Moorish earmark. "Cottonade," even, is from *cotonada*.

"Palaver" was a politer term before its corruption from *palabra*, word; and "savvy" did not smack of slang when it was plain *saber*, to know. A "pecadillo" is unchanged in form and meaning, a little sin, the diminutive of *pecado*. The Kentucky "duel" had its precedent and name from the Spanish *duelo;* and Mosby was not the first "guerrilla" — a little war, diminutive of *guerra*. New Orleans may not care a "picayune," but that proverbial coin is another Spanish tag — and so were those unforgotten pieces of our childhood, the "pistareen," "doubloon" and "*real*." Indeed, the "bit," "two-bits," "four-bits," etc., which so perplex the tourist in the West are derived from Spanish standards though they have lost their Spanish name; and so is our Almighty "Dollar."

The doctor could not afford to lose a great many adopted Spaniards from his lexicon — particularly "quinine" and "cocaine." Quinine (Spanish *quina*) was discovered by the countess of Chinchon, then vice-queen of Peru, in 1631. "Cocaine" is the active principal of *coca*, that marvelous plant of the Andes which is almost board and lodging to the *Serrano* Indians of Peru and Bolivia, and has been held sacred by them from time immemorial. They call it by its Quichua name, *cuca*, whence the Spanish *coca* which we have adopted.

The geographer has to deal not only with tens of thousands of Spanish proper names, but with a great many generic ones as well. "Savannah" (from *savana*, a sheet), "sierra," "cordillera," "cañon" (can-yóhn, literally a cannon or gun barrel); "cañada," (can-yàh-da, a narrow valley but not cliff-walled like a cañon); "mesa" (mày-sa) a table land; "pampa" (from the Quichua *bamba*) one of the lofty plains of South America; "arroyo" (a ravine); "key" (like the Florida Keys, derived from *cayo*); "lagoon (from *laguna*); "barranca," a bluff; "llano" (lyàh-no, a desert plain); "cienega" (see-èn-nay-gah, a wet meadow)—these are a few of the Spanish words he must have at his tongue's end. As for the naturalist, he needs a vocabulary of several thousand Spanish words—mostly adapted from the Indian—to cover the fauna of the Americas; and the botanist about as many more for the flora. The ethnologist is similarly indebted for the great majority of his Indian tribe-names. Apache, Comanche, Pueblo, Navajo, Yuma, Papago, Ute, Mescalero and hundreds of others are direct from the Spanish.

It is fascinating to *trail* some of these word-wanderings. Four hundred and three years ago Columbus picked up a little word in the Antilles, and put it in the mouth of Europe; and today an American summer would be lonely without it. It was an Indian word which the Spaniards represented by *hamaca* (ah-màh-ca) and which we call "hammock." The word "Indian" itself (in the sense of American aborigine) dates from the same time, when the world took Columbus's discovery to be part of India, and called it *las Indias* and the inhabitants *Indios*.

The proper name of the American lion today is "puma"—and that is an Inca word that Pizarro found in the Fifteen-thirties among the Andes. The animal has a range 5,000 miles long; but its Peruvian name came up to the Isthmus, took root in Mexico, entered Arizona and New Mexico with Coronado himself in 1540, and by now is accepted not only in all Spanish countries, but wherever English is spoken. "Cougar," the next-best single name for the animal, is from the *cuguacuari* of a tribe in Brazil. "Condor" has a similar history. It is the Inca word *cuntur* from *cuno-t'uri*, snow-biter, done into Spanish and broadcasted over the world. "Cuye" or "cue," the proper name of the miscalled guinea-pig, is another Peruvian word. "Jaguar," the American tiger, was *jaguara* (ha-gwàh-ra) among the Indians of Brazil. The "manatee" or river-cow is from *manati*, the Spanish form of another Brazilian word; "macaw" is from *macao*; and "margay," one of the most beautiful of the tiger-cats, is one more Spanish importation from the Amazon. The greatest of snakes, the "boa," was named by the Indians of the Antilles. "Coati" (a species of monkey), "tapir" (Spanish *tapiro*) are also from South America. "Chinchilla" is a pure Spanish name for the fine-furred little beast the explorers of Peru first made known to the world; and the like is true of "armadillo" (the little armored creature; from *armado*). "Vicuña" (vee-cóon-ya) is the record of a curious misunderstanding. The Aymara name of this most beautifully furred animal is *huari*; but the infinitive of their verb which means to cry like a *huari* is

hui-cuña. Probably the first Spaniards who heard that strange sound asked "what is that?" and mistook the answer "it bleats," for the name of the animal.

There — is a whole lesson in etymology. A similar blunder is probably responsible for the name of the vicuña's bigger cousin, the llama. Its Aymara name is *car-hua;* but we may guess that the *conquistador's* question "*como se llama?*" ("what is it called?") was merely echoed by the Indian, who did not understand a word of this new tongue. "Llama?" he repeated — and llama it has been ever since. A great many words get into the dictionaries no more wisely. It is said that "kangaroo"— which is no Australian name of the beast — arose thus: one of the earliest English visitors had killed a marsupial and asked a native "what do you call this?" The native answered "*kan-gu-ru*" — "I do not understand."

The four most curious animals in the New World are the little camels of the Andes — the llama (l'yàh-ma) vicuña, huanaco and alpaca. The latter name — familiar to every woman, though few that speak English ever wore a thread of *genuine* alpaca — is a corruption of the Inca word *pachu*, with the Moorish-Spanish prefix *al.*

"Coyote," as I have before explained in these pages, is Spanish from the Aztec *coyotl.* "Ocelot," the Mexican tiger-cat, is another Aztec word, originally *ocelotl.* So is "Chinchonte," the nickname of the mockingbird — which was first discovered by the *conquistadores.* Its Nahuatl name was *cencontl.* Likewise "tecolote" (from *tecolotl*), the widespread name of our little prairie owl. "Cayman," the proper name of the alligator, is the Spanish form of the Carib name. "Alligator," by the way, is a very funny and very typical instance of the way new words come. It is a corruption of the Spanish *el lagarto* (the lizard). Indeed, the unlettered frontiersman adds more to our dictionaries than does the student. A similar case is that of "lariat,"— which is as near as an ignorant cowboy came to the Spanish *la reata.* "Lasso" is a like blunder for the Spanish *lazo*, a noose.

"Canoe" is *canoa*, a word the *conquistadores* picked up in Hayti; as they did "guano" (Quichua *huanu*) in Peru.

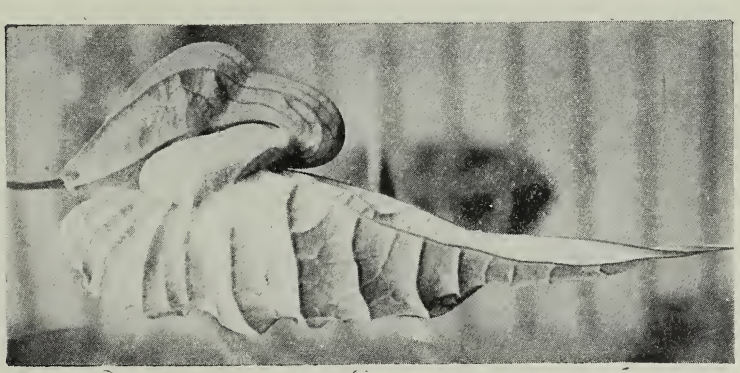
"Jerky" or "Jerked meat" is another Spanish find, in fact and name — the latter coming from the Aymara (Bolivia) *charqui.* "Chocolate," (*choco-lah-te*) the *conquistadores* gave us from the Lake of Mexico. Its derivation is from the Aztec words, *choco* (*cacao*, the proper name for the chocolate nut) and *latl* (water). "Cocoa" also comes from *cacao.* "Potato" is from *patata*, the name given by the Spaniards to that now universal tuber which they discovered in Ecuador a generation before Sir Walter Raleigh was born. Even more important, they were the first Europeans to discover what we call corn (in Europe "corn" without the prefix "Indian," means wheat, barley, oats, etc.); and the proper name, "maize," comes from *mahiz*, a word they learned, with the grain, from one of the tribes of the West Indies.

[Concluded in the January Number.]

THE PELICAN FLOWER.

BY EDMUND D. STURTEVANT.

THE passionate lover of flowers is most commonly attracted by their varied and beautiful color, their grace of form or delicious fragrance. But often new treasures of plant life are discovered, producing such strange and grotesque resemblances to animate nature or human handiwork, as at once to excite the admiration and wonder of those who are ordinarily indifferent. In the orchid family we have the Lady-slipper, the Dove-plant (*el Espiritu Santo*) which has in the center of the flower a nearly perfect imitation of a dove with outstretched wings, and the Butterfly-plant, whose blossoms resemble a butterfly both in form and color. Many other imitations of insects are found in this family. But some of the most astonishing and wonderful flowers in the known world are found in a genus of climbing plants named Aristolochia. One of them, *A. sipho*, is a native of the Allegheny mountain region.



Herve Friend, Eng. BUD OF THE PELICAN PLANT.

It is in cultivation in Eastern gardens, and is called the "Dutchman's Pipe," on account of the shape of the dull-brown flowers. The majority of the species are natives of tropical countries. *A. ornithocepalus* "has flowers with the head of a hawk, and the beak of a heron, with the wattles of a Spanish fowl." *A. ridicula* has flowers resembling the face of a monkey; and in *A. cymbifera* they are boat-shaped. A few years ago a friend presented the writer with a plant which he had brought from a garden in the West Indies, where it was called the Duck Plant or Pelican Flower. It was placed in a warm greenhouse in our Eastern garden, where in a few months it made a growth of twenty feet. At first sight the plant reminds one of a large morning-glory vine; the leaves being heart-shaped and sometimes a foot long. The flower buds in different stages of growth hanging pendant on long stems, form certainly one of the most remarkable sights in the vegetable world, and cannot fail to wring exclamations of wonder from persons seeing them for the first time.

The resemblance to the form of a duck or a pelican is very

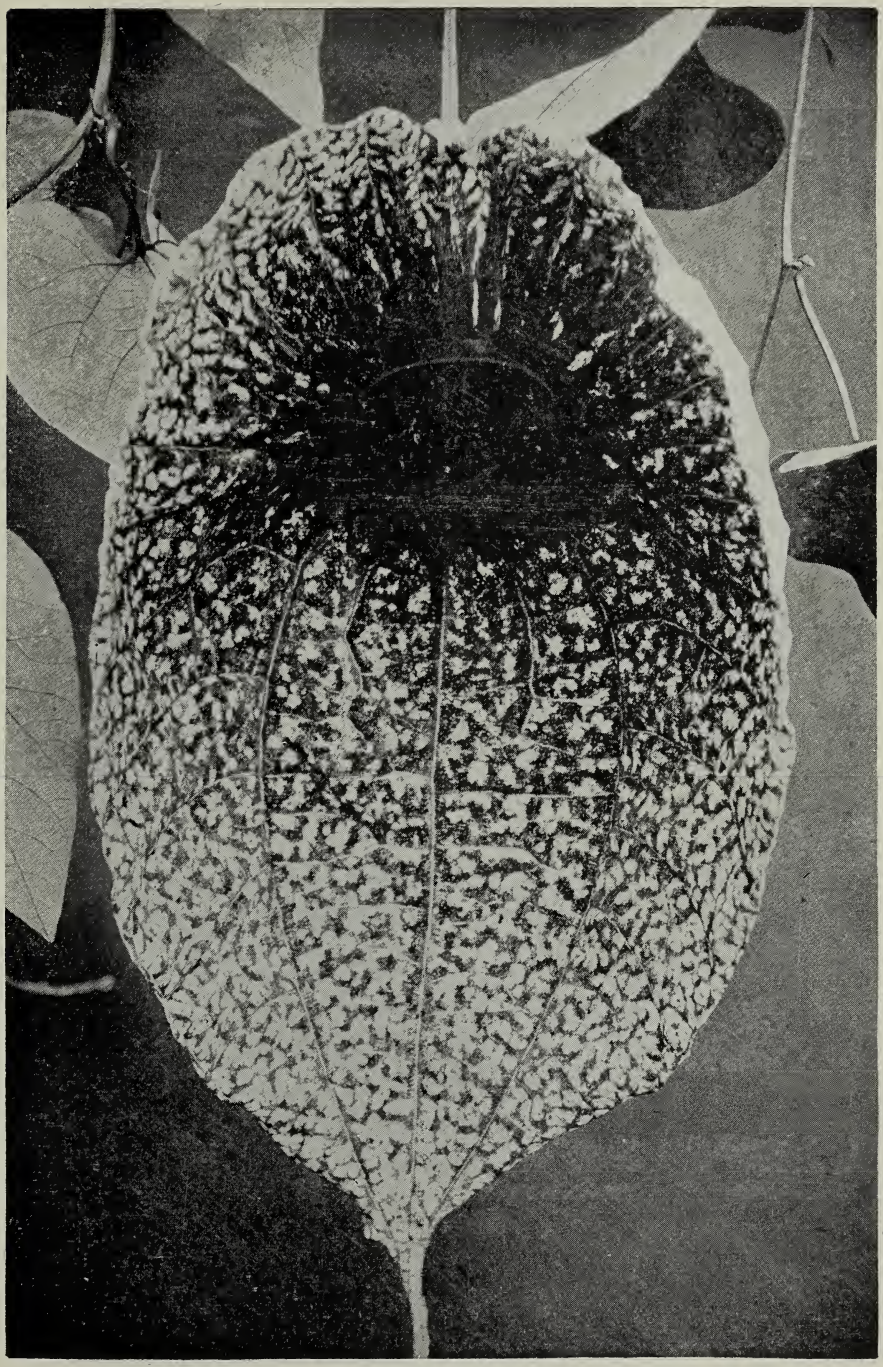
Herve Friend, Eng.

BACK OF OPEN BLOSSOM.

close; the head, bill, neck and body being plainly outlined. The fully developed bud measures fifteen to eighteen inches in length and is as large as a good-sized duck. This is exclusive of a long tail-like appendage attached to the lower end of the corolla. The open flower is one of the largest in the world. One fully expanded measured twelve by eighteen inches, with forty-two inches of tail—making the total length five feet. At the time the bud opens, the tail assumes a spiral form, and appears to be intended as a ladder for the use of insects seeking to reach the flower to assist in its fertilization. The color is a light cream, spotted and marbled with deep claret or wine color. The center of the flower appears like purple velvet; the inside of the throat being lined with hairs turned downward—intended apparently to prevent the return of the insects caught within. The open flower unfortunately emits a fetid and very disagreeable odor, but this is not perceptible before it expands, and may easily be counteracted by growing in the vicinity such powerfully fragrant flowers as Hedychiums, Stephanotis or Schubertias. Though a garden plant in the West Indies, its home is supposed to be Guatemala. There being some doubt as to its correct scientific name, plants were sent to the Royal Gardens, at Kew, England, for identification. The following is an extract from a letter written to *Garden and Forest* by Mr. W. Watson, the superintendent of Kew Gardens:

"The plant was obtained from Mr. Sturtevant, and has been the great attraction here this summer, having produced altogether about fifty flowers. The largest measured eighteen by twenty-two inches, with a tail three feet long. It appears that Lindley figured and described *Aristolochia gigas* in the *Botanical Register* in 1842, but the plant was afterward lost to cultivation. . . . But this form of it for which we are indebted to Mr. Sturtevant is so very much larger than the first introduced that, for horticultural purposes at any rate, it ought to have a distinctive name. We propose therefore to call it *Aristolochia gigas Sturtevantii*."

In a single day in August, 1894, ten thousand people visited the con-



Herve Friend, Eng.

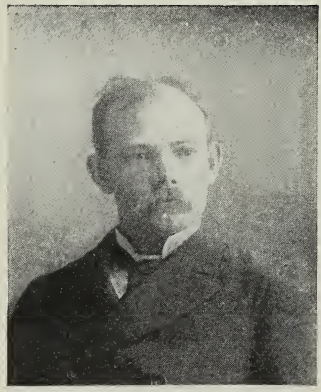
THE OPEN BLOSSOM OF THE PELICAN PLANT.

12 inches wide, 18 inches long — besides the tendril, which is 42 inches long.

servatory in Washington Park, Chicago, to see this wonderful plant in bloom. Several very interesting tropical species of Aristolochia are successfully cultivated in Southern California. The Duck Plant has not yet been flowered here, but its hardiness has been fairly proved by growing it in a sheltered position and partial shade. It is quite probable that it will prove as hardy and amenable to culture in the open air here as the species already in cultivation. In the not distant future we hope to be rewarded with blossoms produced on California soil.

Cahuenga Foot-hills.

BORGLUM AND HIS WORK.



JOHN GUTZON BORGLUM.

A MATTER of nine years ago, when Los Angeles was a country town just emerging from adobehood, the writer found a green, earnest, serious lad of twenty, belaboring canvas in a bare room on what was then Fort street. He had no money and not many friends. The paintings he was at had many shortcomings, and showed lack of art education; yet there was in them a creative breadth which promised to make him heard from. And he has been.

John Gutzon Borglum was born in 1867. His ancestors were French (La Mothe) but settled in Denmark prior to 1530; and one of the line, a

L. A. Eng. Co. MORT DU CHEF. John Gutzon Borglum.

Catholic Bishop, was given the great estate of Borglum. Later he joined Luther's Reformation and married; and several of his descendants have been prominent in art, diplomacy and letters. Two generations back the family name was shortened (in this country) from La Mothe de Borglum to plain Borglum.

Young John G. was born in the West, and is Western in every fibre. He was educated in a Jesuit college, where he got his first taste of love for great art. Soon after graduation he came to Los Angeles, and presently began the long, hard struggle of an unbefriended artist.

By and for himself he hewed his way, by sheer dint of pluck and

Collier, Eng. *MEDALLION OF "FATHER" THROOP.* John Gutzon Borglum.
Copyright 1895 by J. G. Borglum.

brains. At last his pictures attracted the attention of one of the few connoisseurs then here. A couple were sold to Easterners at good prices; and in 1890 Borglum started East with a collection of nearly forty paintings. Where the art market is a little better advanced, these sold quickly and well; and the young man and his wife (for he had married the year before) went to Paris. Here his success was unmistakable, not only with artists but with buyers. He studied under some of the best French masters; and, repelled by the flippant coloring of general French painting and its eternal feminine, turned very earnestly

Collier, Eng.

OVER THE BORDER.
(By permission of Spencer H. Smith.)

From painting by Borglum.

to sculpture, under Sinding, the great Norwegian. In the Salon of 1891 Borglum's *Mort du Chef* attracted much attention; as did his *Scouts* in that of 1892. Both were sculptures of Western topic and strength. In the latter Salon he had also a noteworthy painting called *Clouds*. In 1891 he was made an associate of the Societé Nationale des Beaux Arts, of France. In 1892 he traveled in Spain and made important studies, which finally led him to begin a heroic painting of that most romantic episode in all the history of the Americas, the *Noche Triste*. This great picture of that grey dawn on the broken causeway of Mexico, with the soldiers of Cortez floundering across the gap beset by the Aztec wolves, is not yet finished; but it stands far enough to show composition that may properly be termed great, and treatment of a very uncommon order.

Mr. Borglum has not only the grasp but the seriousness of large art; and the atmosphere of Eastern centers did not please him. Upon his return from Europe he came back to his beloved California, where the horizons are wider if the market is not so brisk. He goes East to execute important orders, but can find no other place so good to live in or to paint in as California. He has a charming little home in Sierra Madre, and there "sticks to his knitting," well content with the wrinkled mountains, the matchless sky and the *genre* of his environment.

Borglum's treatment of the horse and dog, both in painting and sculpture, finds few rivals. His bust of Mrs. Frémont and medallion of "Father" Throop (founder of the Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena) are full of the strength of Rodin, who greatly influenced him, but with earnestness and insight of his own. Short of Thos. Hill, there is no one in California who can paint these transparent skies as Borglum does; and his landscapes, admirable throughout, perhaps owe their greatest charm to the heaven he bends over them. The original of *On the Border* is an extraordinary success in the bluish twilight which he has chosen for its atmosphere. Just now, for the first time, he is making conquest of the Missions, and we are likely to see something really worth while from those much-daubed but noble piles.

With this enviable record at 29—and with the still more enviable power of growth which he manifests in every year's work—we shall have a right to be disappointed if Mr. Borglum does not make himself an enduring place among the very first of Western artists.

HEREDITY.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

This virgin soil, when first the plow doth wound,
  Blazes with sunflowers; leagues on leagues of gold.
Small wonder, sooth, when countless cycles round
  Her royal lord hath wrapped this land from cold,
Loved her and cherished her so tenderly
  With all a husband's faith, a lover's fire—
Small wonder then if her firstborn should be
  A perfect little image of its sire.

Los Angeles.

SOME COAHUIA SONGS AND DANCES.*

BY DAVID P. BARROWS.

MY first acquaintance with the Coahuia Indians was made in the summer of 1891 at the feast of San Luis in the Coahuia valley. The huge brush *ramada* or feast-booth in the center of the reservation was crowded with visitors, and bunches of grazing ponies of the strangers covered the valley. The great open court within the *ramada* was lined with monte banks. Open fires blazed at night as parties of gamblers gathered for the savage game of *peon*. Bands of old warriors danced again to the wailing song of the women.

Union Eng. Co. A COAHUIA DANCER.

* Illustrated from photos. by the author.

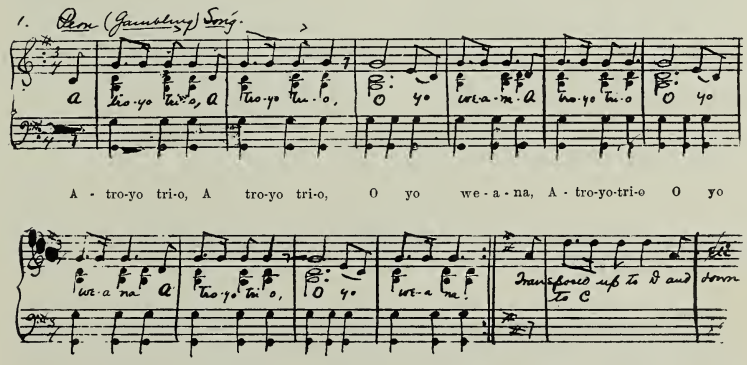
It was a strange experience, on one of those clear, cold nights, to stand outside the *ramada* and watch the lights from the court gleam above and through the huge, dark shape; to hear the wild bark of the *peon*-player answered by the coyote from the mountain side; to see the little black *jacales* of the Indians outlined on the hill top against the sky, or watch dark masses of restless ponies move across the plain. It is then that strains of wild music fill us with thrills of purely natural pleasure, and that the uncivilized in us awakes. It was at such times as these that I learned to love the Coahuia music and to sympathize with the fierce joy of the dance.

There is not space here to describe the game of *peon*. It is played by eight men, four on a side, with a bright fire between them. Such is its varying fortune that it may last for hours. I remember once watching through a game, when, as the finally defeated partic-

Union Eng. Co. THE EAGLE DANCE.

ipants wrapped their blankets around them and turned their backs to the fire, the eastern sky was reddening behind Torres mountain and it was four o'clock in the morning. The game throughout is filled with intense excitement, and the pent-up feeling of the players breaks out in strange barking sounds, made by forcing the air from the lungs in quick, successive cries. At a little distance it sounds like the baying of hard-run hounds. At certain parts of the game the players sing their *peon* songs, which are sustained throughout by the crowd of old men and women in the outer circles about the fire.

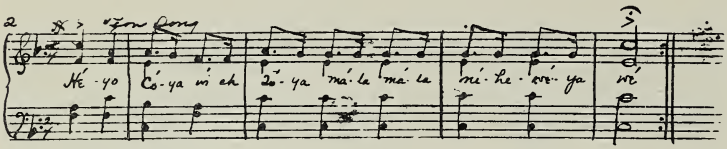
The following is a *peon* song known as "A-tro-yo-trio." The syllables of this song are meaningless.*



One of the fiercest games of *peon* I ever saw played was at a summer feast at Coahuia in 1892. It was a time of great rivalry between hosts and visitors. The spirit of the mountain Indians had broken out repeatedly in boasts about "the Coahuia valley." This *peon* game was

* I am indebted to Prof. John Comfort Fillmore, of Pomona College, the able authority on primitive music, for the harmonizing of these songs.

played by four Coahuias against four Diegueño Indians from Mesa Grande. The following on this occasion was the *peon* song of the Coahuias. It was sung with bravado and defiance. It won them the game.



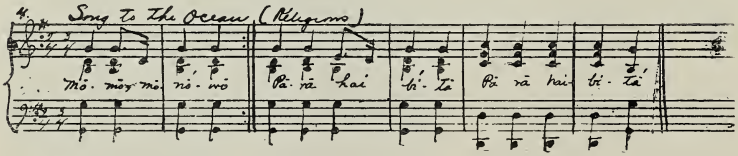
He - yo Co - ya - wi - a To - ya - ma - la ma - la ne - he - we - ya - we—

Among the most interesting dances of these Indians are the "bird dances." With neighboring tribes these dances are known as the "Coahuia dances," and the Diegueños who have learned to perform them (with that Indian honesty that never plagiarizes) always attribute them to their originators. Among the Coahuias certain birds, together with the coyote, hold special preëminence and are even revered. The eagle is especially sacred, and his dance is a most interesting performance.

The dancer is stripped naked save for his breech clout; his face, limbs and body are painted in white or black and red designs, his waist is girt with a skirt of rich eagle feathers and his head is adorned with an eagle feather bonnet.

He then dances and whirls in imitation of the powerful circlings and swoops of the ás-wit or eagle. The best dancer among the Coahuias, old Silvestre, used to pass half a dozen times around the wide dance circle made by the spectators, whirling so swiftly that the feather skirt stood out straight beneath his arms. The words of the Pú-ni-at, as this dance is called, are archaic and the music is very old and almost forgotten. The last time I heard it sung the old medicine man, who knew it well and loved it, had just died. And the singing of the younger men did not at all suit Silvestre. Again and again they would begin, only to stop quickly as the particular old performer would return and correct the singing and start them off on another attempt. The loss of his old accompanist was clearly irreparable.

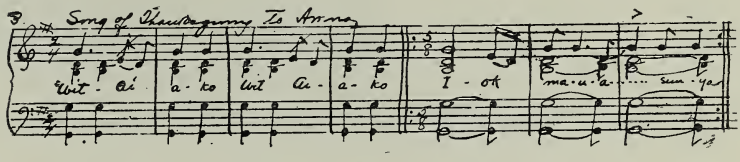
One of the prettiest of ceremonial songs is "*Mo-mo-mo-no-wo*," a song to the ocean. The Coahuias still profess a reverence for the sea that suggests the ocean worship of the Zuñi. "The ocean is way over there," the song affirms, "far, far off from us."



Mo - mo - mo - no - wo : Pa - ra - hai - bi - ta : Pa - ra - hai - bi - ta.

Wit-Ai-a-ko is a song of praise to the great spirit. Ai-á-ko is an archaic form of the word Ám-na or god. Roughly translated the words

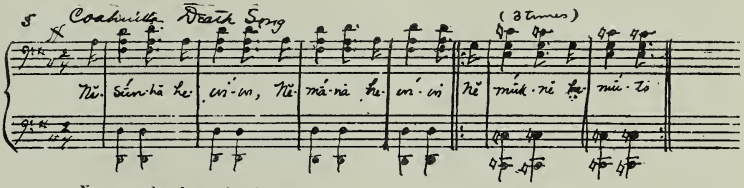
mean "Amna, Great Chief. He is in heaven. He will come back some day." Just what religious conceptions these words imply I cannot here state.*



Wit - Ai - a - ko Wit - Ai - a - ko. I - ok ma - u - a ... sun-ya

Songs play a large part in the life of the Coahuia Indians. There are war songs, gambling songs, songs for ceremonial dances, songs for the women, songs for the dying and the dead. And frequently it is a common thing to hear the high, piping voice of some little child singing away as she plays, all unmindful of her surroundings.

I will close with the death song of my old friend, José Maria. One of the last times I visited him, as we sat together in the sunny little *patio* before his *jacal*, I asked him for a song. He reached out his hand and groped feebly for mine, for José Maria is blind and near to his end, and thus he sang me his death song, *Ne-sun-ha-he-wi-wi.* "My heart is leaping within me. My body is burning. I am low with sickness. Perhaps, now I am dying."



Ne - sun - ha - he - wi - wi, Ne - ma-na - he - wi - wi, Ne - muk - ne - he - mu - to.

The music it will be observed is very near to the primitive song. Just a single chord sung feelingly over and over. And yet even now I cannot sing those words without being affected anew by the remembrance of old José Maria, weak and blind, but chanting his death song with a calm courage that goes with him into the Unknown.

Pomona College.

* Clearly derived from Christian sources—the teachings of the padres. No Indian before the missionaries ever dreamed of a divine advent.—Ed.

This tribe-name is numerously misspelled—Cowiller, Cohahuilla, Coahuila, Kaweah, Cohuilla, etc.—on an ignorant idea that the "y" sound is represented in Spanish by ll. The word is pronounced nearly "Co-a-wée-a," and should be written as it is in this article, unless one wishes to give the full Indian sound, which is nearer Co-ya-hui-a.—Ed.

Bits of a California Christmas.

BY ESTELLE THOMSON.

SO many months earth had waited for rain. Then the gentle and almost silent showers fell; and lo! marvels began.

I went out across a mesa and down a pathless sidehill in the sun. Only lately all was brown and parched, apparently lifeless. Now, standing on the same bank where I had felt desolation and dust and heard the sapless grasses crack, it was easy to believe in the resurrection; for suddenly that sod was bursting with life and gay with bloom.

I came upon a disused road-bed; and in its middle a man's foot-track was set. It had been made while rain was falling; deep, ridgy creases showed. That was three days ago; and today the track was filled with tops of spirey things pushing upward—growing things, rich with earthy smells.

I passed under a telegraph line, and the humming of the strings was so strong that I stopped to listen. I never have heard lovelier strains.

Once a bluebird flashed by. How keen the blue of its wings! As if they, too, had been washed and were shining. Some brown sparrows rose from a knoll and strung themselves along the wire overhead, with many flirts and preenings because I had disturbed them. I am confident they were the same birds I heard quarreling saucily one night about bed-chambers. During the height of the storm scores of the fluttering creatures came up to my window with a sudden dash, as if a strong gust was hurling dead leaves, and beat at the panes. They plainly were unused to showers, and were searching for shelter. They drifted aimlessly for a time; and then, just at dusk, they all gathered into a solemn group on the top of a cypress hedge, and evidently discussed the situation. At last, as darkness settled and I was fearing that I never should know the result of their deliberations, the conference broke up and the little conferees went pouring pell-mell into the densest part of an olive tree, settling themselves like brown burs among the boughs. For a short time there was crowding and scolding and one hapless fellow tumbled out and had to try the scramble over, and chirped peevishly; then all was quiet—and birddom slept.

One Christmas day I attended my first "cocoanut" party upon the wild land.

The earth was mellow, with scarcely an inch of surface that was not soft with young alfileria. As I crossed over a hill I came upon a little forest of saxifrage, every modest flower of hundreds with its fine white face directly towards me. "Wild cocoanut," the children call the delicate tuber that burrows under ground; and they pronounce it delicious eating. In taste it is like the sweetest almond.

There were a dozen busy children grouped on the hot bank; bareheaded, barelegged, sunbrowned; with fingers, pocket-knives, hatchets and trowels prodding the moist space over. They asked me to join them; and one shy tot with eyes like the sky and a mouth like a rose, in a blue cotton gown, with no extra length for elbows and knees, held up a bag in her baby hand and offered me "nuts."

My walk had delayed me, and that fresh air was a keen reminder of need for a meal. So with blissful disregard for grime and with hearty relish I ate such food as the gods provided—although I knew full well that every crisp bulb had the stain and stickiness of wet earth upon it. And afterward, borrowing a pocket-knife, I too went down upon my knees and fell to "digging cocoanuts."

A NEW CRUSADE.

Nothing else in life makes it so livable as our fixed ability to despise our betters. But there is such a thing as being *too* comfortable. Southern California is rich not alone in fruits and flowers, in beauty and money, and an enterprise paralleled by nothing in America short of Chicago. It owns also that much rarer heritage in America, a Past of history and romance.

Many people come here for climate — and thank all the gods at once, our skies do not have to ask permission of our intelligence or our forethought. If they did, the railroads would soon need to run longer trains eastward. Nobody comes here to see us grow; that process is rather a looking-glass, whereof we are fond and others tolerant. But of those who come merely to *see* California, a vast proportion are attracted by our Romance.

To argue for the preservation of the Missions from the point of view of their intellectual and artistic value is needless here. The majority of the readers of this magazine, I believe — or I would not be editing it — will need no more appeal than the facts. Their minds and hearts are competent to take care of themselves. To another class it is enough to recall the material truth that the Missions are, next to our climate and its consequences, the best capital Southern California has.

There are in this State twenty-one of the old Spanish Missions; besides their several branch chapels. Seven missions and a few chapels are in Southern California; and these are not only the oldest but historically and architecturally the most interesting. A few are re-occupied and utilized for places of worship. The others have been of necessity practically abandoned since the secularization. They are not vital to the Catholic church, now; but they are everything to us, whether we have souls or — pockets. They are all falling to decay; partly by age, partly through vandalism and neglect. When the roof goes, our swift winter rains do the rest. In ten years from now — unless our intelligence shall awaken at once — there will remain of these noble piles nothing but a few indeterminable heaps of adobe.

Now there is not in the civilized world another country so barbarous that this would be permitted. In poor old Spain the very stables of these deserted churches would be scrupulously preserved. In despised Italy they would be guarded as we guard our — fortunes. In hateful England, heaven pity the vandal that should move one stone from another in them. In immoral France, there is at least morality enough to hold sacred the artistic and the venerable. It is only in the Only Country in

the World that such precious things are despised and neglected and left to be looted by the storm and the tourist.

This is a new community, and many things are thus far forgiven its youth; but there will never be pardon if we let this sin go further. We shall deserve and shall have the contempt of all thoughtful people if we suffer our noble missions to fall.

This magazine might find, in a few cares of its own, excuse from labor in this cause; but it is not looking for excuses. It is here to serve the country it loves, as God gives it to see what service means. And this is the first thing it is going to turn these fists to. Something must be done instantly—something will already have been done before these pages leave the press. This winter's rains can never be remedied, if they work their bent on the missions.

Briefly, this is decided: A small sum by subscription will be put at once to protect the most exposed gaps; and then a systematic campaign will begin which will not relax until all the missions within our scope are safe. There is to be no accursed "restoration"—*preservation* is the watchword. That gem of the missions, San Juan Capistrano, is in most imminent danger; and there the first work will be done. A society will be incorporated for the preservation of the Missions. A general campaign will be made to arouse interest in all quarters and to raise a permanent fund for the protection and conservation of the finest ruins in the United States.

This magazine is tired of waiting. Now it is going to work, and keep at work. It is no half-heart. It will receive and acknowledge subscriptions for the cause from anyone, anywhere, who cares for beauty, art and patriotism; and it will give its own strength and the strength of the men who make it, to keep reproach from California and loss from all who love the beautiful Old.

PROPHETS AND SONS OF THEM.

Magazines longer than almost anything else have resisted the centrifugal force which is specializing all other lines of business—for it is well always to be remembered that print nowadays is only a business, and that a man's mind is no bigger because he can give a piece of it to a million readers. He has really no more than any one of them might safely receive in a lump; and it is only by the miracle of type that he can feed the multitude with the same crumbs over and over.

But there are signs that even the magazines must go the way of all other flesh. Just now they are all engaged in buttering the plenary Universe with each its more or less adequate butter-pat. This brings them into direct competition one with another—and the competition of the last three years has made sore bones among them all.

Human nature—even editorial wisdom—is finite; and this sort of thing cannot keep up forever. No one magazine has a monopoly of all the brains there are; and until it shall have, it must fall now ahead and now behind in the hippodrome.

Unless—there is only one unless. If they specialize; as science has done, as business already forgets that it once did not, as art, law, medicine, shoemaking and the higher walks of literature are doing—why, then they will escape the elbowing. If each magazine shall choose its specific field and stick to it and fill it—whether that field be geographical or topical—it will be rid of rivals and need no longer be losing its hat in chase of the common fad of the moment.

All this is perhaps some way ahead, but in all seriousness it seems to be coming. When the monarchs of New York for a generation find themselves in one short year not alone outstripped but five and ten-fold distanced by a stripling whose only running-power is a gallery of well-aired ladies, it must set them to a renaissance of thinking.

All over the country, weeklies and monthlies in specific lines are springing up. One is even tempted to suggest, tentatively and modestly,

that the time may come when it shall not be presumed that only one city in the United States has brains enough to supply reading for all the open-mouthed rest of the nation.

It is an idea not unknown to remark among thoughtful literary men that at the last it is the local or the special magazine that must and will survive. In Washington, the other day, one of the famous American poets expressed it ; and almost simultaneously a member of the oldest and largest publishing house in the United States voiced the same belief,

The corroboration of one's betters is pleasant, even while the logic of events is reassuring enough. The LAND OF SUNSHINE is so far the only exclusive magazine of locality in the United States. It has the best and broadest locality in America. It has no competitors, and does not fear any ; for besides being the first Southwestern magazine, it intends always to be the best. And whatever its success, it will try never to become so swollen as not to feel for its now big brothers when they shall have to bunt their specialized heads against the narrow four fences of Manhattan Island or the Back Bay.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

There is nothing more charming than the entire freedom of modern civilized society from anything remotely like superstition. It is one of the few signs to cheer the student of his race.

This comes to tongue by grace of a lady who writes to a daily paper in Los Angeles that she thanks heaven her female ancestors and self have never ridden a horse except "in the way ladies *ought* to ride."

Happy go they who have not! It saves labor of reading to know at dentition "how a lady ought to ride." There seems to be a notion abroad (where the schoolmaster is not) that when the Almighty had evolved the horse from the five-toed eohippus this legend was worked upon its left flank :

"All self-respecting females will have the kindness to keep on this side of this quadruped their two necessary-evils-which-are-not-to-be-mentioned-in-polite-society."

Also, that no mother of mankind had so far forgotten herself and the noble example of the Queen of Spain as to bestride a saddle until this Era of the New Woman. Such things make the philosopher glad that he was born among brains.

As a matter of history, no woman so abused herself and a horse as to ride a side-saddle until long after society—even English society—was old enough to know better. No idiot had ever conceived so impossible a distortion. It was only when Queen Ann limped in, with one leg shorter than the other—not the patroness of architects, who was not built that way, but a lady less famed yet more lastingly influential—that the thing was done. Being so much a cripple that she could not ride as God made women to ride and horses to be ridden, she went unhorsed till a McAllister of the day invented a crutch-saddle for her poor unmatched legs. The simians of the court could not well be more legged than their queen ; and for the few hundred years since, the civilized world of women has followed suit. If the unfortunate Bohemian had been "shy" her front teeth, doubtless we should all have extra dentist's bills to pay ; and women whose smile was still ivoried by God would be reckoned indecent. These are the practical uses to which we put our putative intelligence.

MUCH IN LITTLE.

This magazine is not made with reference to those who buy their art by the yard and their reading by the pound. It could spoil twice the white paper it does ; but it has no ambition to pad out cheap pages. It aims to concentrate all the value possible into the smallest space ; and it is today the most condensed of American monthlies—every page "boiled down" and meaty. It will grow as it can ; but meantime is soothed by knowing that it is already by far the most liberal dime's worth ever marketed in the West, and that in actual readable matter it gives more than some magazines of twice its size.

A PARAGRAPH TO HISTORY.

There are magazines too timid to call their souls their own. Or maybe too truthful. But this small one, being Western, has given no mortgages and is not afraid of meat. Not alone as a Californian but as an American it has joy in printing Mrs. Frémont's undodging words—which are as true as they are direct and dignified.

Frémont was not merely the Pathfinder. He gave the path something to lead to. In politics it might have taken a century to justify his prophetic foresight; but it was only two years before he was corroborated by an argument which even sectional statesmen could understand—California gold.

He has been denied his due stature in our "histories" for but one reason—the East cannot even yet comprehend the meaning of the West. Self-important and provincial, lost to the sense of proportion (because it knows no other proportions than its own), it has never grasped the logic of boundaries. It has never realized the absurdity and impossibility of a Union pinched between the Rockies and the Atlantic, with England on two sides (Canada and California) and Mexico on the third. When not the few scholars but the American people shall understand the political significance of the West, we shall rather better comprehend the men who gave us it.

We had had but one President (Jefferson) awake to the logic of the West; and few statesmen. Webster—perhaps the greatest brain we have produced, and an eloquent example of what the East may do for such an intellect—scoffed at "the worthless West." It needed the frontier-sharpened eye like Benton's to see that we could not hatch a Nation in the heel of a stocking—and to demand room where we could.

There would be a California today if there had been no Frémont; but it would not be what it is, and probably would not be ours. There would also be a United States; but it might very likely end at Mason and Dixon's line, with another country between it and Mexico, and another between it and the Pacific. The American Rooster may not be aware of that; but students of statecraft are. Von Moltke, the greatest modern scientist of war, saw it and said it.

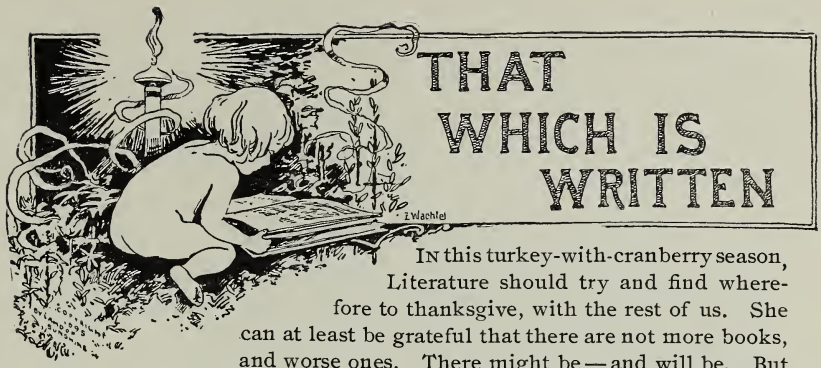
If there is any man who should stand tall in the heart of us who inherit California and love our country, it is John Charles Frémont. He not only gave us the State of States; he enabled the West, and thereby made Union geographically and politically possible.

And while we speak of the Pathfinder, it is fit to remember also that he issued the first Emancipation Proclamation—Aug. 31, 1861. That was a year and a month before even Abraham Lincoln, the greatest of all Americans, dared. And that is what Whittier meant when he said it was Frémont who "struck the first brave blow for freedom."

The January number (out Dec. 20th) will be particularly full of Christmas flavor and rich in holiday illustrations. It doesn't mean to be mean; but people who prefer to stay and hang up their stockings where Santa Claus will drop chilblains and pneumonia in them, musn't complain if these pages rather emphasize the more lovable holiday conditions in God's Country.

"The October Overland Monthly contains a sketch of the late Prof. Charles Warren Stoddard by Joaquin Miller."—*The Critic*, N. Y., Nov. 1.

Really, dear *Critic*, even common homicide is improper; and when you go to killing off our poet of the South Sea you must expect the Vigilantes upon your trail. And all because the Warmed-overland (as some irreverent soul has dubbed it) reprints from newspapers of the far past Joaquin's little joke about the buried poet—"buried" in a professor's chair in Washington!



In this turkey-with-cranberry season, Literature should try and find wherefore to thanksgive, with the rest of us. She can at least be grateful that there are not more books, and worse ones. There might be — and will be. But meantime let us return thanks for what we haven't.

HERO-TALES BY A HERO. Theodore Roosevelt — than whom there is no better type in the eyes of young Americans today, and whose very prominence is a most remarkable token of what our average politics are which form his background — has written, in conjunction with Henry Cabot Lodge, a juvenile of genuine value, *Hero Tales from American History*. It deals in sane and fine simplicity with such divergently typical characters as Washington, Boone, Geo. Clark, Stark, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, Sam Houston and Davy Crockett, Lieut. Cushing, Stonewall Jackson and Abraham Lincoln. It is good to find in such a book, too, a chapter on Francis Parkman, the greatest American historian, and not more historian than hero. The time will come when other hero-tales will include the square-jawed young patriot who is daring now more than men dare in battle — Roosevelt himself. Meantime this book of his — like all his other books and works — makes for good Americanism. The Century Co., N. Y. $1.50.

ONE KIND OF CONSCIENCE. It is painful as well as exasperating to pick up a well-dressed book like *Among the Pueblo Indians*, by Carl and Lilian W. Eickemeyer, and discover its calibre. The writers spent as much as a fortnight in fitting themselves for authorship; going into four Pueblo towns without knowing any Spanish, and still more ignorant of the history and literature of the subject. A few hours' reading in Bandelier, Cushing, Stevenson, Powell or any one of a score of others, would have enabled the "travelers" to understand at least a little of what they saw. Their volume is in no sense (except its mechanical form) a book; it is merely a long letter such as two people of some education, no literary light and utter ignorance of their subject might "write back home" — and illustrate with kodaks, principally of themselves under various aspects. They picture the omnipresent buckhorn cactus as "a mesquite in bloom" — blissfully ignorant that the mezquite is a bean-bearing locust and does not exist in any part of New Mexico they visited. They habitually and awfully misspell the commonest New Mexican words (like "esaque" for acequia, "Jamez" for Jemez, "Carmensville" for Carbonateville, "mungi milo" for *muy malo*); and their "facts" are quite on a par with their spelling. Equal nonsense about the Pueblos has been printed in country papers; but it is doubtful if anything quite so trashy on this subject has ever seen book form before. A fair example of their information is that: the monarch of a Pueblo town is "the cacique or chief, originally appointed for life by the Governor of New Mexico, to be succeeded by his eldest son" . . . "The governors of the pueblos would not allow the children to possess but one dress!" So far as a careful reading discloses, there is not in the book one important statement about the Indians which is not ridiculously untrue, and none too

many unimportant ones which are not of the same sort. The Eickemeyers are at least to be praised for their attitude. They meant well, and seem kind-hearted—though it is hard to understand the mind which thinks a week's superficial junket without study is adequate preparation for writing a book of description to be sold for good money. The case is the more curious because the book is published by a firm which is not in the habit of such offenses. The Merriam Co., N. Y. $1.50.

A LOCAL ENCYCLOPEDIA.

The History of Pasadena, Cal., by Dr. H. A. Reid, is one of the most exhaustive chronicles of a locality yet published on the Coast. Its 675 octavo pages cover Pasadena from almost every conceivable point of view—social, material, scientific, historical, the Indian era, the Spanish occupation, and the American new dispensation which has set a beautiful and cultured city upon the sheep-pasture of a few years ago. Naturally into a work of this sort much creeps that is not history in form or in fact; and it would be much better that some paragraphs on the early days had never been written—they never would have been written if the Doctor had not relied upon less conscientious writers than himself. Wherein the material was less distant from him he has worked with tireless energy and patience, collecting and sifting a mass of data one would hardly have deemed possible in relation to so young a town. The indices are voluminous; and a number of maps and illustrations add to the reference value of the book. The chapters on the flora and fauna of this region are particularly interesting. Pasadena History Co. By subscription.

Phœbe Estelle Spaulding, of Pomona College, and K. F. Gleason, of Redlands, are among the prize-winners in the recent *Youth's Companion* short story competition.

E. S. Holden, the well-known astronomer in charge at Lick Observatory, has issued with the Scribners a valuable volume, *The Mogul Emperors of Hindustan.*

The second volume in the *Stories of the West* series (edited by Ripley Hitchcock and published by D. Appleton & Co.) will be *The Story of the Mine*, by our own Charles Howard Shinn.

The *Chap-Book* of Nov. 1 has a cover worth, in effect and in decorative art, all the covers of all the magazines in three months gone. It is by Hazenplug, whose average work hardly prepares one for this exceptionally striking piece.

The sudden death of Eugene Field, last month, removed our highest newspaper poet, and one whose occasional work belonged in real literature—which is still a somewhat slenderer span than the dailies and the publishers' circulars think they think it.

The *Literary World* (Boston) recently spoke of Edmund Clarence Stedman's new work as his "Victorian Anthropology." It is said that rascals, if "given rope enough will hang themselves." Very excellent people in the Center of Wisdom seem able to perform the same laudable feat with just a little "rop."

Gelett Burgess, the genius of the *Lark*, has issued a special asylum of his drawings under title of *The Purple Cow.* These vagaries are the best and only thing in their kind—a sort of composite pictographs of Mother Goose, Lewis Carroll, and too much green apples. Wm. Doxey, San Francisco. 25 cents.

The Critic recently gave prizes of $25 and $10 for the two best bicycle poems; and printed the winning verses followed by several pages of letters from many writers, giving their views of the magic wheel. The *Critic's* poems are among the best on the bicycle; but particularly serve, after all, to show how much better poetry is inspired by the horse.

L. A. Eng. Co. *THE HOME OF THE MISTLETOE.* Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

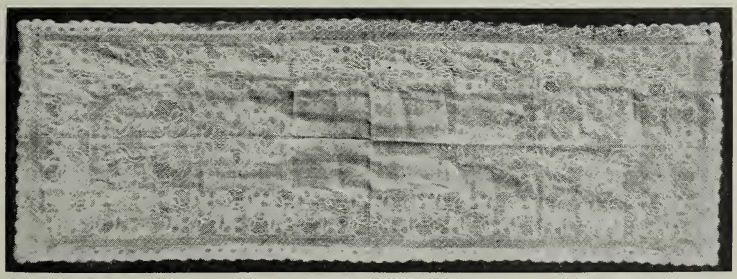
VOL. 4, No. 2. LOS ANGELES JANUARY, 1896

SPANISH DRAWN-WORK.

BY AUGUSTE WEY.

ALL the stitches and patterns which are illustrated in this article are part of a historical series collected in Los Angeles, grouped, studied and compared with similar or dissimilar patterns to be found upon the Indian *coras* or baskets which form so famous a part of the commerce, literature and traditions of both Upper and Lower California. Both the *coras* and drawn-work patterns have also been studied together in relation to the historic laces of the world; the disputed "Edelweiss" of Valenciennes; the rose-point of Venice; archaic Maltese; Chantilly, Mechlin and Honiton; the ecclesiastical designs used in vestments, and the secular ones which heighten even cuffs, "by Van Dyck."

The collection represented by the illustrations was made, not at all as a study in the literature of the work basket and sewing room, but as a "contribution to ethnology," and as such was sent for criticism to Mr. Otis T. Mason, Curator of Ethnology in the National Museum at Washington. In one of the reports lately sent me, I find "The Little Jesus" stitch with



L. A. Eng. Co. *A PITA VEIL.* Photo. by Bertrand.

Owned by Mrs. Sherman Houghton.

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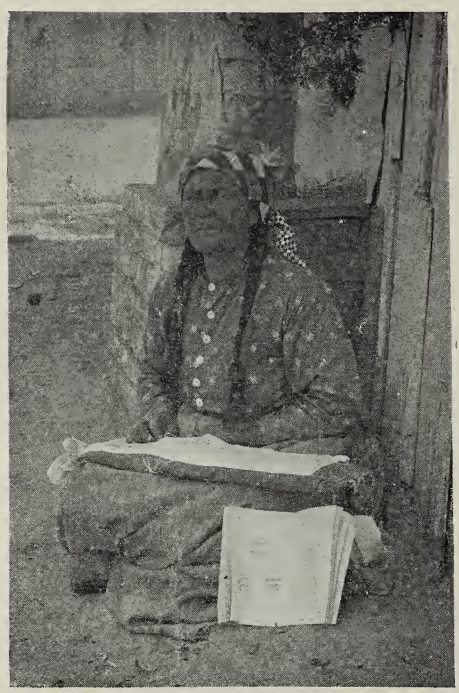

L. A. Eng. Co. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

VICTORIA.
Official Perfiladora of San Gabriel.

which the collection was commenced set down gravely as such a contribution, and numbered "25019."

An exhibition of these stitches and patterns, pinned with a lemon thorn upon orange, lemon and white silks, was planned for the World's Fair at Chicago, and instructions are now in the hands of many *perfiladoras* * to prepare such an ethnological exhibition for the City of Mexico, and make it as complete as possible.

It has been the good fortune of this collected "woman's work" to attract the interest of men — than which perhaps there could be found for it no more complete justification. My instructions to the novice who begs, like Ajax, for "more light" by which to understand the mysteries of the "drawn" threads, have often been the following: First: Take a piece of coarsely woven cloth (because you always prefer a heroic-sized needle), and draw out from it certain threads.

L. A. Eng. Co. *AN OLD FRENCH WEDDING DRESS.* Photo. by Bertrand.

* Drawn-work makers.

If you are exact, remember the *perfiladora's* ordinary rule is to draw five such threads and leave six. Second: Draw out others at right angles to the first. Take the result of your labor of Hercules to the most feminine woman of your acquaintance who will permit you to, and ask her to put in the design while you watch the needle. This on her part need not include a technical education, but only that knowledge without which a woman ceases to be interesting.

The *perfiladora* who made the patterns illustrated here is Maria Mesa, commended to me by Don Antonio Coronel. In his own handwriting I still have the first record of the researches through Los Angeles of Maria, Doña Mariana and myself; a record made at his house on Central avenue, amid much laughter, an occasional strophe upon the guitar, and much travel up and down the museum stairs after the rose of Castile in some other Spanish design, or a journey up to the oratory containing the

L. A. Eng. Co. A COLLECTION OF DRAWN-WORK. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

Union Eng. Co.

THE MOST FAMOUS STITCHES—I.

"little Jesus," taken more than once by Doña Mariana from the Madonna's arms as a punishment for her non-intercession; a fact to which the pages of *Ramona* still bear testimony.

I remember the unquestioning credence I gave to the crossed Little Jesus, "and the uncrossed Little Joseph," and the distressingly apparent incredulity with which I received the "Little Tobias," and wrote it down at Don Antonio's dictation. "And why not the little *Timoteo*, and the little *Ezequiel* and *Enriquito*, and the little *Salomon?* And *Jeremias* and *Gregorio*, *Godofredo* and *Ambrosio?*"

"But no," said both Maria and Mariana, unsmilingly; "there are no *perfilados* with any of those names, and every woman knows the 'Little Tobias' as she knows the Pleiades."

This is not the place for the ethnological comparisons which are so fascinating when you know you know nothing of Mexican and Peruvian pottery, but are at liberty to conjecture anything; nor for the technical explanation of *relindos*, single or double, or the hemstitches, elaborate darning and buttonholing, in which Maria delights and excels. Gradually one learns to know the petals of the cinnamon flower and the anise flower stitch, and the rather disappointing Rose of Castile. You will become expert in the recognition of the *abanico* or fan (furled or unfurled), which Hercules is warned in his study not to confound with the hour glass, by

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NAMES OF STITCHES, PLATE I.

I. "Concha" (shell) with border of "Ojito de rana" (eye of the frog).

II. "Double Relindo;" "Abanico" (fan) with "Culebra" (serpent).

III. "Sal-si-puedes" (Come-out-if-you-can; maze or labyrinth).

IV. Santa Barbara.

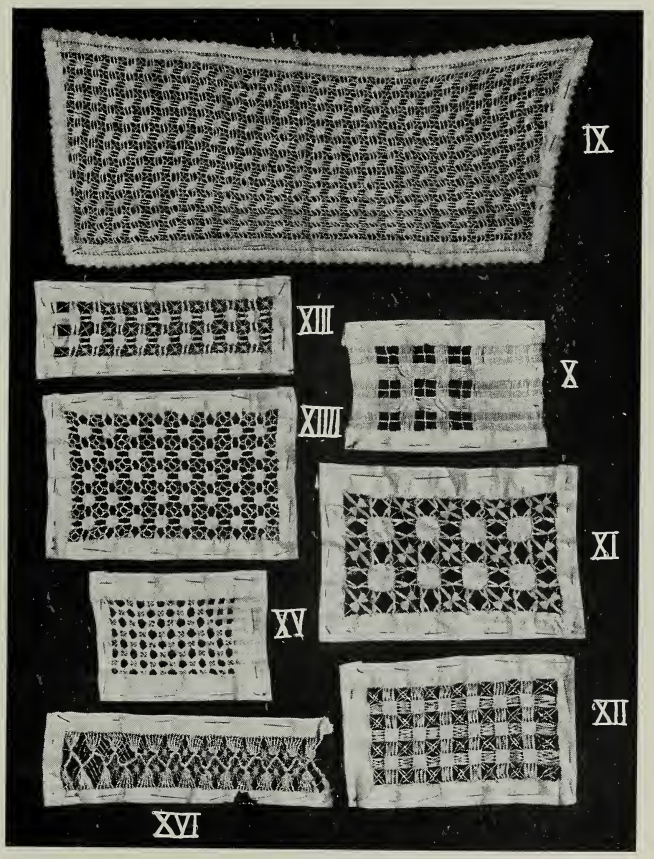
V. "Jesusito" (Little Jesus) with "solecito" (little sun).

VI. "Abanico" (fan) with "garrapata" (tick).

VII. "Pimiento" (Pepper).

VIII. "Pimiento" (Pepper), No. 2.

which possibly his egg is boiled and which it so closely resembles in shape. Puzzling also are the innumerable combinations of those patterns you have already learned separately. There is the "serpent" with the "roses;" the "spider" with the "bean." The "Little Jesus" figures upon one scarlet pillow in combination with the "sun" in the heavens, and on the next with the design set gravely down as "the eye of a frog." This pattern of the "Jesusito" is entered always in the collection under consideration with the record of the orthodoxy of "Padre Joaquin" of



Union Eng. Co. *THE MOST FAMOUS STITCHES—II.*

IX. "Las Cabrillas" (The Pleiades).
X. "Triguito grande" (big wheat).
XI. "Cuadritos y flor de canela" (Court and cinnamon flower)
XII. "Daditos" (dice).
XIII. "Lentejita y telaraña" (Bean and Spider's web).
XIIII. "Lentejita" (Bean).
XV. "Perfilado de Rositas" (drawn-work of Roses).
XVI. "Rositas y culebra" (Interwoven roses and serpent).

the Mission San Gabriel. I had explained to him the current county tradition that two of its threads make over it the sign of the cross, and he had listened courteously to the explanation, and then said: "*Puede ser!* But then the Los Angeles *perfiladora* has got to learn *making* the correct sign of the Roman cross." This clever suggestion leads back easily from San Gabriel to Constantinople, the Greek schism itself and the strange feud in words for which so many men have bravely died.

The lore of all the sixty-eight numbered designs of this collection is led by that of the "*Jesusito*" stitch, suggesting the literature of Italy and Spain, and the art of every gallery of the world. From many pictures the "Little Jesus" of Pinturicchio has been selected for association with California Mission art. This, we read, is an example of the Umbrian school; and to Umbria we owe Saint Francis of Assisi and the religious element of the pioneer civilization of California and Spanish America in general.

Grouped with the "Jesusito" are, of course, first, the "Little Joseph," and next the "Little Tobias," though our State nomenclature seems to hold no place for the latter except on the pillows of the women who draw these mysterious threads with their irrevocable associations.

Next these three in favor and popularity perhaps rank the Pleiades, of which an example is given in the cuff numbered IX. I have so far discovered no trace of the origin of this pattern or the meaning of its threads, though I like to associate it with Venegas and Hugo Reid in literature. Venegas records as one of the constantly recurring directions of the sorcerers or *hechiceros* to the Indian people they controlled "not to look towards the Seven Stars in the heavens above their heads," and according to Hugo Reid in Los Angeles county traditions, seven Indian women who once carried baskets on their heads, left together their seven Indian husbands to become the constellation, called in the language of the *perfiladora* "Las Cabrillas," or the Pleiades.

The sal-si-puedes (No. III), the "come-out-if-you-can,"* or labyrinth, taxes the skill of the workwoman by its avowed combination of each separate technical difficulty, and I preserve certain pieces of it, accomplished by Victoria, the last Indian *perfiladora* of San Gabriel, who made it to my order with much pride and satisfaction, and to my dismay laundried it with much *amole*.

Dice, or daditos (No. XII), have perhaps unjustifiable association with the Indian gambling boards, such as form the crown of Mrs. Jewett's well-known basket collection.

The cinnamon-flower, or *flor de canela* (No. XI), more pleasing as a design than the "rose of Castile," may or may not have connection with the *cuadro* or square where it once grew—maybe to form material for a story matching Picciola if we only knew it in the Indian dialect.

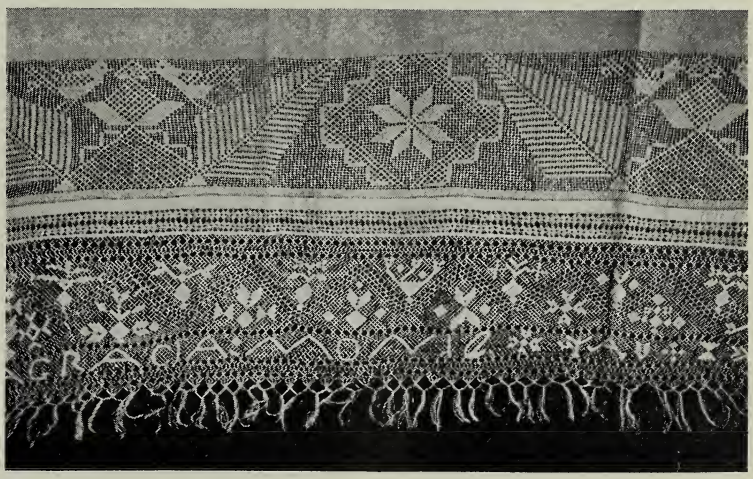
The "great wheat" I always associate with the old *Molino* or mill at San Gabriel, and the queue of "all Los Angeles" waiting to have the

* "Cape San Gabriel de las Almejas (Saint Gabriel of the Mussels), a promontory so dreaded by all navigators on this coast, that they have named it Punta de sal si puedes or Keep-off-if-you-can."—*Miguel Venegas*, p. 23.

trigo ground before the Saturday's vespers and the Sunday's dancing of El Son.

The tick (No. VI) may be confounded in ethnology not only with the araña or spider, but with various other more irrelevant designs. Nothing has given me greater trouble than determining even the approximate size at which this same *garrapata* may be confounded with the *ojito* or eye, without inspiring the contempt of Maria Mesa; and again, at what point it expands radially into the *solcito* or sun; or even whether certain radiating lines are emitted from the latter or are an anatomical portion of the former protean shape.

The pepper tree, or *pimiento* (No. VII), probably does not antedate the Mission San Luis Rey, which introduced that tree itself, according to well-known authorities, and belongs to what might be called the "Nottingham curtain school," which furnishes the *venado* or deer, and the *gringa* to basketry.



L. A. Eng. Co. *A DRAWN-WORK ALTAR-CLOTH AT CAMULOS.* Photo. by C. F. L.

The bean (No. XIIII) must *not* suggest *frijoles*, but the *lentejita* of the Mission gardens and the pottage of lentils exchanged for a birthright so long ago.

One finds the serpent accorded most disagreeable prominence, wandering through the roses; intertwined even with the sticks of the fan. The fan itself is combined with all things, and suggests all the associations of Old and New Spain.

I know nothing of the Santa Barbara pattern except that it exists.

I am the possessor of certain East Indian patterns for comparison with these collected in Los Angeles; owing them to one of those strictly impossible happenings which the French make into a proverb, and we Americans are half afraid to quote.

The third-story balcony in which I was writing a first description of

these stitches commands the famous old port of San Pedro and the offing in which so many celebrated vessels have waited for communication with the old San Gabriel Mission and Los Angeles. While I was wondering whether it was the "Aggie" or "La Paloma" between me and Point Fermin, a merchant from Bombay or Calcutta came to the lower door, absolutely bending beneath the weight of the exquisite East Indian drawn-work which he carried for sale.

I have seen no such merchant in California before or since. For comparison with the "Rose of Castile" I bought on that day "the East Indian rose," and for the *culebra* or serpent which undulates so distressingly from Maria's skillful needle, the "slough of the cobra" enclosing as a border this same East Indian rose. From this merchant I have also

L. A. Eng. Co. *INDIAN PERFILADORAS, SAN FERNANDO.* Photo, by Bertrand.

the East Indian "shell" for comparison with the Spanish *concha*, and a "sun" inserted in the sky over the finial of a temple which is almost identical with the *solecito* of Los Angeles.

To the collection enriched with these, have also been added the stitches of the Turkish empire, made to order in Constantinople through Madame Zacaroff of the Turkish Compassionate Fund of New York.

Each of these patterns, as well as those of Russia and Fayal, deserves a monograph. Each of them is a redemption from the imputed tediousness of woman's work.

All the Spanish stitches and designs among these may still be studied at the old San Gabriel Mission, where Victoria sits on the clean-swept ground holding her scarlet cushion under the clear blue sky, and Teodora, the last basket-maker, weaves to order the *cora* or basket made of almost

the last rushes of that mission, famous forever in our history as the queen of the whole cordon. Here alone with these last of the Indians, learning *la idioma* from their lips, I have spent many of my happiest days of California life. Here I have brought the Smithsonian reports for the brightest and most intelligent of annotation; here, while Victoria drew her threads or filled in her patterns in the sunlight, and Teodora occasionally relapsed into a cigarette rolled from the coyote's tobacco, Luisa, the last *capitana* of the tribe, has sung for me the last songs of her people in a rhythm so splendid and barbaric that only the score of Carmen could be for a moment compared to it. Here, on these appointed days, she has danced within the clean-swept patio old dances which Andalusia never knew, but which California once did, in the Golden Age. The most skillful Spanish musician of Los Angeles has preserved these songs, and I hold them among the things that will not die.

In New Spain, this drawing of certain threads for the pure pleasure of replacing them, was a passion; and I often used to say to Don Antonio: "In Spanish Los Angeles, no matter how suddenly Othello came home to smother Desdemona, he would have been reasonably sure of finding her and her pillow waiting together."

Pasadena.

WACHITA.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

Here's to Wachita, out in the West,
Bright as the poppy-blow at her breast;

Here's to the girl of the gold sunshine,
Up in the hills where the winds are wine;

Here's to gold-robin, out in the nest
Molded and warmed by her own bird-breast;

Over the Rockies, hey, heart, we go
Where the great stars drop, and the poppies blow.

Newberry Library, Chicago.

CALIFORNIA CAR WINDOWS.

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

Lark-songs ringing to heaven—
  Earth-light clear as the sky—
Air like the breath of a greenhouse
  With the greenhouse roof on high.

Flowers to see till you're weary—
  To travel in hours and hours—
Ranches of gold and purple—
  Counties covered with flowers!

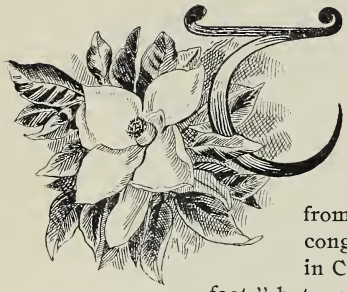
A rainbow, a running rainbow,
  That flies at our side for hours!
A ribbon, a broidered ribbon,
  A rainbow ribbon of flowers!

Hull House, Chicago.

BORROWED FROM THE ENEMY.*

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

II.



THESE words which we have more or less unconsciously derived from the Castilian finder and founder of the New World, crop out even in such unexpected places as our colonial history. There would have been no "grenadiers" at Bunker Hill, except for Spain; since the hand grenade and the grenadier both get their name from the city of Grenada. There seems an equal incongruity in the name of the "Greenhorn" mountains in Colorado. They were not named for the "tenderfoot," but a century before his day were christened *cuerno verde*, green horn, for a famous Comanche chief of the time. For that matter, Colorado (the red), Texas (the tiles), Nevada (the snowy), Florida (the flowery, the Spanish word being sounded flo-reé-da), Utah, New Mexico, Arizona and California were all named by the Spanish long before any English-speaking person ever heard of them. So was Labrador (the laborer).

One of the queerest of these linguistic orphans is the English "cordwain," which does not look much like its own father. It is from "Cordovan" [leather] — for through centuries the Spanish city of Cordoba made the best leather in Europe.

Besides the examples quoted in the opening chapter of this article, other animal names we get from the Spanish pioneers are "peccary," a South American Indian word for the fierce little wild hog which used to range from New Mexico and Texas to Chile (it is also called "javeli," another Indian word through the Spanish); "parroquet;" "burro" (from Spain); "iguana" (from Hayti); "toucan" (from Brazil †). "Jigger," or "chigo," the terrible tiny parasite which burrows into the flesh of the feet, and often causes loss of limb or life, gets its name from the Spanish *chigre* (chée-greh.) "Cimarron," the mountain sheep, is a Spanish word which means "wild;" and is also the original of our "maroon" as applied to runaway slaves. "Mustang" is a border corruption of *mesteño*; and "bronco" (which ignorant people still persist in spelling *broncho*) is a pure Spanish word for an unbroken horse. It is bronko, not bron-cho; and ch in Spanish has invariably the sound we give ch in "church." Some people seem to fancy "bronco" is some relation to "bronchitis."

The familiar "chinch-bug" is merely a descendant of the Spanish *chinche*; and the "New Jersey Eagle" is of clean Spanish blood—*mosquito*, "a little fly," diminutive of *mosca*. Among epicures the "pom-

*Concluded from the December number.

†It is nicknamed in South America the "Dios dara," ("God will give") bird, because its cry sounds like those words.

pano," "bonito," "barracuda" are sample reminders that the Spaniards also knew a good fish when they saw it.

"Tapioca" is from the Brazilian *tipioca;* and "cassava," its source, is an unchanged Spanish word. "Manioc" is similarly descended. Even "coffee" — heaven's next-last, next-best gift to man — is from *café*, and that from the Arabic *qahwe*. Of other Spanish kitchen names, well-known in the West, may be mentioned *chile* (the red pepper), *tamale* (see the November number, p. 276, for definition and recipe), *frijoles* (the precious brown beans), *atole* (a most nourishing gruel of pop-corn meal) *tortilla* (the unleavened bread), and so on.

Among fruits whose use and names we learned from our Spanish predecessors are our California pride, the "apricot" (Spanish *albricoque*, from the Moors); the "banana," "granadilla," "guava," "chirimoya," "pitihaya" and "pomelo;" the pecan nut and the piñon (peen-yóhn.) The mahogany tree (Brazilian *mahogani*) or caoba, the palmetto, yucca, mesquite, maguey, and many more, remind us of our further debt in trees. Indigo and aniline dyes are also derived from the Spanish. So are cochineal (*cochinella*) and caoutchouc (*cahuchu*). *Guaco* is a common and beautiful weed from which Waco, Tex., gets its name; and "canaigre" is another, less handsome but more useful.

Alfalfa, the king of all forage plants, came first from Spain to Peru; thence to Mexico and up here — and its name still testifies to its Moorish lineage. Our mutinous wild "alfileree" gets its name from some unlettered granger's attempt upon the Spanish *alfileria* (al-feel-áy-ree-a). Any one who will once notice its seed-vesicles will understand the aptness of its name, which comes from *alfiler*, a pin.

"Acequia" (ah-sày-kee-a), the irrigating ditch which is the life of the Southwest, is Spanish by name and custom. "Ranch" is from *rancho;* "ranchero" is derived unchanged; "rancheree" (an Indian village) is a corruption of *rancheria*. "Corral," "peon," "rodeo," "hacienda," "major-domo," "latigo," "sombrero" are all direct Spanish-Americans. So is "vaquero" (of which cowboy is a mere offshoot). "Loco-weed" is from *loco*, crazy. "Cinch" comes from *cincha*. The cowboy's leathern "chaps" are short for *chapparejos;* and his word "cavvyard" (horse-herd) is a still more remarkable liberty with *caballada*.

"Alcove" is from Spanish *alcoba* — and back of that, of course, from the Arabic. "Corridor" is Spanish, and so is "Mosque." "Adobe," "patio," "plaza," "pueblo," "presidio," "azotea," (the flat promenade roof) and "jacal" (hack-àl; house of palisade chinked with adobe) are all Spanish unchanged in form though frequently enough butchered in pronunciation.

The sailor's "capstan" is of Spanish invention and christening (*cabestran*, rope-winder). "Filibuster" is from *filibustero;* and "caravel," "flotilla," "armada" and "galleon" are as recognizable to any intelligent reader as to the mariner. "Mariner" itself, by the way, is of the same nationality (*marinero*).

"Renegade" (*renegado*) and "creole" (*criollo*; properly used only of

the children born in America of Spanish or French parents, and pure blooded), are familiar words to everyone as "mestizo" (mixed breed) and "cholo" (cross of European with Indian) are to the scientist. "Coyote" is also used by 100,000 citizens of the United States (though the dictionaries wot not of it) in a secondary sense to mean a half-breed.

Many Spanish words or Spanish derivations from Indian tongues have become current, not only throughout the whole vast area conquered by Spain, but with ethnologists and well-read people the world over. Such are *cacique* (ca-sée-ke) a word which originated in Santo Domingo, and became naturalized in every tribe of Indians between Colorado and Bolivia; *estufa*, Spanish for stove, but now universally adopted for the sacred man-house of the aborigen; *cachina*, one special dance of one special tribe, now generally applied to all Indian ceremonial dances; *temescal*, the Aztec medicinal sweat house or primitive Turkish bath — and many more.

Equally familiar are "siesta" (shortened from *sesta hora*, the sixth hour, noon) the midday rest; "mantilla" and "reboso," head draperies; "poncho" that blessed South American invention of a blanket with a hole in the center for the head, a pattern followed in all Navajo blankets of the very highest order; "zarape" (frequently blundered into "serape"); the charming dances of the "fandango," "bolero," "cachuca," "chica" and the like.

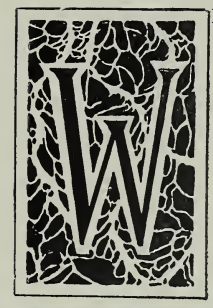
"Grandee" and "don" need no introduction; but everyone may not remember that even our English "admirals" were beholden to Spain for their title, which still further back was derived from the Arabic *amir-al-bahr*, "commander of the sea." Then there is "hidalgo," that true aristocrat of a word, *hijo de algo* — "son of somebody as *is* something."

Miners would be rather lost without "el dorado" ("the gilded" cacique of the Colombian plateau) and "bonanza," and "placer," and many other words we have inherited from the first American Argonauts. And the very "frontier" they love is only the Spanish *frontera*.

Our castile soap, and Lima (Peru) beans; our sherry (Xeres), port (Oporto), Manzanilla, Madeira, Canary and Amontillado wines are not much "masqueraded" (another Spanish word); but it is not so easy to recognize, in the "sirroons" so familiar to the indigo trade the original *zurrones*. "Filigree" is a bit wide from *filigrana;* and the German "canaster" tobacco seems to have wandered far from the Spanish *canastra*, basket. The peanut is quite unrecognizable; but it was discovered by the Spanish, and is still called in South America *mani* (its Quichua name), and on this continent *cacahuate*, a corrupted Aztec word. In its old home it had a dignity we do not give it; being converted into flour as well as into the delicious drink *chicha*; and I have exhumed it, unharmed, in the laps of Peruvian mummies of great antiquity.

It would be easy to go on indefinitely with a trail so interesting; but this paper is not meant for a monograph, and enough has been set forth to give to the studious a start on personal research; and to the average reader some faint hint of the debt our diction owes to the same once-splendid nation which gave us most of our New-World geography.

UNFRETTED HOLIDAYS.



WHILE no one will dispute the beatitude of the meek, it is modern experience that what earth the meek inherit nowadays is mostly the waste corners. And while the Saxon is not supremely liable to any of the special blessings mentioned in the shortest and best sermon ever preached, he has somehow usually inherited the sort of earth which is the share of the meek.

Resignation — the thinking that what is is best, and letting it go at that, is called another name when others practice it. To those who mourn that

Union Eng. Co. *BRINGING IN THE MISTLETOE.* Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

L. A. Eng. Co.

A CHRISTMAS ROSE-HEDGE.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

the christian virtues are dying out, it is enough answer to point to the Easterner, about these days, backed up against the register and persuading himself that he really likes the climate that he lives in — or, rather, that he takes very good and costly care to live out of, for no animal could live really *in* it the year round. He also thinks that he thinks such air salubrious and bracing; and is wont to declare that he would find it monotonous to be where the weather was always decent. Just how he expects to reconcile his uneasy tastes to heaven does not yet

L. A. Eng. Co. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

CASTILIAN ROSES IN DECEMBER.

"En varios arroyos del camino y en el parage en que nos hallemos, a mas de las parras, hay varias rosas de Castilla."

Letter dated from the "newly projected Mission of San Diego in Northern California," 1769, by Father Junipero Serra.

appear. Maybe St. Peter will let him sneak outside the pearly gates and freeze his feet once in awhile, just to keep him from getting lonesome.

As every traveler knows, there is no land on earth so vilely unhabitable that people will not inhabit it if they were born to. The howling desert is the best place in the world to the desert-born; and he wonders how people can endure to live in countries where they say it actually rains sometimes. The denizen of Guayaquil would not feel it at all safe to reside where there is no yellow fever. And one never emerges from these ignorances until one has traveled and learned to compare.

L. A. Eng. Co. CHEROKEE ROSES. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.
Gathered from a Pasadena Rosewalk in December.

As a matter of history and scientific proof, great extremes of weather are not healthful. Consumption — by far the deadliest disease among Saxons — and pneumonia, its cousin, are inventions of countries that have severe winters; and the innumerable train of ills that spring from cold weather and the confinement necessary to escape it, kill more people every year than the cholera, and the tropic fevers.

As for the notion that bitter cold is "bracing," it is too stupid to survive a moment in any mind that will give it a moment's thought. Air cold enough to prickle on the skin, to stimulate it, like the evaporation of alcohol or camphor, *is* bracing — but it does not progress with the fall of the mercury. Forty degrees above zero is just as bracing as forty

Union Eng. Co. CALIFORNIA HOLLY. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

below. There is not in the world an atmosphere more bracing than that of the Southwest. The piney air of Flagstaff on a fall morning when the thermometer might mark 50°; or the same temperature in Southern California after the "winter" rains have re-created the air — those are as tonic and exhilarant to skin and lungs as ever man found. And it is health and joy without danger.

Tradition dies hard; and the Saxon tradition is of a snow-bound Christmas. You sit in your air-tight house, superheated by a raging furnace — thankful that you are not the shivering ones who press their blue faces against the pane. You cannot step outside your own door, Christmas eve, to fill your lungs with God's air, for fear you swallow pneumonia too.

No one will deny the charm of the Holidays back in the home of our childhood. It was a precious season — even the unwilling brute weather was forced to contribute to our joy. The snow-ballings, and coastings, and sleigh-rides, and skating were delightful; even if one had to rejoice with trembling.

But, after all, *that* was not the secret of our pleasure. What makes the Holidays is chiefly the heart — and be sure that beats as warm and true where it matches the skies as where it is in their despite.

Union Eng. Co. Photo. by Mrs. A. Glassell, Jr.

THE DECEMBER OF CALIFORNIA CHILDREN.

A California Christmas is *all* good. The earth rejoices, the skies give thanks and are glad. We do not have to be happy between shivers, nor imprison ourselves lest Nature slay us. All is joyous together. The rains have come, and with them the Resurrection. There are new heavens and a new earth; a turquoise arch above an emerald floor. The birds can keep Christmas, too — and a winter which even a goose has too much sense to inhabit is not fit for christians. We roll upon our lawns, or swing in hammocked verandas, or gather roses from the bushes that over-run the house, and sniff the breeze across the orange-blossoms — while above the dark-green orchard the ineffable snow-peaks of the Sierra Madre climb twice as tall on the blue sky as the loftiest mountain in the East. And in the air is such a tang of freshness and strength and inspiration that to drink it is like breathing champagne.

We sit out and read out, we ride, drive, walk, take a swift plunge into the Pacific surf and out. The children do not need to be buglar-proofed against colds, or croup, or pneumonia. Day-long they are out of doors, undeterred from God and Nature, and so with better bodies and minds, and hearts — but the same old child-faith in Santa Claus.

L. A. Eng. Co.

SOUTHWESTERN TYPES—AN APACHE SCOUT.

WITH ORANGE BLOSSOMS AT CHRISTMAS.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

Thou'lt never know: I sent thee blossoms white
And perfect as an earthly tree may bear,
Wet with fresh dews, and odorous as fair;
So pure, so fresh, they need not dread the light
Of thine eyes on them. Happier than I,
I sent my flowers where I may not go;
And close beneath the petals' perfumed snow
And sheltering leaves, safe-hid, my heart doth lie —
Thou'lt never know!

Poor heart! I laid it there wet through with tears,
Trampled and torn and stained, unfit for thee;
Unfit — and yet — poor heart! — so filled with prayers
For pardon, passionate grief, and purer love,
I dared to send: wilt thou receive? Ah me!
I heaped the heavy flowers so close above
Thou'lt never know!

Pasadena.

THE MOQUI SNAKE DANCE.

BY H. N. RUST.

UCH a journey as that from Los Angeles to Holbrook, Arizona, over the Santa Fé route, is pleasant and interesting; with its panorama of mountain and desert, dead lakes and volcanoes, and many other attractions. From Holbrook, the way to the famous Moqui villages — the "province of Tusayan," as the Spanish explorers called it — is by wagon over a sandy and thirsty road of about ninety miles. If not exactly easy, the trip is far from dull, with instructive sights of the edge of the Painted Desert, its strange sentinel buttes of unusual size, shape and color, its glimpses of primitive life, its petrified logs, its few "wells," muddy and far between. It is impressive to think that this dry and barren land has been for ages loved as home by human beings. The peculiar freaks of erosion in the mesas and buttes add greatly to the impressiveness of the lonely landscape. Here and there along the road are the rude *hogans* of the nomadic Navajo Indians — huts made by setting up poles with their tops together, and banking them over with earth. We saw the Indians tending their flocks of sheep and goats; the women grinding corn on the *metates* (mealing-stones), or weaving their blankets from the "weaver's beam" hung to the roof or a juniper bough.

At noon of the second day after leaving Holbrook we had descended into Keam's Cañon and were at Thos. Keam's hospitable little trading-post. It is one of the surprises of Arizona to find, away out here in the desert, the comfortable home of a cultured Englishman.

L A Eng Co. Copyright 1891 by Chas. F. Lummis.

A GENERAL VIEW OF HUALPI.

The Town of the Snake Dance.

From Keam's to the first mesa of Moqui is twelve miles down the lonely valley. At the foot of the great level table-land, which rises 660 feet above the plain, we left our outfit in charge of the Indians, and began the toilsome climb up the winding path to the top of the cliff. There we were met by several of these friendly people and conducted to the quarters that had been secured for us in Si-chom-ivi — in the house of Mi-si-te, the weaver.

This first mesa, the farthest east of the line of Moqui table-lands, contains three pueblos, built in the remarkable communal architecture

L. A. Eng Co. *MOQUI MAIDENS.* Photo. by A. C. Vroman.

(The curious coiffure typifies the open squash-blossom, which is the Moqui symbol of maidenhood. Married women wear the hair in rolls which represent the faded squash-blossom.—Ed.)

which is characteristic of the Pueblo Indians. The names of these interesting villages in their order are Tehua, Sichomivi and Hualpi — the latter at the western tip of the mesa, the largest and the most picturesque of the three, and the place where the snake-dance is held. In Tehua the language spoken is entirely different from the speech of the six other Moqui towns.* Yet the inhabitants seem on good terms with their neighbors. The population of Tehua by the census of 1891 was 161; of Si-chom-ivi 103; of Hualpi 232. Of the total 496, there were 248 males and 248 females. The total population of the seven Moqui pueblos is 1996, of whom 999 are males and 997 females — a surprising equality.

L. A. Eng. Co. THE SACRED DANCE-ROCK, HUALPI. Photo. by A. C. Vroman.

The communal architecture of the Pueblos has been fully described by Bandelier, Lummis, Cushing, and other students among these interesting people. In some pueblos there are six stories — each set back upon the one below, so that the whole communal building resembles a series of terraces or a pyramid. The highest houses of the Moquis (who call themselves not Moquis but Húpi, "the people of peace"), are three stories; and owing to inequalities in the mesa they are not so regular as in some other Pueblo villages. The lower stories used to be all blank walls, and the only approach to the house was by ladders from the ground. When these ladders were drawn up the people were safe from attack by ordin-

*For the good reason that its people are Tehua Pueblos who fled here from the Rio Grande valley, 300 miles east, after the Pueblo Rebellion of 1680. It is therefore a "new town" as Moqui dates go.—ED.

ary foes. The ground floor rooms were reached through trap-doors in the floors of the second story. Nowadays the first story generally has a door. Our room had also two windows. The floor was hard-packed clay. A fireplace, table, two chairs and plenty of sheepskins were the furniture.

The snake-dance we have come so far to see occurs once in two years, in August, in an open space on the east side of the village of Hualpi, between the houses and the edge of the cliff. A big sacred rock (a sandstone pillar which has been left by erosion on the top of the mesa), stands at the south end of this dancing-ground. Near it are the entrances to the subterranean *estufas*,* here called *kib-va*, or sacred council

L. A. Eng. Co. *A CORNER IN HUALPI.* Photo by Sanders.

chambers, which are part of every Pueblo town. In some pueblos they are above-ground and circular; but here they are hewn out of the bedrock of the mesa, and are reached by ladders from above.

Close to the houses about midway of this open space a little booth of cottonwood branches had been built for the occasion, its opening closed with a white cloth. In front of this an ancient hewn plank covered a small cavity in the rocky floor.

To the Moqui the rattlesnake is the God of Water — and, of course, in the desert, water is the first and greatest necessity. The lightning is

*The estufa was, in the ancient Pueblo economy, the Man-House — not only the council-room but the home of the warriors, while the women and children lived in the terrace-houses.—ED.

L. A. Eng. Co. INTERIOR OF A MOQUI HOME. Photo. by A. C. Vroman.

the snake's tail striking the clouds ; and the thunder is his rattle. Naturally, the most important ceremonies in their strange ritual are connected, therefore, with the rattlesnake, and are designed to propitiate him so that he will send rain.

For eight days before the dance — which is the last act of the ceremonial — they conduct secret rites in the *kib-va*, to which few white men have been admitted. Six days before the dance the men of the Snake Order go down into the plain and hunt the rattlesnakes, which they tickle with a wand of eagle-feathers, catch and put into bags. The snakes are carried to the *kib-va* and put in large. earthen jars. For five days before the dance the dancers fast and purify themselves, drinking copiously a secret brew of herbs which is supposed to fortify them against snake-poison. This decoction is called Máh-que-be, or "virgin-drink."

The snake-priests brought out the bag of reptiles on the afternoon of the dance, and deposited it in the booth of branches, which is called *ki-si*. Very late in the afternoon — not over half an hour before sunset — the Antelope-men emerge from the estufa and file to the *ki-si* where they hold a preliminary rite, dancing with a rattle of gourds whose sound reminds one of the pattering of rain. In a short time they are followed by the Snake-men ; the two orders being distinguished by differences in paint and what there is of costume.

The housetops and corners were filled with spectators. Some were whites, including our party from Los Angeles and several from the East;

but the great majority were Indians — Pueblos and Navajos from far and near.

After some preliminary exercises and invocations, the Snake-men in turn took snakes from the bag in the booth and began to circle in the dance, each one being accompanied by an Antelope-man. Sometimes a Snake-man took two of the reptiles at once. The dancer puts the snake crosswise in his mouth, holding it firmly in his teeth, its head toward his right shoulder. One dancer had a small rattler wholly in his mouth except its head, and carried it thus through the dance. Another snake, a large one, twisted itself so tightly into the long hair of its captor that he had to get help to disentangle it. Frequently the dancers flung the snakes from their mouths to the ground, by a quick jerk of the head forward. When the liberated serpent would coil on the ground to strike, one of the Antelope-men would stroke it with an eagle-feather, which at once caused it to try to escape. As soon as it was uncoiled and in retreat, the dancer would quickly catch it with his fingers just back of the head, take it again in his mouth, and resume the dance. In all cases the utmost care seemed to be used to catch the snakes in the same manner. I inferred that this was to avoid as much as possible the danger of being bitten ; and am convinced that the snakes had not been drugged nor their fangs removed.*

Finally all the dancers tossed their snakes in a heap near the foot of the sacred sandstone pillar, keeping the squirming mass compact by

L. A. Eng. Co. THE MOQUI SNAKE DANCE Photo. by A. C. Vroman

*This is fully established. The snakes are venomous as ever. Care in handling and the certainly efficacious *mah-que-be* are the only precautions used. I have seen several dancers bitten without serious results ; but no Moqui who has not gone through the necessary preparation dare risk it.—Ed.

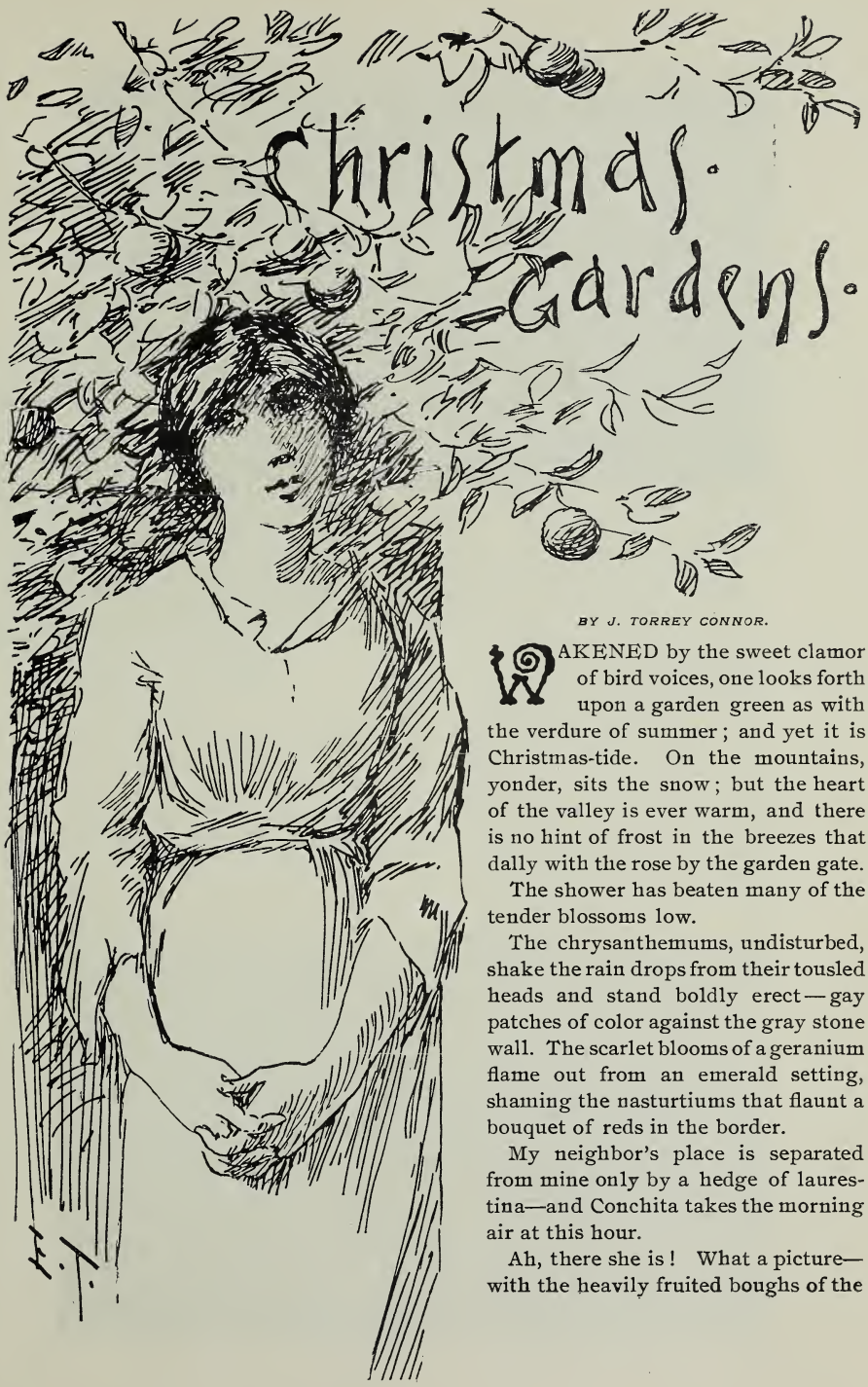
application of their eagle-feathers all around. The sacred meal, which is the last invocation, was sprinkled over the snakes; and the ceremonial was at an end. The dancers rushed in; each caught up several snakes in each hand; and dashing past the crowd of spectators they descended the cliffs by paths leading to different quarters of the compass. At the foot of the mesa they released the snakes, with further "prayers" to them to be propitious. The great biennial prayer for rain was ended; the participants in the strange but sincere ceremonies cleansed themselves and donned their everyday garb, and the people of Moqui settled down to their customary quiet life, awaiting the result of their invocations.

Corn and wool are the chief staples of the Moquis, and weaving is their principal industry. Down in the sandy valleys below the mesas are many small cultivated fields of corn and melons. Around these fields we saw many little "prayer-sticks" set in the ground. These were carefully prepared twigs with sacred feathers bound to them. They are thought by the Húpi to keep up the prayer which the owner of the field utters when he sets them out.

After this wierd and wonderful dance we found it very interesting to visit the people in their homes. The houses are neat and clean, with clay floors and white-washed walls; and the people picturesquely and comfortably dressed, though some of the little children run about entirely nude. The mealing-stones, on which corn and wheat are ground by hand, are in every house. Many bows and arrows hang on the walls, but these are only for ceremonial use, for the men have fire-arms, and are expert with them. In some houses we saw the weavers at their rude looms, making the durable black *mantas*, the national dress of all Pueblo women. The Moquis are famous for the excellence of this work, and the other Pueblos from all over New Mexico make this long journey to buy Moqui *mantas*. The Moquis make their own pottery of clay, and we saw women doing it; but their wares are not so fine as those of some of the other Pueblo tribes. They make a very characteristic basket, placque-shaped, which is unlike any other aboriginal basketry. Their water-jugs are also baskets, gummed outside, and with loops for carrying by a thong; for these curious people bring all their water for domestic use from a little spring near the foot of the cliff to the top of the great mesa.

Altogether our visit to the snake-dance and to these strange people who live so contentedly upon so little, far from the rest of the world, and in a bare, lonely desert, keenly interested us in every way. They were very kind and courteous to us, and did not take offence at our curiosity; and we left their lofty mesa and began our homeward journey with not only striking memories of the grotesque rites we had witnessed, but with a better understanding, and friendliness, and respect for the mesa-dwelling People of Peace.

Pasadena.



Christmas Gardens

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.

WAKENED by the sweet clamor of bird voices, one looks forth upon a garden green as with the verdure of summer; and yet it is Christmas-tide. On the mountains, yonder, sits the snow; but the heart of the valley is ever warm, and there is no hint of frost in the breezes that dally with the rose by the garden gate.

The shower has beaten many of the tender blossoms low.

The chrysanthemums, undisturbed, shake the rain drops from their tousled heads and stand boldly erect—gay patches of color against the gray stone wall. The scarlet blooms of a geranium flame out from an emerald setting, shaming the nasturtiums that flaunt a bouquet of reds in the border.

My neighbor's place is separated from mine only by a hedge of laurestina—and Conchita takes the morning air at this hour.

Ah, there she is! What a picture—with the heavily fruited boughs of the

orange tree bending above her, and the sunshine caressing her rounded throat and crimsoned cheek.

"Conchita, I shall make a sketch of you."

"Yes? But assuredly in another gown—the one I wore at the fiesta."

"No, no, just as you are; and I shall call it 'A Castilian Rose.'"

Down the street on either side, stately eucalyptus trees are silhouetted against the sky.

Under the shadow of a giant magnolia is a cottage, embowered in heliotrope that flings its purple spray to the very eaves.

The mansion across the way has no greater treasure, although orchids grace the conservatory and rare flowers with unpronounceable names bloom in the parterre.

The roses are not so perfect as later; but the snowy clusters of La Marque make a brave showing still, and the Safrano unfurls its creamy buds in every garden. The unhandsome, weedy blossom of the century plant is not infrequently seen, for the plant blooms at any season.

In sheltered nooks a subtle perfume suggests the presence of violets, and further search reveals the dainty flowers, half hidden under a mat

L. A. Eng. Co.

of leaves. But a perfume that is not born of the violets is in evidence. Look! Here and there among the glossy leaves of the orange tree gleam star-like blossoms to herald the harvest of another year.

The well-kept grounds surrounding the homes in the newer quarter of the city delight the eye of the winter visitor, and earn for Los Angeles the right to be named the garden spot of the south.

It is old Los Angeles, however, that the lover of the picturesque will seek. A stone's throw from one of the principal thoroughfares are gardens, neglected, yet with a certain beauty of their own. Vines, unpruned, run riot; rose hedges have grown to be impenetrable thickets; and the sturdy geranium overtops the highest of the quaint adobe dwellings.

The public gardens of Los Angeles are not yet fully perfected; but their beauty is beyond question. Strolling along pleasant paths that wind in and out among flowering shrubs and broad-leaved tropical plants, or resting in the shade of a spreading palm, one might easily fancy that it is June, rather than December. The grass is velvet beneath the feet; the sunshine that calls the flowers to life is living gold; and over all the sky, tender, serene, is "like the smile of God."

Los Angeles.

A REMNANT OF THE ICE AGE.

BY GEO. F. LEAVENS.

SOJOURNING last summer in San Antonio cañon, I made a discovery I think interesting.

One day in August, after emerging from a struggle through the dense and thorny chaparral near Dell's camp, I found myself upon a narrow spur that makes for a third of a mile from Cucamonga mountain into the cañon, at an even height, above the cañon bed, of 700 or 800 feet. Before me was the most magnificent scenery, both up and down San Antonio, and over the divide into the San Gabriel, and beyond to Mount Wilson and adjacent ranges, thirty miles away.

But what arrested my attention most, was two parallel lines of *debris* that curved gracefully down the steep bed of a small cañon in the form of a reversed letter S. The first flash of thought was: "someone has here built an immense irrigating canal." But reason said;

"This is the bed, and these lines of *debris* are the lateral moraines of a fossil glacier."

After I had expended two days' labor on a rough trail through the chaparral, my friend, Mr. Thornton, rode a mule up to the point of observation, and took a photograph of a portion of Cucamonga mountain, which included a general view of the ancient course of the glacier.

A few days later, Mr. Butterfield (of Dell's camp) and myself made a tour of investigation along the upper portion of this cañon bed, hoping to find additional evidences of glacial action, and were richly rewarded. We found that the lines of *debris* — approximately 100 feet apart, and from 10 to 15 feet in height — were made up mostly of light-colored granite and marble boulders, ranging from a few inches in diameter to the size of a summer cottage. Many of these rocks were so poised as to be quite resonant, and rang like pieces of steel when we stepped upon them. We found occasionally a polished or a striated surface, but the traces of ice action seem to have been mostly obliterated. The moraines retained definite form for perhaps three-fourths of a mile, the slope of the glacial bed increasing from about 12 per cent. at the bottom to 24 per cent. at the top. These are only careful guesses, as we had no means for securing accurate measurements.

At the summit, or rather where the laterals lose their definite character, we found a gorge six or seven hundred feet in length, walled in by dark-hued basic rock — the width of the glacier bed at the bottom, and merging into the mountain sides hundreds of feet above us. On the rocky walls to the right of us, we found most startling evidences of glacial action. The granite was gouged and carved into fantastic forms to a height of 300 feet or more. Much of the surface was highly polished, and as we changed our position, we caught varying angles of reflection from its glimmering sides. While we failed to find any well defined grooves or scratches, the general trend of the erosive force was well marked, following the slant of the cañon bed. Mr. Thornton subsequently secured a negative of a representative portion of these rocks. Unfortunately, photography fails of reproducing either the reflected light, or the striation, as the accompanying engraving shows. During ten weeks of tramping over the mountains in that vicinity, I found no other rocks polished as these were, though the formation is a characteristic one. Whatever value attaches to negative evidence should be accorded this fact.

Continuing up the bed of the cañon, which became gradually steeper, until it merged into the half-funnel shaped slide of loose, angular rocks so characteristic of the upper Sierra Madres, we reached at last the sharp crest of ragged rock that circles about the head of the cañon, some 3,000 feet above the ancient glacier bed. This encloses several hundred acres, an area sufficient for a large accumulation of snow, which would inevitably be forced by its own weight down through the narrow chasm, and so form the glacier.

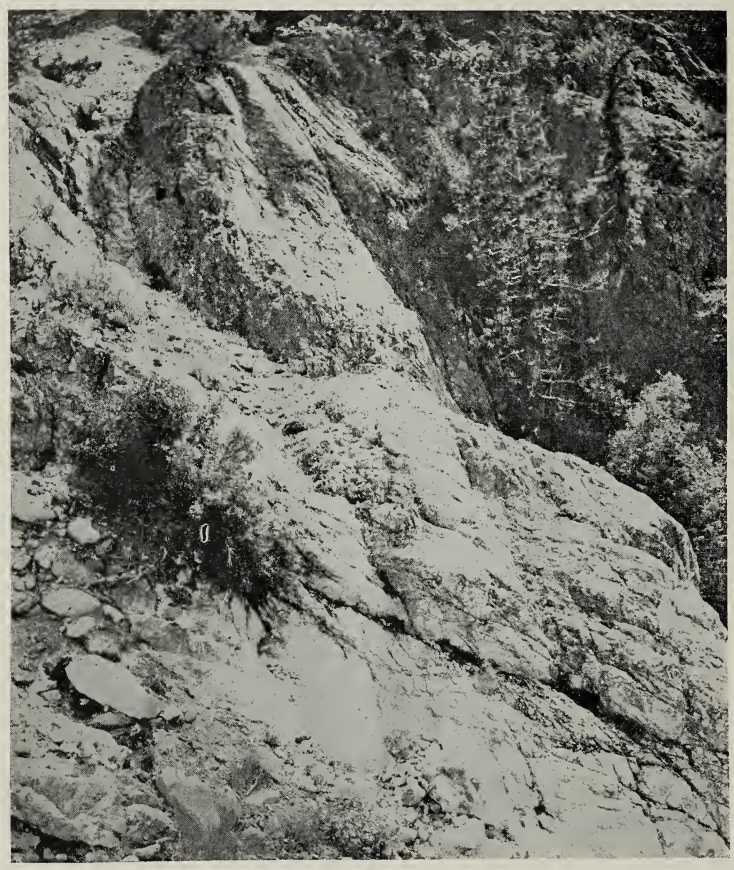
It is not to be presumed, of course, that sufficient snow and ice could integrate, under existing climatic conditions, to fill the rocky gorge to a depth of 300 feet and more; to grind with irresistible power through the hard granite, and carry and deposit rocks weighing hundreds of tons, in parallel lines. Rather, these moraines should be considered a remnant of the remote glacial epoch, when, in the procession of the equinoxes, Southern California was favored with a polar or circumpolar climate. It will be noticed by anyone who observes the mountains that whereas "Old Baldy," at an altitude of 10,120 feet, retains his thick white cap until well into spring, Cucamonga, at 8,500 feet, is merely frosted over, and the snow disappears in a few weeks from the time of falling.

It remained for me to explore the lower end of the glacier bed, in search of a terminal moraine, which I did about a week later. The rocks below the point where I first observed them soon lose their linear

L. A. Eng. Co. *BED AND LATERAL MORAINES OF THE FOSSIL GLACIER.* Photo. by E. C. Thornton

arrangement. I found, in two or three places, transverse rows of more than usually large rocks, which may have marked different successive terminations of the glacier, but I do not feel certain regarding it.

This cañon joins the San Antonio, about a mile above the tunnel of the San Antonio Light and Power Co., and the glacier bed can be reached with little difficulty by way of its cañon, although there is no trail, and I doubt if human feet have traversed it many times. This interesting relic of a time when this was not the "Land of Sunshine" and



L. A. Eng. Co. CLIFFS SHOWING GLACIAL GRINDING. Photo. by E. C. Thornton.

roses and palms, while near the routes of mountain travel, is hidden from the main trail by the mountain spur before mentioned, and has thus escaped general notice. It is visible from the upper portion of the toll trail to "Old Baldy," but as only one moraine is in view, its true character is not revealed.

Of course this glacier was a small affair. Still, it furnishes interesting evidence regarding former climatic conditions, and would seem to indicate that primitive man, in this region, may have lived on polar-bear's meat instead of the grizzly's; and clothed himself in walrus-hide and seal-skin, rather than solely in his innocence. These traces of the ancient course of an ice stream would certainly repay careful scientific investigation. I will gladly furnish such information as I possess to anyone who may be tempted to make further research.

Pasadena.

In a Mexican Plaza.

BY EDWIN HALL WARNER.

THE state of Jalisco is the Andalusia of Mexico. Nearly in the centre lies Guadalajara, the garden city of the west. To the north, a few miles distant, passes the rio Santiago, its fertile valley heavy with the harvest. Towards the south, the plateau falls away to the *tierra caliente*, where the ripening cane sweetens the air, and the coffee plantations give aromatic promise of the future. To Guadalajara comes the product of the hot lands and the temperate, and she proudly calls herself the western capital; as well she may, for her merchants are shrewd and trade for gain; her bankers lend that increase may come; her people are the most hospitable in a hospitable land. Facing the *plaza* stand the cathedral and palace; occupying the other two sides are the *portales*, where is sold much that is curious and odd to the stranger. At night the plaza is thronged, and the persistence of the Andaluz type may be noted in the golden hair and brown eyes of the women. The *mantilla* has been replaced by dainty French bonnets, and Paris gowns are not unusual. A laughing, chattering, light-hearted crowd it is, as it circles round, highly content in the warm, music-laden air.

But in the early morning, the plaza pleases me best. I leave my rooms near by and meet the fresh, earthy odor of the newly-watered street. In the doorway opposite is Juliana talking slyly to the young *lechero*, who dallyingly measures out the morning's milk. She smiles brightly as she sees me, for my guarantee has enabled the young man to buy on credit the burro standing at the curb. The burro made longer trips possible; customers increased, and the young man now regards himself as one of substance, so they are very soon to be married. Who, then, more deserving of a bright smile than I, their *patron?* As I walk on, the street movement increases. Butchers, vegetable men and water carriers hasten to supply early the morning wants of the city. A moving haystack appears in the distance; as it approaches I see the tiny hoofs and immense ears of the patient little burro all but lost in the huge mass of his burden. Near the fountain in the plaza I find the flower booths, and impartially make my choice from each. My early morning visits have made the women friendly; and between confidence and jests, I am able to piece out their little stories — commonplace enough, perhaps, for to few come extremes of pleasure and pain.

Concha, I know, is enamored of a young mule-driver whose train comes from Bella Vista twice a month. Steadiness and sobriety have not always marked his conduct; but of late he has so mended his ways that Ygnacio, his master, has once already entrusted him with the care of the train and promises permanent advancement if deserved. Concha, too, has changed; and no longer do her beautiful eyes constantly seek a victim. She says that at seventeen one must give over the follies of youth.

Josefa, as is becoming in a young matron, sits demurely in her booth. Her deft fingers tie quickly into bunches the new-cut flowers. She turns now and again to chirrup brightly to the little Josefita, wrapped snugly in a *rebozo* by her side; the little one shakes its diminutive fists and tries to choke itself with a rose, gurgling delightedly the while. Josefa makes me a little bouquet and tells me business is very good. She had thought of hiring an adjoining garden, but the season is backward, and if things were to go amiss, it would take all she and Perfecto could earn to pay the additional rent — and that would be bad. As it is they are doing well, very well.

"Oh!" she says confidently, "there are few as blessed as I. The sun shines that my flowers may bloom. I have little Josefa and Perfecto. Can woman ask more? Saw you ever so good a man as Perfecto, so true and kind? As he draws water from the fountain, he stops and speaks to Josefita, and the child laughs and seems to know him. Yes! I am indeed blessed. And you, señor — you have a good heart — why have you no" —she hesitates at her own boldness — "wife?" So happy is she that she would have all the world so content.

Near the fountain I find *el Chiclanero matador* of the bull-fighting company which furnishes our Sunday amusement. His evident liking for me I am forced to deem a compliment, for in the general estimation he ranks a degree or so above the president. He has red curling hair and blue eyes, and looks like an Irishman. He speaks his native provincial Andaluz in most bewildering style. He has little use for half the letters in the alphabet, and slurs over the others in a manner peculiar to his province. He is very proud of his profession and repeats again his desire to impart to me its mysteries. I would soon become so skilled that he would be proud of me. We would star the country together and make a fortune.

I am unyielding in my refusal to seek glory and money in the bull ring. I do not tell him that I once yielded to friendly persuasion, and, duly instructed in how to do it, met a bull in a corral. Nor do I tell him how completely all instructions in the art passed from my mind, when at the first shake of the blanket the bull came on. I forgot that I was to turn on one foot and let him pass under my arm. The corral wall was high, but not beyond my powers — assisted by the bull. The memory of two fractured ribs gives an air of truth to my remark that the Anglo-Saxon has not yet been specialized in the direction of the bull ring. My *matador* leaves, and soon Perfecto stands before me. He has served his last customer with water; and unhooking the heavy *ollas* from their straps over his head, he places them on the ground. His white *calzoncillos* are rolled up to the thigh, and the shirt well open at the throat shows a sinewy neck and ample chest. He is a model water-carrier, and Josefa is justly proud of him.

"Are you Cristiano?" he asked, as I motioned him to a seat.

"No, only a heretic," I answered.

"That's bad. Two years ago we had a heretic here, and"—he paused.

"And," said I.

"He died."— I looked properly surprised and was promptly rewarded. "Yes! he died very suddenly. He came to convert us, and talked evil of our religion. He said his own was the only true religion, and he offered us dismal music and an idle Sunday, for our morning mass and a bull fight in the afternoon. Why do your people spend money sending *frailecitos* to this country when we have religion enough already?"

"Don't know, I'm sure," I answered. "How did your *fraile* die?"

"Some one was dying; and when the priest's carriage with four white mules passed the plaza we, of course, all dropped on our knees as is the custom. That man stood up and called us idolaters, and at that a vaquero from Ameca shot him through the head. It is bad to be a heretic, but much worse to be ignorant of the customs of the country."

As I stroll back to my rooms, I do not doubt the crown of martyrdom could have been avoided by judicious instruction in the elements of politeness.

Seattle, Wash.

TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS AND OTHER HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Since the December LAND OF SUNSHINE was printed, the movement therein foreshadowed has taken form by the organization of this club, its incorporation under the laws of California, and its initiation of the work. Among its incorporators are many of the best-known business and literary people in Southern California.

The objects of the Club are, briefly:

The immediate and permanent preservation, from decay and vandalism, of the venerable Missions of Southern California; the safeguard and conservation of any other historic monuments, relics or landmarks in this section; and a general promotion of proper care of all such matters. It will be a function of the club to secure a permanent fund to be applied exclusively to these objects.

A preliminary tour of expert inspection has been made; and from it an estimate of the most pressing necessities and their cost. There is to be no guesswork in the matter; it is a permanent and practical movement, of which every step will be taken with the concurrent judgment of the historical student, the architect, the lawyer and the business man.

Roughly speaking, $500 in each case will practically ensure the salvation of San Juan Capistrano and San Luis Rey for a generation or more, about as they now stand; leaving later work until later. It is hoped to do that much this winter; and after it, to care similarly for such other landmarks as may need it, in the order of their importance.

The only requisite for membership in the Club is the payment of the dues, $1 per year. This sum is practically net for the cause. There are no salaries, no expenses of officers, and almost no running expenses.

With the February number this magazine will begin to publish all contributions to the fund; and the Club department will have its regular page, besides what space may be given to description of general interest of the landmarks we are trying to preserve. Several photo-engravings in the same number will show something of the necessities of the work and the points where it will begin.

No man or woman anywhere who cares a dollar's worth to keep the United States from being the only civilized country in the world which lets its only ruins disappear, is barred from membership.

"THE SISTER OF A SAINT."*

BY MARGARET COLLIER GRAHAM.

IF the author of these sketches has not introduced those of us who do not know, to the real Italy, she has created for us another, the air of which it is a delight to breathe.

After one has said delight, one ponders a little, for the book is full of the pathetic patience of the poor. It is not the poverty that pleases, but the art that widens our sympathies and enables us to take in poor Isolina and Suor' Amalia and Assunta and blind Settima. All their little privations, their economies, their sacrifices are handled delicately, very much as a gentle woman bandages a wound. We know that the writer, who was near enough to feel their sorrows, was helpful without intrusion, and the knowledge comforts us.

The volume into which the stories, six in number, are gathered is appropriately beautiful, and now that we read them together we are more than ever conscious of their finish, their literary daintiness, their humor—this latter of a kind which comes always to those who look deeply into life and are content to look and learn and never understand, and in consequence forbear to instruct.

Of the six tales, *Couleur de Rose* seems to me the best; *The Basket of Anita* the least worthy. But whatever one may think of them comparatively, the art is good art, honest art in the main, and as such it is more creditable to California than all the local color that was ever used to paint the face of ignorance.

GREETINGS FROM THE WEST.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

Belovèd, greeting from the West!
God speed your ice-bound Christmas cheer,
Stern and traditional and dear—
But we have left that with the rest.

And often as I write I stop
To try to fancy snow and sleet,
While on my page in mockery sweet
The perfumed orange petals drop.

My thought beclouds this perfect sky;
This breeze I greaten to a gale
Whose gusts adown the chimney wail
To heighten Yuletide jollity.

The while shines on our constant sun;
This turquoise concave overhead
Smiles down the insult I have said
And will not be by mists undone.

The while the affronted sea-breeze grieves
Through my tall pine, and from its bough
Comes, balsam-burdened, and on brow
And cheek forgiving kisses leaves.

Can this be Yule? no stinted dole
Of joy Earth gives her children here,
But brims the measure all the year,
Peace and good will to every soul.

Los Angeles.

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* *The Sister of a Saint, and Other Stories;* by Grace Ellery Channing.

Charles Dudley Warner will contribute to the February number a charmingly suggestive article on "Race and Climate." The dean of American magazine writers, and probably the most genial presence in American literature today, with a charm all his own and a ripeness rare in all times, but doubly rare now, Mr. Warner commands an audience, whatever his subject. He is especially fitted to speak in a literary way of the influence of climate on man, for he has traveled as widely and as seeingly as he has read, and knows the face of practically all the Lands of the Sun. He raises many questions which are not only interesting to every intelligent reader, but of deep importance to humanity.

Among the other contents of the February number will be a powerful story by Lillian Corbett Barnes; a sketch of that unique Spanish-American donkey, the Burro, by an old friend of his, very takingly illustrated; the Petrified Forest; our Chinatown — and, besides, the usual liberal measure of interesting text and illustration.

THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE.

Many worthy gentlemen who scratch what horizon they have with all their elbows, every time they turn around, have discussed with becoming gravity if such things can be as "an American literature," "a Western literature," and the like, with or without our special wonder. They have pretty thoroughly decided that there cannot. A local art is impossible to the economies of the Universe as they permit it. Evolution may do to decimate the toes of a horse, or to specialize all an ape's hair to his top; but it may not touch our brains. Environment has created a few thousand languages, each at odds with all the rest; but it dare not differentiate thought — nor even the dress of thought. "Literature" must be not provincial but cosmopolitan; and, as every self-respected dictionary knows, "cosmopolitan" means New York or London, "provincial" means everywhere else. Even Boston, the one-time Athens, has at last been elected a province by its biggers if not its betters. Cosmopolitan literature seems to tend to be literature which turns up its trousers when London is rained on.

As a fact in cold blood, nearly all great literature has been local. America and today are the only place and time wherein to be racy of the soil has been to be "no art." A gentleman frequently known as Homer did something purely local which has managed to last — local in every line. The greatest novel ever written in any tongue (and the second-greatest book) was a novel of locality; and its one superior was not exactly cosmopolitan. There is a reason why *Don Quixote* cannot be translated into English nor Shakspere into French.

The man who cannot tell today, with a page, whether the genius of the book in his hand (if it be poem, novel or other pure literature) be German, Polish, French, English or No-Man's Land "Modern," wasted what time he was learning to read. Of American literature, only, you cannot be sure — unless you befall some untutored child of nature like Mark Twain.

Now the Lion believes in evolution — and believes not alone with his mouth. Also, that the apes better become former than present generations. He has faith that when the coral-"insect" experiment shall have been enough tested, individuality will again take its turn. He presumes that when mankind shall have tired of seeing how like three peas in a pod it can be, it will find a sudden worth in originality. Then, writers who never saw a lord or a hawthorn may prefer the new to the threadbare, and even conceive that the Almighty made the cactus as honestly as He did the heather. Then, an American peer may be counted as good material as a little-lord-fauntleroy ; aud our mocker as melodious as the throstle which its American celebrants wouldn't know from Adam's father-in-law if they met the two in the brush. When that day of honesty comes, and superstition is lifted from letters — then we shall have an American literature ; and every man Jack of us will write of nature and of life as he sees them, and not as he has been taught to imagine they look to a blind man in a London fog.

But it is always to be remembered that local literature is something more than ill English and a provincial color. Homer did not construct a cribbage-board epic and then peg out with an Athenian directory. It is not an injection of sabots and the Marseillaise which makes a French story French. The German trademark is not pure edelweiss and lieber gott. It is the point of view, the sinews in the fingers, that tell us. Every nation has its own mental attitude, characteristic and unmistakable ; that we have not, is simply because we are not yet a nation — in anything but size and money. America, being undigested yet, can hardly be so easy of analysis as the old, homogeneous countries ; but it should have already at least one token. Its expression should be newer, broader, less tired ; more hopeful and more tolerant, since it is the first broad proving-ground of the brotherhood of man, the one land which all bloods are "making." It should have more of the impulse of youth, yet more of the long sight of him who stands upon the shoulders of all that have gone before.

And amid America, the West at least should need no tag. Unless history is a fool and evolution a liar, it must produce a literature distinguishable. It has all the advantages of the East, for its people were born and bred there ; with the higher education added by transplanting— not to mention the climatic aperient. Shall the man who has discovered that he can saddle his own horse and his own thought without a valet or a precedent, be vague amid the crowd of those who hire both done ? Is he like to write, who has learned that geography and the grace of God do not end with Jersey City, just as the same notch of a man writes who judges Creation by the Fourt' Ward ? It is a thing one would feel

ashamed to argue with sealed kittens, were it not that the judges and most of the makers of literature make themselves believe they have forgotten the laws of gravitation.

There will be an American literature — even a Western literature. It will come when coherent spirit and unborrowed sight do. And no thanks to either the Western maverick or the Eastern stalled ox. No concurrence of Garlands can hasten nor of Gilders retard it; it will be by the laws of Nature, which luckily do not have to depend on the intelligence of her orphans to keep them operative. The same eternal truths which begot upon Greece a literature whose face is fair and clear through all the ages will give us as sure an heir — when we are fit for parentage. An American literature? We had like to have had it more than a generation ago; and Poe, Hawthorne, Whittier, Bryant, Holmes, Emerson, Longfellow and their mates were its evangels. But then the War with its barbarian after-rush turned it all upside down, and unmade us from a Nation to a country, and gave us to do it all over. It will take longer, now — but it will be done.

FINITE BUT NOT NARROW.

A "local magazine" this is and always will be — but never a narrow one. Over a year ago it had some remarks to make about the breadth of its field. If the outlook was large then, it is vast now. Fourteen months' quarrying give it to believe the supply practically inexhaustible.

So far as its boundaries are concerned, it does not need to be narrow—they are wide enough for any but a board-fenced mind. Geographically, its area is California, New Mexico, Arizona and whatever further patches constitute the Southwest. In that area there is probably a wider range and variety of subject-matter than in all the rest of the Union put together; besides which, this is exclusively the romantic corner of the United States as well as the wonderland of the continent. The tallest and noblest peaks in the United States, the deepest and noblest chasms in the world, the most picturesque aboriginal life in America, our finest (and our only) ruins, the strangest and grandest scenery, the most remarkable geographic contrasts—all are in this extraordinary area. So, too, is the latest and highest development of modern civilization, the climax of human achievement to date, the most radical and important experiment ever made by the race which just now stands at the head of the world. More than that. Here is a microcosm of itself. Every potentiality of all humanity and all time is in the human beings of now and here. They are not limited because they have interesting and unique environment. And while literature anywhere has the whole gamut of man at its command, it is not everywhere that it can study side by side the modes of life of Abraham and Edison.

California is logically the commercial and political focus of the entire Southwest; and this magazine will aim to carry out that logic. While it believes in the brotherhood of man, it believes the first way to unify the whole is to unify the parts; and it will be very well content if it can aid in working out the destiny of mutual understanding and final coherence in the million square miles which constitutes the Southwest.

IN THE HOTBED OF WISDOM.

THE exhausted hero sank upon the plains. "In a short while the prairie-dogs were howling around him, and the next day the crows found all that the beasts had left." Made up? No, this gem is from a New York "weekly illustrated magazine" (*Chips*, Nov. 9). It may be urged that *Chips* is hardly a fair sample of Eastern culture, and that some people Back Yonder do not have to chase the dictionary to learn what a rodent is. Which is all very true. It is not so much the extent of ignorance to which we object; the serious part of it is that people who reflect with their feet and reason with their elbows are so much permitted to peddle their darkness. The tale of the ravening prairie-dogs is perhaps the howlingest thing that was ever printed seriously, even in New York; but it is only the extreme in a prevailing type which is all the time cropping out. The *Youth's Companion* of the same week had an almost equally ridiculous story, *Hoofs and Wheels*. Untruthful in every pore, ignorant of all it tries to portray, it gives false impressions and false information to the young readers of the best juvenile weekly. And almost in the same breath comes the New York *Independent*—one of the oldest and strongest religious papers in the country—calling Kipling's *Jungle Book* "twaddle," "flimsy," "inane" and "cheap," and crying aloud for someone to give us some "honest, homemade American" mental fodder. But really there seems no need for authors to hasten to our rescue so long as there remain plenty of *Independents* for those who prefer that sort to Kipling.

AN HONOR TO ITS COMPANY.

When California writers are putting out such books as John Muir's and Margaret Collier Graham's and Ina Coolbrith's and Grace Ellery Channing's, all within a year, the disciples of a new dispensation in the West may change their "by-and-by" from apology to prophecy. It is not by accident that such work is seeing the light here; not a repetition of the California dawn when a few brilliant chancelings plucked the world by the ear. Creative power does not advance with the progress of civilization, but culture does; and these books are typical of the new California—of high culture.

All four of these books are literature. The two first (which are also longest published) have been as highly praised by the whole cry of Eastern critics as any books of the year; and the two latter, fresh from the press, are worthy of their company.

In *The Sister of a Saint*, Grace Ellery Channing (now Mrs. Channing-Stetson of Pasadena) adds a specific new luster to the little band of

literary Californians. For that matter, she does credit to American letters in general. The short story is the diamond of fiction, in brilliancy, difficulty and rarity; and there are so few American short story writers of the first class that one more counts. We have certainly our share. Apart as are their points of view, and their touch, unlike as is their art in all things except that it *is* art, Mrs. Channing and Mrs. Graham swell the small circle of the elect at almost the same time.

The finest quality of *The Sister of a Saint*, I take it, is its human touch and insight. This without disrespect to its technique, which is admirable. Having a story to tell (the alpha of literature), it knows how to get at it—and this is, though not the omega, at least down to upsilon. We have a common error of confounding art with artifice, which are as far apart as wisdom from smartness; but it is an error into which these stories never fall. All through the telling they shake the heart and leave the eyes uncertain. That is what stories are for; and one such is worth a million of the now prevailing smartnesses wherein many authors (and not always obscure ones) are perennially lifting themselves by the mental boot-straps.

Four of the six stories are of Italy; and though their field is alien, their touch is inevitable and straight to the heart, wherever human nature is human. There are few higher compliments to an author than that he makes us feel for the moment that a poor foreigner is really human, like Us—and not a mere lay figure whereon to display the writer's skill as a tailor.

Couleur de Rose, the longest story in the book, is a noble piece of work from whatever point of view. The Colonial tale is excellent in its line; and the one California *motif*, *The Basket of Anita*, is a new, delicate and characteristic handling of a theme tempting but dangerous to novices. Some, who have never enough acquired the confidence of their Maker to know that He also created Other People, will find "Manuel" idealized; I count him a remarkably successful drawing of a difficult figure. But it is my disadvantage to know his type intimately, and not to guess at him from the superiority of ignorance. Mrs. Channing has had to divine what he is; but her intuition of the human secret has served her admirably.

Beyond a few misprints like "broncho," "Manuelo" for Manuel, and "mille" for *mil*, the book is excellently perfect; and it is one of the most beautiful of the year.

"SONGS FROM THE GOLDEN GATE."

It was admirably worth while to bring together in so chaste and charming a volume Ina Coolbrith's California poems. At this date there is no need to discuss Miss Coolbrith's rights as a poet, for she won her spurs long ago and beyond cavil; but this massing of her work will certainly add to her fame. *Seriatim*, it has been enjoyed; collected, it vindicates its claim to permanency. The verse is of a high average; delicate, clear, elevated and of a genuine poetic feeling; and in such occasional bursts as the opening poem "California," and the one of Rain-in-the-Face, it strikes a note of unusual strength and resonance.

The book is mechanically in the unfailing good style of the Riverside Press. The untutored West would like to know, however, by what authority such a house as Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have used, all through the book, the dieresis (ë) in place of the accent (é) in such case made and provided for words like belovéd. Boston, $1.25.

A HELP THAT HELPS.

Decidedly the handsomest and most convenient pocket-dictionary for the beginner in Spanish or the business-man who has some need of such a reference-book, is the *Excelsior English-Spanish and Spanish-English Dictionary*, by A. M. A. Beal. Real "pocket-size," round-cornered, bound in Russia and with a double marginal index, its make-up really leaves nothing to be desired. Its arrangement is equally convenient. The vocabulary covers about 60,000 words of those most likely to be needed by the class for whom it is prepared; including a great number of technical and trade terms. Names, geographical terms, weights and measures, irregular verbs, currency, etc., are also tabulated and explained in both languages in a labor-saving manner. An excellent new feature is the insertion of blank pages for words the reader may care to add. The Excelsior Pub. House, 29 and 31 Beekman st., N. Y. $2.

MARY HALLOCK FOOTE.

A new book by the author of *The Led-Horse Claim* is always welcome, both for its own sake and as an addition to Western literature. Mrs. Foote's *The Cup of Trembling*, just out, is in several respects her best work. It shows growth in power without loss of zest. Here are four short stories very far out of the common; very real, but not at all after the sort of the mud-puddle realists; usually tragic, but not with that mode of tragedy which alienates the reader; plenty human, and with a good sense of proportion Above all, they are wholly interesting. An occasional sentence gives one to rage that a writer who can make such arrowy prose as she can, will make such snarled clauses as she sometimes permits herself. But as to the contagion and value of these stories of the Northwest there are no two opinions—nor of the rare beauty of her cameos at her best. Mrs. Foote is one of the few authors who can illustrate her own books admirably; and it is a disappointment that this one does not complement the charm of her pen with the charm of her brush. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, $1.25.

TURNED LEAVES.

If one has to grow impatient now and again with the limitations of *The Critic*—limitations which are, after all, mostly the fault of its congenital horizon—one is glad to begin all over at such fine larger flashes as its review of Kipling's *Jungle Book* and of Kipling as a jungler, in its issue of Nov. 23. Critical uncriticlikeness such as this, and one of the reviews of *Stories of the Foothills*, and a recent leader on the "advantages of ignorance" (or words to that effect) almost persuade one to be, if not a Critic, at least a life-subscriber.

John Muir, the prophet of the Sierra, has just been visible in this end of the State for the first time in 19 years. To the sorrow of letters, he has a good fruit-ranch and a disinclination. The Lion has anything but a grudge against Mr. Muir; but does wish that destiny knew its business a little better. Any fool can be comfortable; but men who can climb a Sierra pine to find the heart of a Sierra storm, have no business to be. To pick prunes when immortality is ripe is good "business;" but Mr. Muir's writing will last a good deal longer than his dried fruit; and we wish he would prune less and pen more.

Ina Coolbrith has this month been visiting her long-ago home in Los Angeles; and many friends are glad to note her full recovery from a long illness.

AZUSA.

BY MARY M. BOWMAN.

AZUSA lies at the mouth of the principal cañon of Southern California, only about a mile below the point where the gorge of the San Gabriel river emerges suddenly from the Sierra Madre and fans out into the richest valley in America, the far-famed San Gabriel. To the traveler whirled through on a Santa Fé train the valley just there is likely to be deceptive; for the wash of the river is broad and sown with boulders, and the face of the landscape near the track seems largely occupied with brush. But one who alights at the Azusa station and really inspects the locality, is rather bewildered by finding one of the most productive and charming corners in California.

The history of the Azusa rancho is that of most other localities in the

L. A. Eng. Co. THE GRIFFITH BLOCK Photo. by Maude.

San Gabriel valley—a Mexican grant of many leagues given to a favored citizen, over whose broad acres roamed vast herds of cattle and bands of sheep; then the advent of the American, into whose hands the land passed, for what seems now a ridiculously small sum; increased activities around the hacienda, and the disappearance of that happy-go-lucky life of before the locomotive.

Then came the late lamented boom, with resulting advantages far out-numbering the disadvantages; followed by the sober second-thought that real wealth lay, not in town sites and lots at fabulous prices, but in the marvelous possibilities of the soil and the life-giving, health-restoring climate. Some towns that sprang up in a night, full-fledged with fine tourist hotels, street cars and college sites, have gone back to acreage; and orchards of citrus and deciduous fruits are yielding their harvest where people stood the night through for the privilege of buying a few feet of "climate with the land thrown in."

L. A. Eng. Co. GENERAL VIEW OF AZUSA FROM THE NORTHEAST Photo. by Maude.

The town of Azusa was laid out during the excitement of 1887, with the customary auction sale, brass bands and free lunches. But unlike some of its less fortunate neighbors, it soon assumed an air of business solidity and permanent prosperity. Its shaded streets, cement sidewalks, handsome residences and fine school houses convey an impression of much greater age than it has. It is abreast of the spirit of the times in sustaining a kindergarten and a high school. There are three churches, Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist. The latter has in process of erection a fine edifice, that would do credit to a much larger though less liberal community. In brick business blocks the town is also admirably equipped. The Griffith block, in which the postoffice is located, is, in finish and furnishings for business, of a quality one would look for only in the larger cities.

Schools, churches and business blocks are potent factors in the pro-

L. A. Eng. Co. RESIDENCE OF W. C. ORMISTON. Photo. by Maude.

gress of a community, but it is not on these alone that Azusa depends for its material advancement. The town stretches away imperceptibly into thrifty groves of oranges, lemons, and deciduous fruits, the quality of which is fast bringing this part of the valley to the front as a fruit growing district unsurpassed in Southern California. The Azusa country took two gold medals for Navel oranges, and one for Mediterranean Sweets at the Midwinter fair at San Francisco in 1894. Though there are some old orchards of seedlings still standing—the remains of early attempts at citrus culture—tree planting did not begin in earnest until after the real estate craze subsided in 1888. Few orange groves in the valley are more than six years old, though it is difficult to realize this when driving through the long rows of large, thrifty-looking trees, so heavily laden with golden fruit that the over-weighted limbs have to be sustained by props to prevent breaking, while the air is heavy with the perfume of blossoms—assurance of the next year's richer harvest. Last year the locality shipped east 600 car loads of lemons and oranges.

In three years more this amount will double; and it will increase proportionately in the future as the area planted extends. It would be difficult to predict what it may become in the next decade. The superior keeping qualities of the Azusa navel orange were demonstrated by shipments to London, England, the past two seasons. After the long journey by sea and land (twenty-six days) the fruit arrived in prime condition and brought good prices. This was the first experiment in sending oranges abroad.

The soil is equally well adapted to the growth of deciduous fruits, which are dried before shipping. In the opinion of a leading orchardist, aside from oranges and lemons, olives and apricots will eventually prove the most profitable. Small fruits yield abundantly; strawberries, blackberries and raspberries are shipped extensively to Los Angeles and other markets. The grower of the slow growing trees finds himself possessed of a comfortable immediate income by planting

L. A. Eng. Co. RANCH HOUSE OF A. P. GRIFFITH, Photo. by Maude.

berries between the rows in his orchard. The strawberry, especially, defies time and seasons. Set out in the autumn, it bears the first crop in the spring, and keeps on bearing more or less through the year, the berries being quite as fine in December as in June.

Climate and soil would be impotent in producing these marvelous results of horticulture were the third and most necessary element lacking. "Saint Zanja" is the most important in Southern California's calendar of saints. Without the moisture dispensed by his bounty we should invoke the beneficence of earth, air, and sky in vain; with it, crops are as certain as the sunshine. The San Gabriel river has its source up among the lofty peaks of the Sierra Madre. It tumbles noisily down the rocky cañon, pure, clear, and cold. Above the mouth of the cañon the stream is diverted through an extensive system of pipes and cement ditches, or zanjas, for domestic use and irrigation. The Azusa Irrigating Company, composed of the ranch owners, has completed this system in the last eight months, at a cost of one

L. A. Eng. Co. THE AZUSA HOTEL. Photo. by Maude.

hundred thousand dollars. It is one of the rare cases where the people own their own water-supply, and the members of the company must be *bona fide* owners of the land to hold water-stock. The ownership of land implies the right to a certain amount of water; for water and land are bought and sold together, and the title in one is just as absolute as in the other. Besides this general system, Mr. Alfred P. Griffith has a very complete special system of waterworks to meet all the requirements of his 200 acres of land.

At the cold storage works the pure water of the San Gabriel is transformed into crystal ice by the Azusa Ice and Cold Storage Company,

L. A. Eng. Co. AZUSA PUBLIC SCHOOL. Photo. by Maude.

which is shipped out in big, sparkling blocks, a large quantity being used by the Santa Fé route for refrigerator cars. The total length of the ditches and pipe of the Azusa system is thirty-five miles. In constructing a tunnel and in the development of this enterprise, the company has acquired water power sufficient to operate electric cars, lighting plants, and manufactories, whenever the time shall be ripe for such enterprises. The primitive cabins of pioneer days are fast disappearing; displaced by cosy cottages and elegant villas, surrounded by well kept grounds, rich with trees and perfect flowers.

The "mother mountains" are close by, with their charms of scenery and recreation. The San Gabriel is not only the most important, but the most popular cañon in the whole range. Its trout fishing, hunting, and camping pleasures are unsurpassed, if equaled. The cabins of the Los Angeles Creel Club and the Pasadena Bait Club (both private) are there; and so is the delightful camp of the Follows brothers, the best of hosts and guides.

The main Sierra Madre almost overhangs Azusa on the north; and to the east the San Bernardino peaks, snow-capped and noble, frame the wonderful picture. On the south the blue line of the Puente hills rims the valley; and westward, toward Pasadena, towns and villages dot

L. A. Eng. Co. *AN AZUSA NAVEL ORANGE GROVE.* Photo. by Maude.

the landscape like pearls upon a field of emerald velvet. From the mesa next the foothills, the valley appears one vast orchard of symmetrical, glossy orange trees, with the fruit turning to gold in the warm winter sun. There is no dividing line between town and country, save the long ranks of pepper and eucalyptus-shaded roads, and the water ditches glistening in the light like silver ribbons across the green background.

Azusa is on the main line of the Santa Fé Route. The Elsinore R. R. is about to begin construction from Azusa to Elsinore, *via* Covina and Pomona.

An important factor in the prosperity of Azusa is the A. C. G. Exchange. The citrus interests of the valley had become somewhat demoralized by the packers, who would not buy oranges, but shipped them East on commission—a serious detriment to the grower, and no benefit to the consumer. So in the fall of 1893 the growers themselves organized the A. C. G. Exchange, to handle properly the citrus crop of the valley. It was a member of the San Antonio Exchange; and that in turn of the Southern California Fruit Exchange. Two years later the

citrus growers of Azusa, Covina, and Glendora organized, for more specific benefit of the whole valley, the A. C. G. Exchange, which is now packing some fine fruit for fruit so early. California oranges cannot be said to reach perfection till about February 1, but the trade demands oranges for the holidays, and the growers supply this fruit and lighten their trees—to the benefit of the later crop.

Those who carefully inspect the locality do not wonder that such magnificent oranges are produced in Azusa ; but it takes something more than fine fruit and a favored locality to get the utmost benefit from the market. The managers of the Exchange are extremely careful in grading and packing. At first, growers complained that the culling was excessive, but they have come to recognize the wisdom of shipping only the very best fruit under the label of the Exchange, which has proved by experience that scrupulous honesty in packing pays. The trade has never found fault with the high quality of this pack ; and the buyer has learned to rely upon the Exchange label. The A. C. G. Exchange now ships not only oranges but lemons—the culture and curing of the latter being a new industry in that locality.

"COMING TO THE FRONT."

IT goes without saying, that the development of a country is in direct proportion to its transportation facilities. Now that the Southern Pacific railroad (coast division) from San Francisco to Los Angeles is about completed (only 60 miles yet remaining unfinished), the counties of San Luis Obispo and the northern part of Santa Barbara will receive an impetus that has never before overtaken this part of California. When this great overland route is completed, real estate will at once, in these two counties, feel the pulse-beat, and people will flock here in large numbers, because heretofore transportation has been very limited, and the country side-tracked, as it were, and its wonderful resources almost unknown.

The soil of these two counties is rich and fabulously productive. The climate is all that can possibly be desired. The rain-fall ample, and water abundant (being naturally the best watered section in the State) ; and land so cheap, comparatively, that the investor as well as the farmer will turn his attention to it.

The "Pacific Land Company" (incorporated) of San Luis Obispo, Cal., is the owner of some 50,000 acres of land in these two counties, which it proposes to sell at prices that anyone, either rich or poor, can buy, either as an investment or a place on which to make a home, and thereby, by their works, lay up a competence for the future.

A part of these lands are now being subdivided into 20 and 40-acre tracts, and will be placed on the market at $15.00 to $100.00 per acre. If you are looking for an investment, this is the place, because there is no doubt that when the Southern Pacific railroad is completed (which will be October, 1896) land here will enhance very rapidly. To you who are not blessed with much cash, this is what you are looking for, as a fortune awaits the thrifty farmer that "gets in" on the "ground floor."

For any information concerning lands, address

PACIFIC LAND COMPANY.

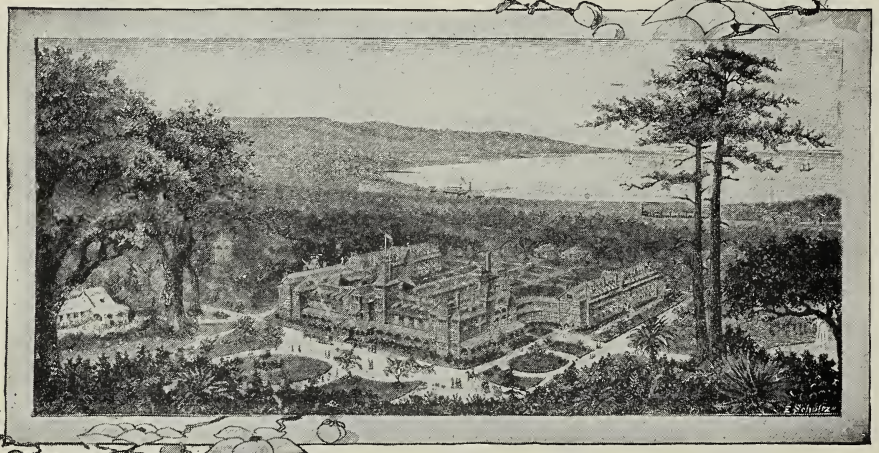
ARTHUR BRAY, Manager,
San Luis Obispo, Cal.

Central California and the Famous Del Monte

THE great majority of Easterners who visit Southern California hold transportation tickets reading to San Francisco, and from thence homeward over the Ogden or Shasta routes. To such we would beg to advise that they give themselves ample time to become acquainted with some of the world-famous attractions of Central California. They should at least arrange for a few weeks' stay at the celebrated Hotel Del Monte, Monterey, "The Queen of American Watering Places."

This magnificent establishment is situated near the shore line of Monterey Bay, in one of the most picturesque and naturally beautiful localities on the Pacific Coast. It was founded in 1880, and in its comparatively brief career may be credited with having done more than almost any other agency to acquaint the world with California's natural advantages. Guests from every corner of the earth have enjoyed its hospitality.

This hotel is both a summer and winter resort of the highest order, and at all seasons is comfortably filled, a happy condition rarely the boast of any resort. In winter it becomes the delightful retreat of visitors from the colder States, who go there to enjoy its luxurious comforts and its genial climate. In summer it is more conspicuous as a resort for pleasure, though retaining its more staid character for quiet and uninterrupted comfort.



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW HOTEL DEL MONTE.

The Hotel is situated in a splendid grove of giant pines and oaks, part of the magnificently wooded seven-thousand-acre park entirely devoted to the enhancement of the resort. In the immediate vicinity of the building is an immense flower garden of one hundred and twenty-five acres, the marvelous luxuriance of which must be seen to be properly appreciated. From one year's end to another it is a constant dazzle of gorgeous colors.

Bathing, boating, fishing and hunting, clubrooms, billiard parlors, an elegant ballroom, tennis courts, croquet grounds, and a large bath-house, are among the delightful diversions, all free to the guests. The finest drives in America, through scenes rich in picturesque variety and historic interest, may be included in the never-ending whirl of enjoyment.

No visitor to the Pacific Coast, whether business-bound, health or pleasure-bound, should fail to visit Hotel Del Monte. It is but three and one-half hours' ride from San Francisco by express trains of the Southern Pacific Company.

ONTARIO.

SITUATED at a distance of 35 miles from the Pacific ocean, and 39 miles east of Los Angeles, on the main line of both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fè railways, is the beautiful town of Ontario. In location, climate, soil, and water privileges, Ontario has many advantages — fine business blocks, electric cars and lighting, handsome churches and schools, fine residences, surrounded by what is already becoming a great forest of citrus and deciduous orchards, blocked out by splendid shade trees — such is Ontario at thirteen years. How many Eastern towns twice its age and population would ever dream of half its progress? The elevation, ranging from 950 to 2500 feet, insures a most healthful and agreeable climate, while the conditions for growing citrus and deciduous fruits cannot be excelled.

IRRIGATING A TWO-YEAR-OLD ORANGE GROVE.

For the past two years Ontario has planted more orchard lands than any other district in Southern California, the firm of Hanson & Co. alone having planted over 1500 acres to the various kinds of citrus and deciduous fruits. This they are selling in 10 or 20-acre tracts, at prices ranging from $150 to $400 per acre, according to location of lots and water privileges. These prices are for three-year-old orchards. The streets and avenues are planted to ornamental and shade trees, and kept in good order. There are some beautiful residences now on their tract.

They also have several orchards in full bearing which are good value, and will bear investigation. Anyone desiring further information should write for pamphlet to Hanson & Co., Ontario, or 122 Pall Mall, London, England.

WORLD RENOWNED

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MUSIC ROOMS OF GEO. J. BIRKEL, SAN DIEGO, CAL., THE FINEST ON THE COAST.

(See opopsite page.)

L. A. Eng. Co

HOW OUR LANDMARKS ARE GOING.
(Part of the Mission San Juan Capistrano)

Photo by Bertrand.

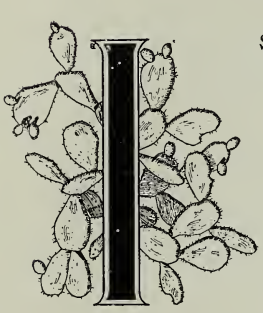
"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

VOL. 4, No. 3. LOS ANGELES FEBRUARY 1896

RACE AND CLIMATE.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.



IS it necessary to freeze and thaw a man, alternately, in order to get the best out of him? Especially a white man, and particularly an Anglo-Saxon white man? In the Barbadoes the white man is always thawed to the point of perspiration. And I am told by a man resident there that the whites in Barbadoes have no rights which the black man is bound to respect. There is an attempt to make him feel that he belongs to an inferior race. And often he has not energy enough to resist this prevailing impression. This sentiment in regard to the whites prevails also in many of the tropical islands, in Martinique, and more decidedly in Hayti. In these islands generally the negro is in fine physical condition, vigorous and prolific. If he is lazy, as he commonly is, the disinclination to work does not so much arise from physical disability, as from few wants, and the theory of life that it is better to be happy than to be a Vanderbilt.

Is this condition wholly a matter of race, or wholly a matter of climate? It is the lesson of experience that the white races thrive best, produce the best results of civilization, in temperate and even in rough climates. Greece, Italy, Spain, furnish no exceptions to this, for in each very appreciable winter prevails, and in each sheltering houses and clothing are necessary to protect against cold. The highest civilization under climatic conditions of uniform geniality throughout the year, is the ancient Egyptian. It was a very great development. The race thus developed in a mild and semi-tropical climate had no sort of affinity with the negroes, with any black race, but it belongs historically with the white races.

The black races have thriven physically but have never produced anything worth while in civilization in a tropical climate. Would they do any better in a temperate, or in an alternately very hot and very cold climate? We shall have an opportunity to see what the race will do in the United States, under more favorable conditions for progress than it

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has ever enjoyed before. At the present it is matter of observation that the race is no more stimulated to energetic work and to thrift and what we call progress in the stimulating climate of the North than in the more relaxing climate of the South.

But to leave the colored races out of view, it is true that the evolution of civilization has not been on the lines of least climatic resistance, but rather in conflict with a nature apparently hostile, hostile at least to ease and comfort. This is especially true of what we call the Anglo-Saxon strain, which is the dominant force in the United States. It has never attempted to establish itself on any large scale in the tropics, and we have no evidence of what it might do there, unaided or unincumbered by an alien race. But the small experiments in limited colonies have not been successful. Physical energy has almost uniformly been lost in an enervating climate, the same climate in which the black flourishes. So that it has become an accepted deduction that the Anglo-Saxon will dwindle and become inefficient in the tropics. His intellectual faculties may not be atrophied, but there will be no physical energy behind them to make them effective.

Admitting that the Anglo-Saxon would not flourish in the tropics, is he likely in a mild and equable climate to sustain the historic pre-eminence which he has acquired in such a climate as prevails in the eastern and northern portions of the United States? This is a question of great interest and of practical importance, for it is being discussed in regard to the experiment in Southern California. Will the settlers hold their northern vigor and enterprise, or will they follow the example of the former occupiers, the Spanish Americans? Or will they strike out for themselves a middle and a better way than either? There might be a discussion raised as to which sort of civilization, that of the North or of the Spanish in the New World is most conducive to the enjoyment of life, but there will be none as to which contributes most to the energetic progress of the world. Back of all this is the question, what is life for? And the answer to that varies much according to individual temperament. To some it is for comfort, for enjoyment, for the cultivation of the graces of life, the easy amenities of a not too strenuous existence. To others it is for the conquest of nature, for the accumulation of wealth, of power, of educational facilities, of the highest development of the possibilities in a man. I should think that a mild climate would induce the one, and that a rough, uneven climate would stimulate the other. Is there any medium way? Is there any course by which vital energy can be conserved, for the competition which the modern world demands, and greater ease, comfort and enjoyment of life can be secured?

I should not like to attempt to answer either of these questions dogmatically, but Southern California offers a field for speculation as to all of them. We have there a substantially Anglo-Saxon race, a settlement largely recruited from climatic conditions much more severe and extreme than Southern California has, and thrown into a climatic region that produced the sort of happy-go-lucky, *mañana* condition in which the country was under Mexican rule and influence. The climate is described

as semi-tropical, but it is not enervating, and is more stimulating than any other semi-tropical climate I am acquainted with. Its industries are largely those of the most favored Mediterranean countries. In regard to shelter and clothing there is less incitement to exertion than in our northern and eastern climate. There is more sunshine, the atmosphere is more genial. It is a better place in which to loaf. Will these mild qualities of climate and condition in any injurious degree undermine and deteriorate the Anglo-Saxon energy and thrift? In taking away something of the anxiety about to-morrow, will they weaken provident foresight?

In considering this question, we may notice that the developers of Southern California carry with them the desire, now prevalent in the United States, to be rich, and to be rich as soon as possible, to make a display, to rival and excel one's neighbors. They take also the northern spirit of the age, to be always in motion, to be always doing something without much calculation whether the result will be proportionate to the energy expended. They take also something better than this, which is a desire of self and of social development, of education, of more scientific training of our powers, of an expectation of benefitting humanity by easier and more frequent intercourse (by speedy transpositions of power and intelligence), of enlarged interest in the arts of beauty and the refinements of life. Will the milder climate tend to harm and impair these beneficent energies? I do not think so. I think the Anglo-Saxon vitality is sufficient to cope with the climate of Southern California not only in this but in succeeding generations.

Will the climate in any degree modify the intensity and the direction of these energies? I confess that I hope so. I certainly do not wish Southern California to sink into indolence, or to be in any degree thriftless, or to increase among its inhabitants those who depend upon Providence and have neither foresight nor responsibility. But I can conceive a country which shall be reasonably prosperous, not without energy, industrially and intellectually, and yet not have the restlessness of some others I know, and not be in a continuous exasperating war with nature and with man. And climate might have much to do in producing such a happy condition. If the climate of Southern California is one to weaken the moral fibre and soften the stamina of a people, inevitably, then the Anglo-Saxon will suffer defeat in trying it. But I do not conceive that it is. It ought rather to add something to the grace of life, the ease of living, and to the enjoyment of existence, without impairing any desirable quality. The climate for a visitor is more admirable and equable in most respects than any I have experienced except in some portions of Mexico. Will its evenness be called monotony, and will monotony fail to give that stimulus which people experience in a climate more various? What effect will dryness, and the certainty of agricultural production dependent on irrigation have upon the character of a people? These are all questions that can only be settled by the experiment now going on. It will not be enough for the expectation of the world that Southern California shall raise the best fruit in the world in

abundance to supply a continent. It must also have a people as beautiful as their fruit (and with more flavor than the early fruits were reputed to have), so that it can justly be said, "by their fruits ye shall know them."

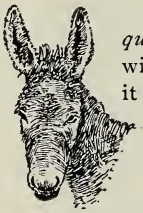
In this brief paper I can only suggest without discussing the various aspects of this subject. I will only add that many people have a hope, almost amounting to a belief, that the Anglo-Saxon energy and spirit in the setting of the peculiar climate of Southern California will produce a new sort of community, in which the vital forces of modern life are not enervated, but have added to them something of the charm of a less anxious and more contented spirit.

Hartford, Conn.

BROTHER BURRO.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

Good afternoon, my long-eared brother!
We won't deny the relationship;
You're a burro, and I'm another—
And neither one of us cares a skip!

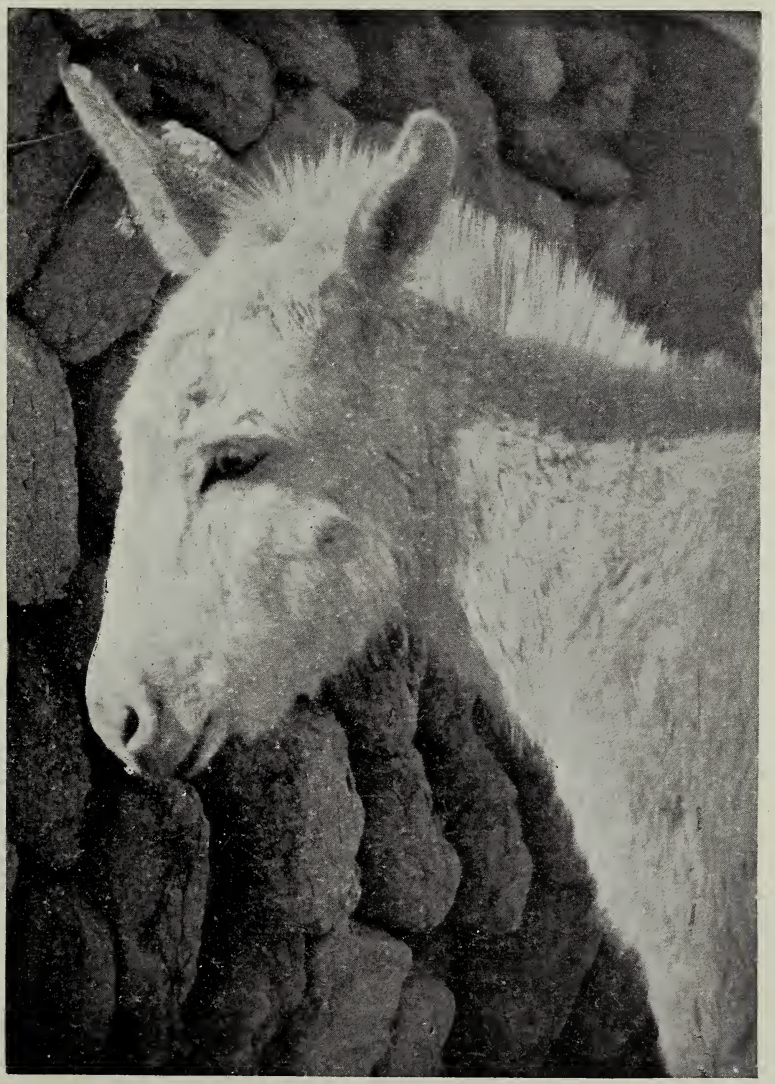


THIS pocket edition of the donkey — and the smallest, hardiest and best of his race — is a native of Spain and was fetched to America by the *conquistadores* three and a half centuries ago. He brought his name with him; and, despite the federated ignorance of the dictionaries, it is *not* pronounced "burrow" but *boor*-ro. It is a pure Spanish word.

His masters also brought the horse, cow, dog, cat, sheep and poultry to a half world which had none of them before; but of all the animals introduced to America by the conquest, none filled quite so long-felt a want as the burro. He fitted the country to

Union Eng. Co A YOUNG PHILOSOPHER. Photo. by C. F. L.

a T, and made himself at home everywhere from Deadwood to Valparaiso, and was the most useful member of every community between. Two-thirds of the New World would hardly have been civilized yet, without him; and except for his sure feet and patient back, our Southwest would be a howling wilderness to this day. There cannot be commerce, nor politics, nor even war, without transportation; and a new country has to be developed by the broader and more elastic pack-train before rail-



L. A. Eng. Co. BROTHER BURRO. Copyright 1891 by Chas. F. Lummis

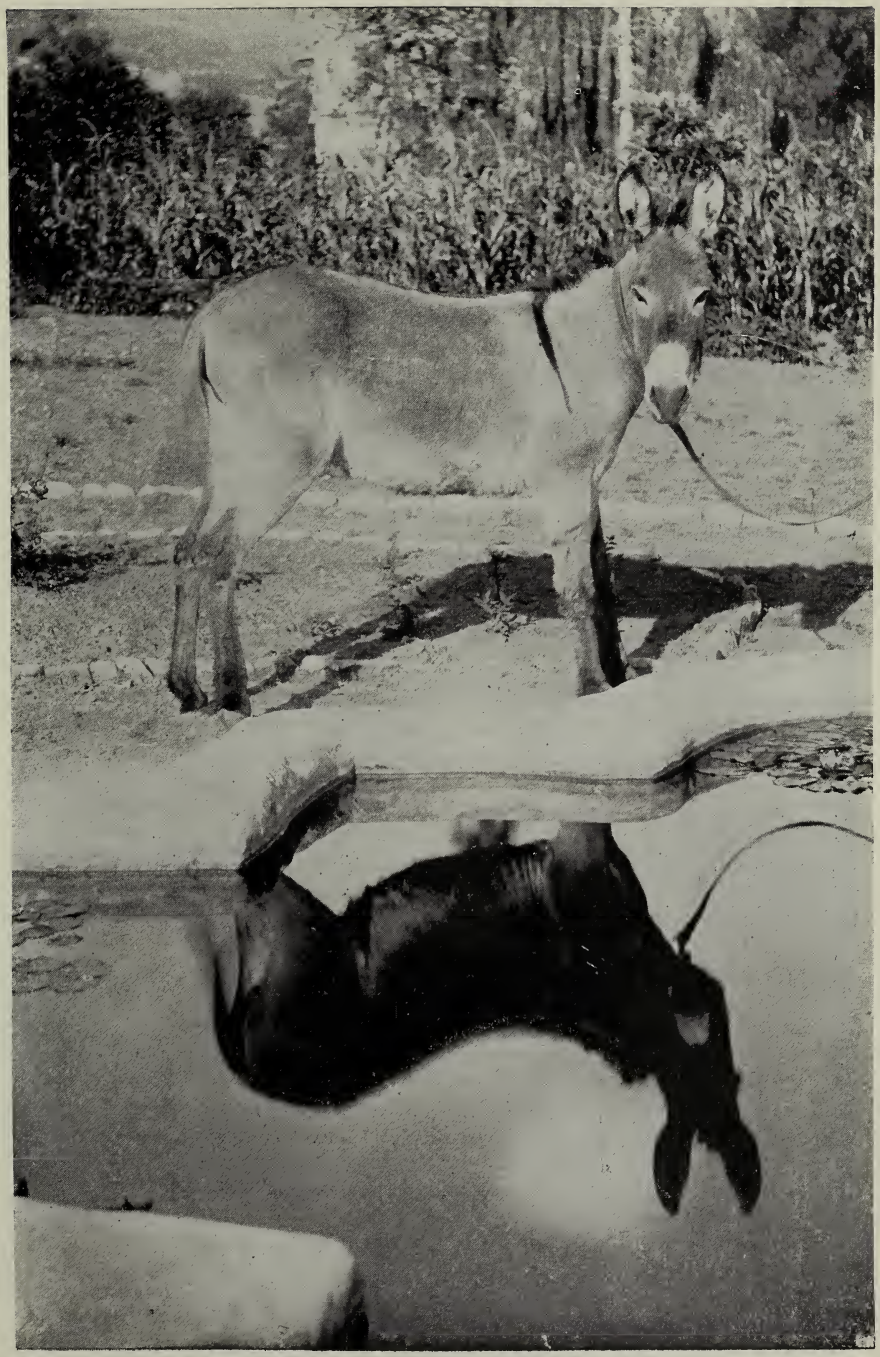
roads become possible. The horse and the mule are fair packers; but both need to eat and both require some sort of footing. A burro, on the other hand, can carry his hundred-and-twenty-five pounds almost anywhere; and where there is nothing to eat, eats whatever non-edible thing may be handiest. So far as Spanish America goes — and it goes from Nebraska to Patagonia — the burro has been the cornerstone of history and the father of civilization. He has forwarded the frontier and made conquest of the wilderness. He has developed more mines than all the railroads in the world; and has been to innumerable millions of pioneers the whole engine of success. Yet in these dwindling days it is become the fashion to sneer at him.

Union Eng. Co. *WHICH IS WHICH?* Photo by C. F. L.

Just why long ears should have been saddled with the proverb of stupidity is as hard to guess as is almost any other of the animal classifications which have taken their place in our modern superstition. It was surely no aborigine who so catalogued the donkey; for in his primitive days, man lives with his eyes and ears open. Civilized humanity, on the other hand, having largely lost its attention and perception of things at first hand, tallies its surroundings not according to their fact, but according to its emotions or its selfishness.

"Asininity," as a matter of fact, is not an attribute of quadrupeds but a purely human trait. And as for the burro, he isn't half such an ass as those who take him for one.

It would not be frank to deny that he is a conservative — and therefore on general principles opposed to progress. But he is far less hidebound



L. A. Eng. Co. *GLOOMY REFLECTIONS.* Photo. by Rose, Pasadena.

than many conservatives who go on half his legs. He is capable of a new idea, as some of them are not — and I have even known him to change his mind.

That he is something of a philosopher, no one will deny who knows him well. He has his ideas and ambitions, which he fulfills if he can. But if he cannot, he resigns himself with a Socratic sigh to the harsh realities of the packtrain. Not in any craven fashion, mind you. It is only when convinced that he cannot scale the barbed fence nor rupture the reata that he tries to make the best of a bad business. He does not pretend to like the biped bully who tight-laces him with the cinch-rope and thanks his honest service with a kick and a curse. Nor does he make out that he never did think much of alfalfa as a diet anyhow. He is perfectly willing that you should know he would rather be in yon cabbage-patch than here ; and that he doesn't feel at all proud of your evident kinship. But you "have the drop on him," and he isn't the one to kick against the pricks. He simply accepts the inevitable ; the wishable he relegates to his dreams. So long as his mind to him a kingdom is, he can afford to endure kicks and cudgels on the physical frontier. And having some sense of humor — as all quadrupeds have, and some bipeds — I daresay he enjoys being "a stupid beast" around whose dignified balance the Superior Creature prances in vain rage, whopping his arms and violating the dictionary.

But it is not so much a question of dignity as of mind. The proper definition of an ass is : "A fellow who doesn't know what to do with what sense he has." If he has no sense at all, he isn't an ass but an idiot. If he has a little sense and uses it as far as it will go, he is not a fool but a philosopher.

You never saw a burro sit down and scratch his head in perplexity ; nor run first this way and then that, like a person at a house-afire ; nor go ask his partner or his lawyer what the deuce he had better do. He always knows what he had better do, and just how to do it ; and the chances are excellent that he *will* do it, before he is done — the *arriero* to the contrary notwithstanding. He never walks the floor all night to figure out how he can rob some other donkey of his breakfast. Nor worries himself lean over some scheme to get fat. Nor breaks his back with trying to hold his head a little higher than that burro of Smith's.

The only cloud that has ever been cast on his title to intelligence is that he does not always know what his master wishes. If he did, their positions would be reversed. The master himself frequently couldn't tell. It is rather too much to ask that a modest quadruped shall know the average mind of man. No one else does — unless God may. I have a notion that the burro realizes this. It is the only logical explanation of the remarks he sometimes makes out loud in the night. You have only to listen to the tone of his voice to be sure that he is not speaking of himself. None of the mellowness of egotism is there. It sounds as if he were trying to express his opinion of man — and were really succeeding very well.

Of course to the intellectuality which "distinguishes man from ani-

mals" (as some persons who are not animals declare) he cannot hope to attain. He is too benighted to think of filling his hide with a juice he doesn't like, just because someone invites him to "nominate his poison;" or to drown his sorrow over the stake-rope. He has not progressed to going home and kicking his female consort because another fellow kicked him this afternoon; nor to snubbing her as an inferior since the beginning of the world. I suspect he is not ass enough to forget that he was not present at the creation, and doesn't know just what the balance was; that so far as Nature is concerned, the female seems to have had an entirely fair start, and that an evolution of suppression has brought about whatever differences may now exist.

His limitations are also shown by his lack of ambition. As everyone knows, if he were a reasoning creature (like Us, for instance) he would devote his whole time and strength to laying up hay. Not that he could expect to eat a few million tons himself, nor that his ultimate posterity could — but to amass it would be so much less asinine than to eat what he needed in the alfalfa patch and leave the rest for the next fellow. In politics he is almost human; the same person who led his father around by a rope will probably lead him — but there is the trifling distinction that he would bolt the party if he could, and that he does not elect his boss.

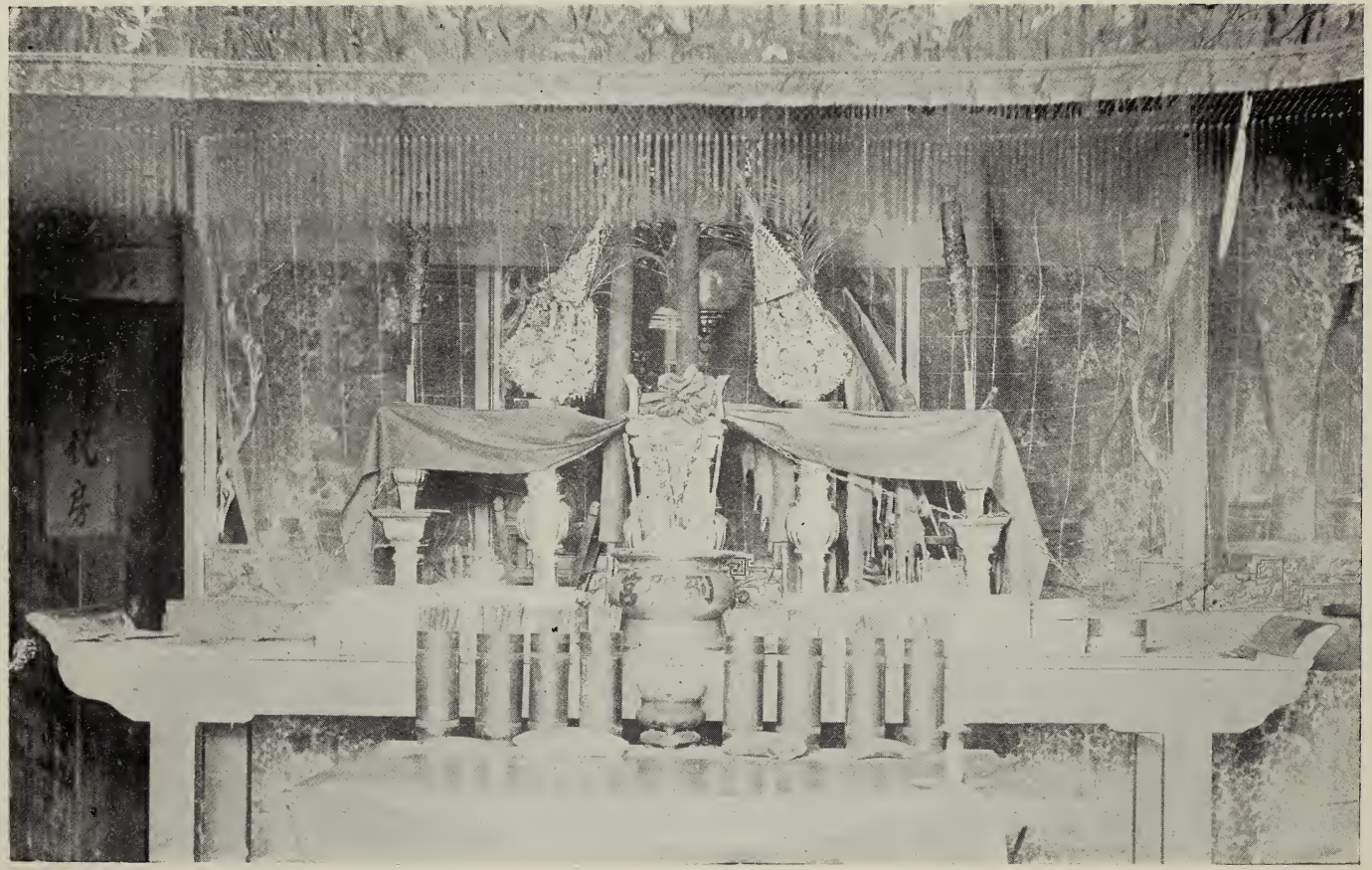
No, he has his limitations, but he is very far from being a consummate ass. Still, I believe in evolution; and that there may be hope even for the burro. There is no knowing how much may be done for him, in time, by continuance of his present associations.

ONLY JOHN.

BY J. TORREY CONNOR.

IT was "only John," as teeming ships from the Orient glided into port. "Only John," as he pattered noiselessly about in his funny foot-gear, apologetically complaisant, never intrusive. Only John! Yet in a few short years he has overrun the Coast. Although cosmopolitan San Francisco is Mongolian headquarters, Los Angeles has some 2000 Celestials. If there are uncomfortable odors in the Chinese quarter, nothing can exceed its picturesqueness — the narrow alleys across which crazy tenements lean, the dimly-lighted interiors, opening on balconies hung with gay paper lanterns, the provision shops, where colors run riot, all form a quaint setting for the quaint people.

"Chinatown" is the Mecca of tourists; they throng the alleys, peer into passages, invade the opium dens, gambling-holes and Joss house, and empty their purses over the counter of the sleek merchant with a button on his cap. He decorates his one window in ivory carvings, delicate porcelains and tinselled trifles, to the undoing of the beholder. He obligingly brings out for inspection squat tea-pots of doubtful beauty and still more doubtful utility, embroidered crêpes and pretty trinkets



Union Eng. Co. *INTERIOR OF A JOSS HOUSE.* Photo. by Pierce.

galore. Finally, after purchasing a filmy handkerchief "velly cheap" of Wun Lung, we ascertain that You Hop, farther down the street, sells the same article for half the price.

The Chinese have acquired just enough of Yankee tricks to enable them to hold their own with the "Melican man," but aside from this, they retain their individuality to a marked degree. This shoemaker's shop, for instance, would never be mistaken for the shop of an American; a mere cubby-hole, littered with useless odds and ends. Presently the shoemaker comes in, and falls to work on the queer thick-soled sabots, such as are seen on the feet of aristocrat and plebeian alike.

Union Eng Co.

Directly across the street an imposing sign in two colors, on which are scrawled hieroglyphics setting forth the superior skill of Ah Him, the talented cue-dresser, catches the eye. His neighbor, Hop Sing, makes "heap fine" cigar from the leaves of the cabbage; incidentally, he hums as he works the refrain of a song learned at the Mission Sunday school.

Turning down a street deserted save by occasional pedestrians, blue-bloused and bell-hatted, that slip silently up passages and around corners, we come upon a Joss house. Standing at the entrance as though on guard is a fat, fat priest, who bears a striking resemblance to the pictured deities with which the walls are adorned. The altar is resplendent in gilt lacquer work and various art decorations, as is also the high, carved shrine, where the Joss is throned in state. Huge brass urns, in which joss-sticks for the propitiation of the spirits are constantly burned, stand before the altar; the shadowy place is filled with the pungent fragrance of the burning punk.

Union Eng. Co Photo. by Schumacher.

LAW ARK FAWN, INTERPRETER.

As we emerge from the temple, half stifled by the closeness, and deafened by the clangor of gongs, beaten vigorously during the ceremony of exorcising the devil, the door of a restaurant stands invitingly open. The bill of fare is such as would tempt the most fastidious of heathen gourmands. The "Melican man" might regard with

prejudice a feast of abalone soup, sharks' fins, dried duck smeared with oil, pork tamales and bean curd, tea with every course, topped off with a dessert of watermelon seeds, pickled bamboo and dried beetles — the latter a special delicacy, retailing at five cents apiece. Not so John; and when he has gratified his appetite, the meal is washed down with a draught of rice brandy.

It is opium, however, that is the Chinaman's solace for the ills of life. We peep into one of the dens frequented by the pipe-hitters. The flaring light of a small oil lamp reveals the unconscious form of a "fiend" stretched prone upon his narrow bunk, the pipe slipping from his nerveless grasp, his pallid face distorted by the ghastly smile that proclaims the entrance of the sleeper into realms of Oriental bliss. Sometimes one crouching in the shadows will start up, gazing stolidly into space with lack-lustre eyes, and we hurry away from a scene oppressive as a nightmare.

John is an inveterate gambler; and fan-tan, a sort of Chinese faro,

Union Eng. Co. CHINESE VEGETABLE PEDDLER.

absorbs much of his spare time and cash. This diversion is strictly prohibited by law, but nowise daunted by this he builds strongholds, furnished with secret passages and guarded by thick, iron-barred doors, where he may in comparative safety indulge in his favorite pastime.

The little shops spill their contents over the thresholds into the streets, where the curbstone dealers pick up the crumbs of trade. A vegetable peddler, swinging two enormous baskets from a yoke, borne across the shoulders, blocks the street; before a bulletin board, placarded with red cards, a group of idlers tarries; roly-poly children play contentedly in the gutter.

Presently we enter a market where meat and fish are sold. It literally "smells to heaven." "Guy-na-po," a peculiar-shaped fish imported from China, and "hong yee," a species of codfish, are in great demand: the shark-fin market is also firm. Duck eggs preserved in oil add their

aroma to the confusion of smells; and there are dried abalone and skewered shrimps.

A guide approaches, and in eloquent pidgin* English offers his services; "For one dolla-haf takee teater," he announces, but eventually accepts four bits. We follow in his wake, and are ushered into a stuffy passage, where a doorkeeper taxes us two bits a head. Entering the theater proper, our ears are saluted by a din that can only be compared to bedlam let loose; the orchestra is tuning up. Presently, with a preliminary twang, the overture begins — the drum a beat or two ahead of the cymbals, the fiddles bringing up the rear.

The regular patrons arrive early, and soon the rough benches are filled with all sorts and conditions of Chinamen, from the toil-grimed vegetable gardener in his coarse blouse, to the well-groomed merchant. Later a party of Chinese damsels enter, and a box — so called by courtesy, being

Union Eng. Co. THE OPIUM SMOKER.

guiltless of hangings or upholstery — is accorded them. The stage possesses neither scenery nor curtain; consequently, when the hero decapitates the villain, the corpse must perforce arise and make room for the next scene of action, in full sight of the audience.

The *motif* of the play is not made clear to us, although the guide, between the smoking of vile cigarettes, endeavors to explain. At intervals a wildly excited individual rushes across the stage, brandishing a gleaming battle-ax: this is the signal for the appearance of an almond-eyed stage-female, who, from a safe distance, implores him to return to the bosom of his family — or thus we interpret. Other actors, big and little, flit on and off, to whom in turn the almond-eyed appeals in high-pitched tones. Finally, the hero of the battle-ax, who has retired to the seclusion of a small screen, placed across the corner of the stage, emerges, and sulkily accepts the proffered olive branch.

* Not "pigeon." The phrase is simply a Chinese corruption of "business" English.—Ed.

"How much longer does the play last?" we enquire of the guide. "Floty day," is the somewhat surprising reply.

After nightfall one sees Chinatown at its best; the old rookeries are hung with lanterns that glow like great jewels, and one forgets the squalor. From alleys and byways, from nooks and crannies, the denizens emerge, each dressed in his best — the guests that are bidden to the feast, the gambler, who hopes to retrieve the losses of last night by the winnings of this, the high-binder, who awaits in yonder passage the coming of his victim. Marchessault street and its arteries are pulsing with life.

Los Angeles.

Union Eng. Co. Drawn by Chas. S. Ward.

THE ZARAPE.

BY J. W. WOOD.

In Aztec lands—where rugged mountains rise,
Where tropic perfumes fill the lang'rous air,
And soft mañanas banish mortal care—
A señorita dwells—child of the southern skies.

Before rude loom she sits, in comely attitude
A love song sings, in tender voice and low—
Whilst from mysterious warp rare patterns grow—
A picture for poet's pen, or lover's mood.

In heedless pose, in sweet untutored grace,
Her drooping lids scarce veiling glorious eyes—
Whose slumb'rous deeps outvie the midnight skies
And pouting lips full set in nut-brown face.

Quick ply her fingers; deftly each thread caught,
Swift as the serpent glides the shuttle strand,
Each vagrant loop snared by her nimble hand—
So the zarape's brilliant web is wrought!

Pasadena.

OUR HISTORIC TREASURES.

AS a matter of fact, not only the finest scenery in the United States but the only ruins worthy of the name are all in the Southwest. The Missions of Southern California, though least ancient of these monuments of the past, are architecturally the finest and are the only ones practically accessible to the average traveler.

This magazine has already given considerable space of text and illustration to these noble old piles, and will follow them up thoroughly. After two generations of average neglect, a concerted movement is now on foot to preserve these monuments of the past from further destruction; and it is the purpose of these present pages to show something of the necessity for such an awakening of intelligence before it shall be too late. Illustration is more eloquent of the needs of the case than any words could be; and most of the space will be given to it.

The accompanying photo-engraving shows the broken dome of the mortuary chapel at San Luis Rey. The whole dome has since fallen in; and this particularly interesting little room—an octagon with ponderous adobe walls—will be absolutely lost unless it can soon be re-roofed.

The kitchen at San Juan Capistrano (frontispiece) with its unique and delightful tile chimney, is one of the choicest architectural bits among all the Missions. The imminence of its peril is graphically shown by the engraving. Of the great stone church of the same Mission, only two domes

Union Eng. Co. Photo. by Fletcher.

THE MORTUARY CHAPEL, SAN LUIS REY.

See also preceding numbers, particularly August and October, for descriptions of certain Missions

L A Eng Co. *THE RUINS OF A CORRIDOR.* Photo by T. H. Palache.

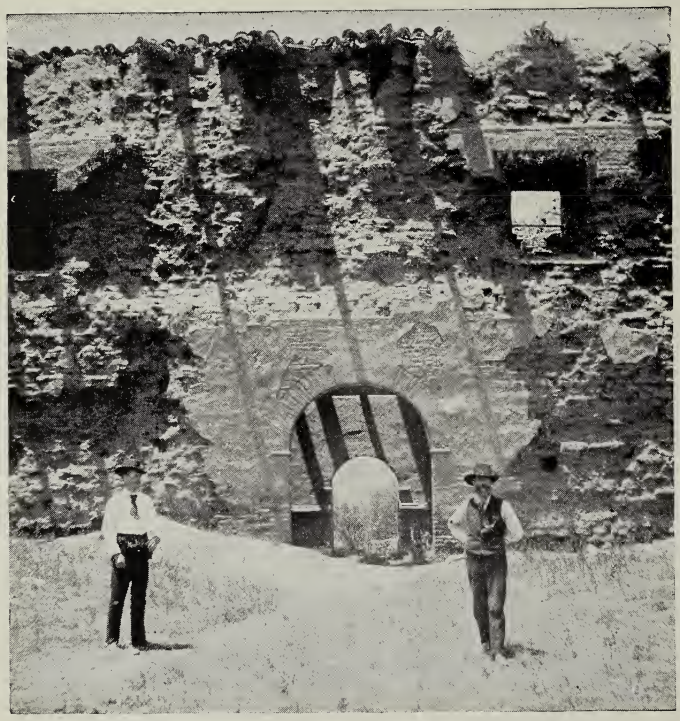
remain ; and the destruction of both is threatened by the failing pillar shown in the engraving below. This magnificent building had seven domes. In the earthquake of 1812 the tower fell, crushing one of the domes and killing about thirty worshippers. The rest of the roof, back to

L. A. Eng. Co. Photo. by T. H. Palache.

THE DANGER TO THE DOMES OF SAN JUAN.
(The cracked pillar whose fall will ruin the stone church.)

the transept, was blown up with gunpowder no longer ago than the Sixties, by mistaken friends who were to rebuild the church with the same material — but never did so. It was a great calamity, the blame of which has commonly but erroneously been laid upon the earthquake. But the

walls of the transept, the complete chancel with its splendid dome of rock masonry, and the domed sacristy still stand; and by proper care can be made to outlast several centuries yet. Less noble but quite as picturesque and in equally critical stages of decay are the original adobe church founded by Junipero Serra himself in 1776; and the dwellings and other buildings typical of one of these strange little religious commonwealths in the wilderness. All the verandas are unroofed, many of

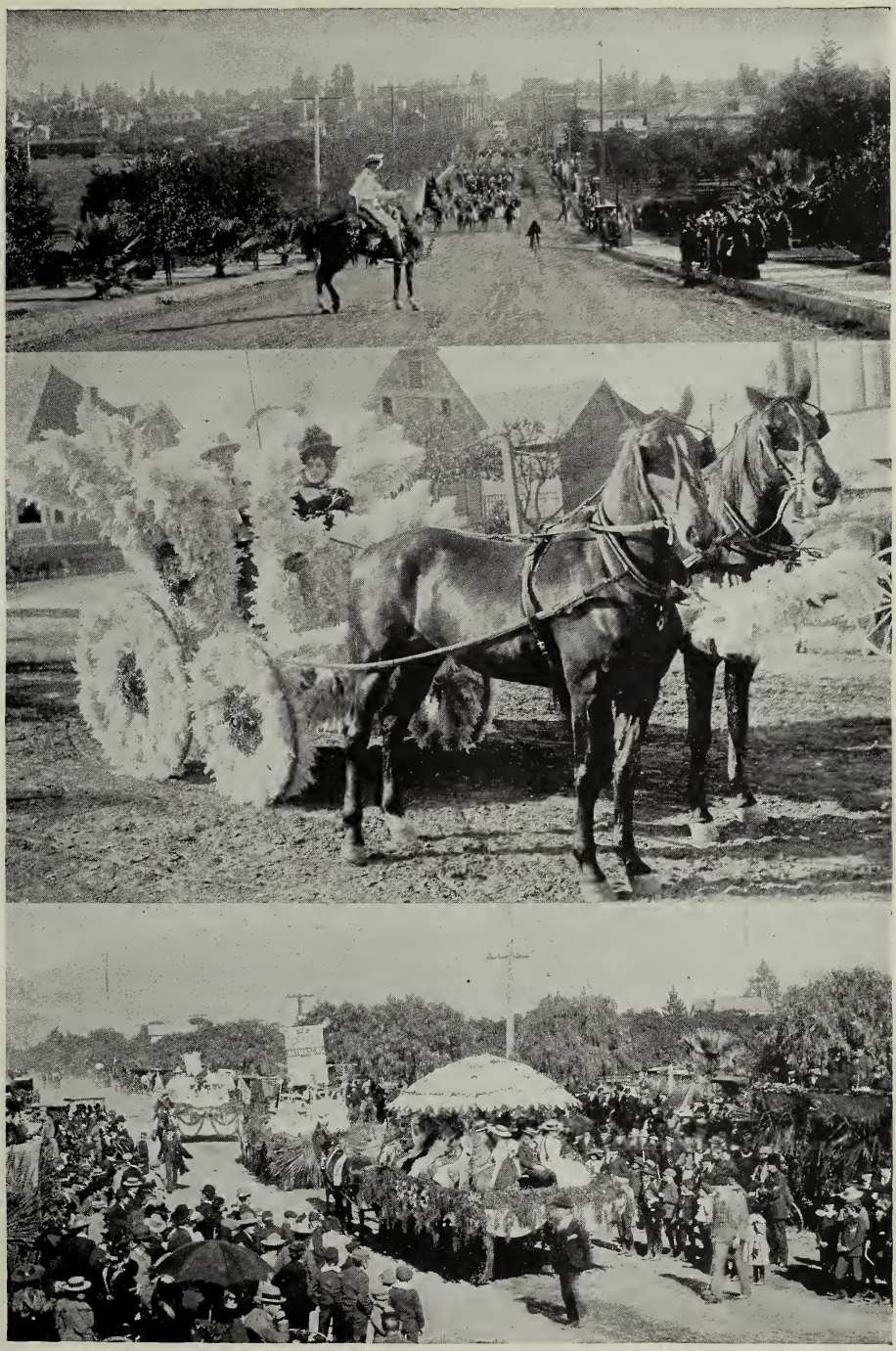


Union Eng. Co. Photo. by Chas. Roberts.

THE CONDITION AT SAN FERNANDO.

the fine colonnades gone, and others buckling to fall. The rains are sapping the bottom of the adobe walls and havocking under the broken roofs. In all these cases the efforts of the new club* which has been formed to preserve our historic landmarks, will go to repairing the tile roofs, facing and capping with cement the threatened walls, binding together with iron rods the walls and pillars that now totter, keeping vegetation out of the cracks where it pries solid masonry as with a crowbar, and preventing further vandalism by boys or tourists of little shame. With proper help the club can preserve for several generations these precious remains practically as they stand today; wan and weathered and broken, yet beyond all comparison the finest and most important monuments of a romantic pioneer civilization that are to be found in the United States.

* See page 137.



Union Eng. Co. *PASADENA'S TOURNAMENT OF ROSES, NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1896.* Photos by Waite.

L. A. Eng. Co. *TYPICAL EROSION IN THE PETRIFIED FOREST OF ARIZONA.* Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST.

BY H. N. RUST.

ON our return from the Moqui snake-dance to the Atlantic and Pacific R. R. at Holbrook, we took the train to Adameda, a new station east of Holbrook and a convenient entering-point to the most remarkable portions of the great "Petrified Forest" of Arizona. Here we were met by Adam Hanna, a Scotch cattle-rancher whose home-ranch is not far from the station, He is prepared to take passengers to the wonderful "forest" six miles away, and to care for them from the time they leave the train till they board it again.

A short drive, after dinner at the ranch-house, brought us to the edge of this marvelous field which covers some hundreds of square miles and is dotted with its beautiful stone logs. The country here is a succession of valleys between broad mesas and conical buttes which show how the general surface has been lowered by erosion.

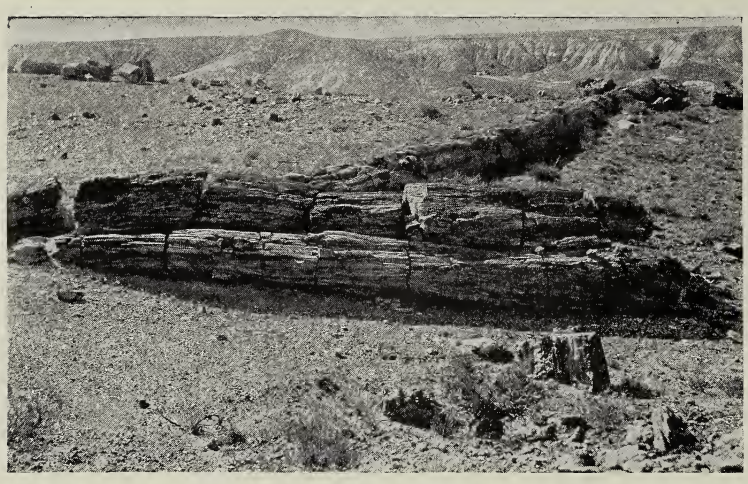
"Logs" of all sizes, turned from wood into rich-colored agates and chalcedony, lie about us everywhere. All are broken transversely, and at a little distance look strikingly as if they had been sawed off. They vary in diameter from six inches to five or six feet; and the sections are from two inches to thirty feet in length. On the top of a sharp butte 100 feet above the plain lies a log four feet in diameter and about twenty feet long. It looks from a distance just like a mounted cannon. The ends project over the butte on each side, and it seems to be a matter of only a few more years before the wasting of its base under the action of the elements must topple it down to the plain.

Climbing up a mesa, we found the ends of petrified logs projecting from the solid sandstone strata of its face; and descending at the further side of the mesa we came to a deep ravine, across which a great fossil

L. A. Eng. Co. AMONG THE PETRIFIED "LOGS." Photo. by Vroman, Pasadena.

tree forms a natural bridge. This log of agate, five feet in diameter, has both its ends imbedded in the sandstone of the banks. The rains of ages have not only cut down through the rock to it, but gouged out under it a gully forty feet deep. We walked over this wonderful bridge and found that its span is forty-four feet. It is doubtless the most adamantine bridge in the world, for the agate of this "forest" ranks next to the diamond in hardness.

From this unique bridge, six miles from the railroad, we retraced our way to the lower plain and drove about six miles farther into the "forest." It is not, of course, a forest in the usual sense of the word — for the country is very broken and quite treeless. But on every side lie the



Union Eng. Co. ONCE TALL TREES. Photo. by Crandall, Pasadena

broken and hardened remains of what was once a forest and a noble one. The brilliant colored "chips" broken off by relic-seekers or by accident litter the ground all about the fallen giants. We gathered great weights of most beautiful specimens, only to throw them away as we found others more beautiful still.

We found also what appeared to be Indian pictographs on the rocks, and traced them in our note-books, wishing for someone to interpret them. As we were about to copy one which was more distinct than the rest, our driver said: "Hold on there! Lemme tell you. When we was camped here we was tryin' to figger out a new cattle-brand, and I took a stone and picked them marks myself. It makes a good brand." May we not expect, however, that these hieroglyphics will some time be described and figured as Indian pictographs? *

We passed through an interesting gorge, whose high walls of clay had many rocks protruding; and we found the end of a petrified log which is

* Undoubtedly. This is a typical case of the origin and value of practically all the pictographs in the United States. Even when Indians made them, they made them often as idly and unmeaningly.—ED.

Union Eng. Co. THE PETRIFIED-TREE BRIDGE. Photo. by Vroman, Pasadena.

imbedded in the same stratum. We camped that night beside a dry wash near the southern edge of the forest; and our driver's attempts to dig to water were fruitless. At dawn, however, we found that the horses, though hobbled, had found the right spot and had pawed out the sand till they reached water, enough to drink. "Horse sense" is a good thing to have in the desert. It is well-known among frontiersmen that horses, mules and cattle have an ability to find water far beyond the power of man. Whether they smell it, as is usually believed on the frontier, or find it by some other sense, is not so important as the fact that they do find it — and in dry regions sometimes save not only their own lives but the lives of their owners.

We drove from the petrified forest to Holbrook, 22 miles west; and there took the train for home, laden with specimens and with happy memories of our two days in the agate wonderland of Arizona.

Pasadena.

THE CLOUD PLAY.

BY JEANIE PEET.

'Twas a representation superb, dramatic;
The west was full of their saffron forms.
I gazed entranced, from my "box" in the attic,
At this act from the tragic drama of storms.

Then, sudden and strong, did a fancy seize me—
I'd sketch three furies who chased the sun.
But ere my colors were mixed to please me,
The curtain was down, and the play was done.

Harold, Cal.

ARCHITECTURE FOR THE SOUTHWEST.

BY ARTHUR BURNETT BENTON.*

Union Eng. Co. Photo. by Miss Dreer

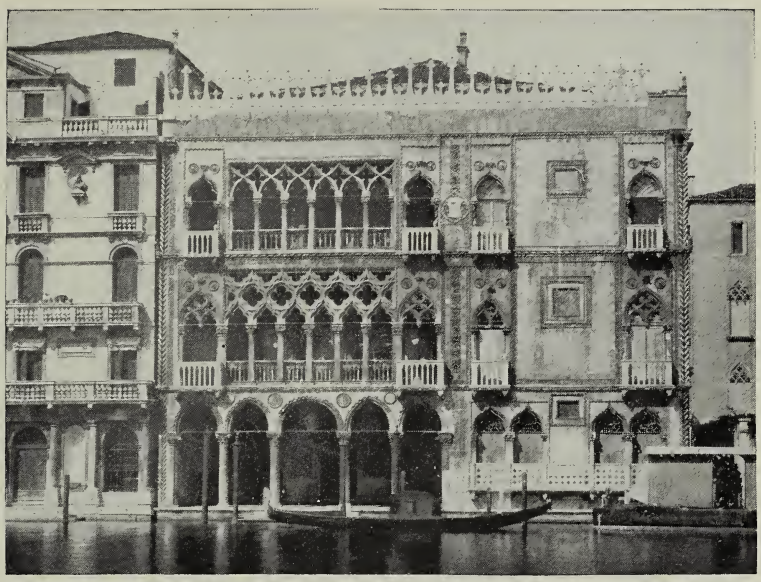
AN ALGERIAN ENTRANCE.

THE alliance recently formed between the Pasadena Loan Association and the Southern California Chapter of the American Institute of Architects, for the purpose of collecting and maintaining public exhibitions of all that is best in architectural design and of the building materials necessary for their execution, marks the beginning, in this "Our Italy," or "Our Spain," of organized effort toward a wider and better appreciation of that noble art to whose triumphs the older Spain and Italy owe so much of their charm.

Not that we of the Southwest have been more unappreciative of good architecture than is the rule wherever like conditions of

L. A. Eng. Co. MOORISH: COURT OF THE LIONS, IN THE ALHAMBRA.

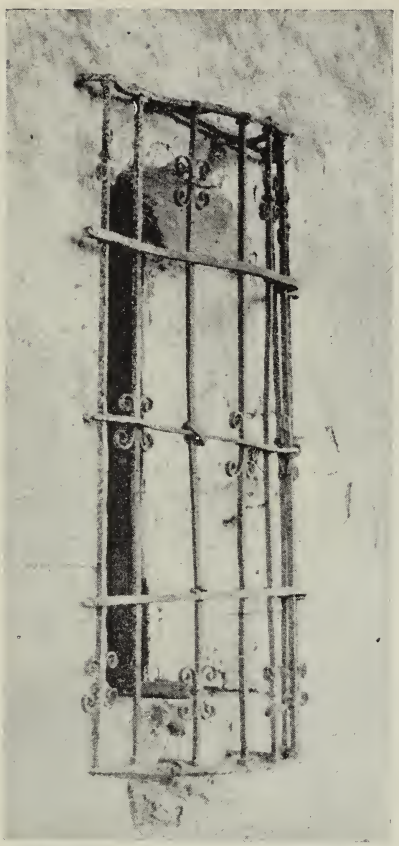
* Secretary Southern California Chapter of the American Institute of Architects.



L. A. Eng. Co. *VENETIAN TYPES.*

Union Eng. Co. Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

MISSION-MORESQUE: A CORRIDOR IN LIMA, PERU.



L. A. Eng. Co. Photo. by T. H. Palache.
MISSION WINDOW-GRILL.
(San Fernando, Cal.)

material development prevail, or without well directed efforts to supply that lack of any accurate architectural knowledge whatsoever, which is so characteristic of our age and nation—as readers of the LAND OF SUNSHINE have good reason to know. But the specific work contemplated by this alliance can be well accomplished only by organizations commanding the best technical talent and widest social privilege.

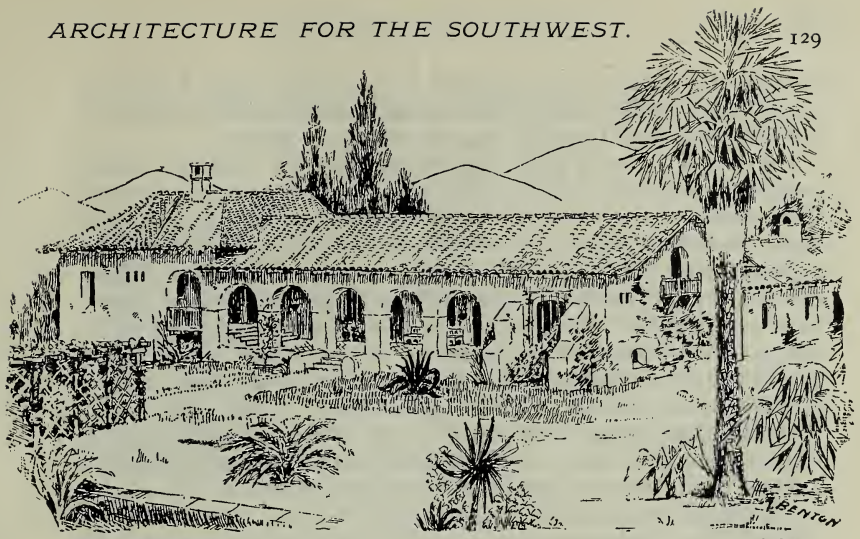
I should be a disloyal citizen as well as untrue to my profession, did I not desire for the Southwest a better architectural development than has yet been attained by any nation in modern times.

That this is not an architectural age is self-evident to all who are versed in the history of this wonderful art which in its highest practice becomes the mother of all arts. Mighty nations of old wrought their faith and patriotism and civic pride into their architecture with such skill of design, such cunning of craftsmanship as to defy the storms and earthquakes and wars of centuries, so that much still challenges alike our admiration and our emulation.

As yet we have contented ourselves with at best but copying—too often, alas! caricaturing—what they with less opportunity wrought out with patience, diligence and thought.

I grant that present conditions are not as favorable to great architectural development as in some past epochs. State patronage is lacking, and a divided church compels the multiplication of temples at the sacrifice of dignity and beauty; but the pity is that so much of our building is crude, ugly, base (when at less expense it might be right and beautiful) simply because we have not learned to distinguish bad architecture from good.

The trend of the times is undoubtedly toward better architecture, but it is a striking commentary on our civilization that we are making our marts of trade palaces of brick and marble while we continue to dwell and worship in wooden boxes.



Union Eng. Co. Drawn by A. B. Benton

Good architecture, even "for advertising purposes only," is a great educator, however; and we believe that many are beginning to appreciate that architecture means more than they have hitherto dreamed. When we shall comprehend that in it all past civilizations lie embalmed, that painting and sculpture are but its handmaidens, and proportion, unity and strength, and therefore beauty, its absolute essentials, we shall recognize that a dishonest building is as vulgar as sham jewelry; an ugly one, an insult to the community.

Since art is born of the love of beauty, may we not in this favored land, which nature has formed as fair as ancient Hellas, hope for another age of Pericles?

I am frequently asked what style of architecture is best adapted to the Southwest; my answer is that it all depends on the purpose of the proposed building, its site and the tastes and habits of its tenant—for houses are primarily to live in, not to look at.

Our architecture should grow as has our English language, by selection and adaptation of whatever is good and meets our wants, be it Greek or Spanish, Latin or French—only we must see to it that we make of it not a jargon but a noble tongue.

However, in our complex English the Anglo-Saxon predominates; and if I mistake not, when we have adapted our habits of living to our climate, and our architecture becomes the honest expression of that life, it will resemble most the renaissance types of southern Europe. In the old Mission buildings we possess invaluable examples of a development of the Spanish Renaissance. Their quiet beauty and strength harmonize with our solemn mountains and are in sharp contrast with the pretentious popular types of building with their flimsy construction and meretricious ornamentation.

The Mission architecture possesses breadth and massiveness unusual in any style, and much of its detail is admirably designed and executed

although the mechanical equipment of its builders must have been exceedingly limited; and we find the same chaste elegance appearing in a simple window grill as in the long arcade of the cloister.

The style is not easily adapted to modern uses, and requires a master designer to preserve breadth and proportion without sacrificing sunlight, ventilation and convenience. Under favorable conditions, such good results have been secured as to endanger its better development by making it the "fad"—for there is no surer way to handicap art than to cheapen it; and plastered frame houses of semi-ecclesiastical appearance, with massive-looking arched verandas and pitifully meagre wall-reveals, are becoming all too common. Sooner or later, we shall learn that in any serious attempt at architecture, wood, plaster and staff are poor substitutes for stone, brick and terra-cotta.

The California adobe house possesses some of the characteristics of the Missions, and as an example of its architectural possibilities, I reproduce a sketch (made at the suggestion of the Director of the Loan Association) of the Camulos ranch house, enriched with the tiled roofs and arched veranda. It is impracticable to return to adobe construction, but the same effects may be obtained in brick and stucco.

For city buildings, the Spanish-Moresque furnishes better models than the Mission type, which demands ample ground-room.

By the kindness of Miss Dreer of Pasadena I am enabled to reproduce an example of Algerian architecture, photographed by her, which is admirably adapted to our climate and use. High-class types of the Venetian, the Mission, and that noble Moorish masterpiece, the Alhambra, are also shown.

A common but mistaken idea is that architectural excellence is always costly. Extreme cheapness and art are ever at variance, but lavish expenditure of money alone can never purchase art; and often the simple cottage, designed by the skilled architect, is infinitely better than the costly mansion in which noble materials have been degraded.

The patio, solarium-bathroom, and roof garden should be given their rightful consideration in the planning of our dwellings; not alone for the beautiful architectural effects to be thereby gained, but because of the added comfort and health their use would bring, especially to mothers, young children and the aged and invalid.

In the ornamentation of public and private grounds the imposing entrance and the terrace, now so much fallen into disuse, should be restored to their ancient importance; for nothing can better give that air of permanence and dignity so essential to good architecture. If the plans for the restoration of the "Camino Real" are put into execution, opportunities will be given, not often vouchsafed modern architects, for memorial architecture to mark its historic sections, and help to preserve the memory of that picturesque past whose value may not be lightly weighed in this new America where localities with a history are so comparatively few.

With climate, natural resources, and historical associations so favorable, nothing bars our progress toward a noble architecture if we will give its study and practice the attention their importance demands.

Los Angeles.

UNDER THE COPPER SKY.

A STORY OF THE MOJAVE.

BY LILLIAN CORBETT BARNES.

AS God vouchsafes to some parts of the earth carpets of brilliant flowers, so to one landscape, from horizon-line to horizon-line, He has granted only a solitary red geranium. Honorine planted that. She is dead now, but the shrub still flourishes — an indescribable glint of color in a world of volcanic rock, heaped into inconsequent hills, powdered into fine sand. Honorine lies buried under the sand; Dirk's cabin rests upon it. He cannot tell when some driving fury of wind may lay bare her body, or overwhelm his cabin. Such are the chances of death and life. By day, the sun shines; by night, the coyotes call. They are used to the sun and the coyotes — Honorine and Dirk. She does not waken; nor does he fail to sleep. He sleeps at noon, when the sun is fiercest; he sleeps by night, when a chill penetrates the marrow. For the rest, he works among the rocks. He has hidden — somewhere, that is his secret, you would shrink from scooping out the earth from that hiding-place — a growing pile of yellow stones. Honorine used to pass them through her fingers. "Pretty soon we will be rich, Dirk? Rich enough to go away?" But she liked the red geranium best. "When it gets big enough, I will cut slips and plant a little row," she would explain. Dirk used to work for her. He works still, because it is a habit. Sometimes he seems to himself to be all men — mankind — working, working, working, because it is a habit. Then he wonders why he works. He used to sit with Honorine on the bench by the door and watch the stars come out: "When we get our home over yonder" — she would nod toward the western mountains, lit by the gold of the setting sun — "we will have flowers in the yard. Don't you think we can have flowers, Dirk? Everybody has them there, I reckon. Geraniums and — other flowers."

"We'll have all the flowers there are, little woman," Dirk used to answer, "and a yard big enough to plant them in, and a house big enough for the yard, and pictures, and curtains, and brass bedsteads, and — ice-water in a silver pitcher!"

She laughed. "And humming-birds on a golden plate! Oh, Dirk, how long do you reckon it'll be before we get it?"

"Oh, a little while — who can tell? Perhaps I'll strike it rich tomorrow!"

"Couldn't we go now — to a little home and a little yard?"

"You're to be first lady there — wait a bit! Besides," he added, his brow lowering, "when Dirk Halsted goes back into civilization, not a man of them shall sneer that he comes creeping like a beggar — he'll be at the top of the heap again, by God!"

She drew closer to him. "It's 'again' with you, Dirk; it's 'first'

with me, and somehow," her voice broke a little, "I don't care about it — much. I just like to be where you are, down or up."

He picked her up on his knee, at that, and drew her head against his shoulder. "You're sure to be there, *compadre*, so long as you'll take pot-luck with Dirk."

"There wasn't much in the pot today, and there's only *frijoles* for tomorrow, unless Sheeney's wagon comes along. It's his day, two weeks tomorrow. Sometimes he's late. And, oh — Dirk, the *olla's* empty," she went on, sleepily, "and there wasn't water enough in the spring to fill it — not unless you waited ten thousand years. It just came in driblets."

"Not water enough?" he repeated stupidly.

"No, Dirk; but it got 'way low down once before. I forgot to tell you. It'll come back, though, as it did the other time. It's just gone on a little vacation!"

He slipped her gently from his knee and went hastily around the cabin. She remained on the bench, singing to herself:

> "Take me back, take me back, where the sweet magnolia-trees
> Wave their bright, snowy blossoms—

"Come back soon, honey dear; never mind the old water. There's enough in the little *tinaja* for a drink."

"I'll just take a look at it, comrade. I'll be back in a minute."

> "Wave their bright, snowy blossoms in the merry, laughing breeze"—

Her voice sounded fainter as he climbed the ravine. The spring had gone dry.

He came slowly back, sat down on the bench and put his arm around her. "Rinita, would you mind staying alone tonight? I want to go over and have a look at Gurnsey's spring. Nobody will hurt you here."

"Why, Dirk?" She lifted her half-frightened eyes to his face. "What's the matter? You don't think there's anything really wrong with the spring?"

"No dear," he lied unhesitatingly — for why should she keep awake worrying all night, woman's way? — "I guess they're getting our water down at Gurnsey's. I'll just step over and see."

"But why don't you wait till morning?"

"Oh, in a matter of this sort, it's best to have it out at once," he answered lightly, "and if I were you, Rinita, I wouldn't use that water in the *tinaja* except to drink, and — yes, suppose you come on in Sheeney's cart to meet me."

The trail to Gurnsey's didn't amount to much in the best of light, but it was all the trail there was. Dirk had to foot it over, but he would come back with a team and take Honorine away. He would probably have to go on beyond Gurnsey's to get the team, and it would take him longer than he liked to think. Well, there was no help for it! The spring might be dry for weeks, might be dry forever. He cursed his luck at the reflection. It wasn't the land he cared for — the land might go to the devil, once he had rounded out that yellow pile! He stumbled faster

through the sand, as if haste could help or hinder. He walked all night, except for the black hour just before dawn. There was no use trying to follow the trail then. At the first gleam of light he ate his biscuit and started on again. "Guess nobody has traveled this road lately," he said to himself, "and that's queer, too. I ought to be on the main line by this."

In a little while there wasn't any road at all to speak of, but he did not notice it at first. The desert is all pretty much alike, and the desert roads are pretty much like the desert. But by and by he stood still and looked about him. Then he turned back on his tracks. He didn't say anything now; he studied the ground, he stared at the sun. He stopped and went on again. He was getting hungry, he was getting faint. He sat down on a rock and hid his face in his arms to keep out the sun and the sand. For the sand was blowing. There was a wind. Just a wind, blowing things, without a cloud in the sky. Sunshine and wind and blowing sand, that was all. Then he lost the way altogether. He walked by guess after that. He walked five days. Sometimes he crawled, sometimes he fell flat on his face and lay still, sometimes he ran a little way. There were cacti in the sand. The cacti had fruit, and he ate the fruit. On the fifth day he found water in some rocks. He shot a bird there, too, and ate it raw. It was tough work coming away from that water, and he tried to carry some of it with him in his coat. There were five days more — ten days in all. He went out of his mind again, and then the chill at night would bring him to himself, after the fashion of intermittent Chinese torture. It is singular how much of it a man can stand. On the tenth day he crawled over some more rocks and rounded his circle. He was back by his cabin again. He crawled to the spring. Its little vacation was over — it lay there, cool and gray and shining.

By and by he managed to stagger into the house. He found some meal there and ate it — raw. Then he made a fire and cooked the rest. There were beans, too, and he cooked them. And all the time he kept drinking the water. He lay and stared at the water and dipped his fingers in it and played with it. And all the time his senses were coming and going. He roused up, he dropped off. It wasn't a sleep. It was something different. It lasted all day, and all night, and another day, and another night. Then he remembered that Honorine had gone away with Sheeney in his cart. He wondered whether she had been looking for him. Well — he would take the road again — go over to Gurnsey's and fetch Honorine home. But by daylight, this time.

It was slow work — walking; he wasn't very strong, and he carried food and water, too. The trail was plain enough by daylight; he could see it a long way ahead. There wasn't much to break the monotony, and he noticed every little thing. He noticed a heap on the sand long before he got to it. It didn't look like much of anything at first, but his eyes drew to it, and little by little it began to take a shape. He didn't go mad just then; he hadn't got to it — quite. He didn't go mad till he bent over it. It wasn't much like anything, even then. But it had been a woman. And it had died of thirst. And the sun had shone upon it.

Gurnsey's men helped him get it back to the cabin. They buried it in the sand. While they were burying it, Sheeney's wagon came along — twelve days late. It had been on a little vacation, too.

Pasadena.

Some Mexican Sweets.*

BY LINDA BELL COLSON.

WE always spoke of her as the Señora of the Confectionery — though we became quite friendly during our stay in Querétaro, it was not until we were bidding her *adios* for the last time that we learned her real name.

Querétaro is almost as famous for its sweets as for its opals; and the señora's little shop — called El Pavo Real, the Royal Peacock — was to us the most attractive in the city. It faced the principal plaza, with the tall ash trees, the broad shady paths, the quaint old stone seats, the softly playing fountain and the sweet scent of oleander and orange blossoms.

Nearly every afternoon when the city had wakened from its noonday siesta and the shops were open again with their owners refreshed and alert, Agnes and I used to stroll across the plaza to visit the Pavo Real. Whether we came to buy or to chat, the señora always received us graciously. She was a plump little woman with dark, inscrutable eyes, smooth, shining braids of black hair and a charming dignity of manner. She always shook hands with us and patted us on the shoulder, Mexican fashion, when we entered the shop; and seemed pleased to have us prowl about behind the counters.

Agnes and I were anxious to see for ourselves in what fashion these dainty Mexican *dulces* were manufactured; and when in very halting Spanish we confided our wish to the señora, she said in her pretty, dignified way, "With much pleasure, señoritas, I will take you to my house. It is at your orders. Consider it yours." And so it happened that the next afternoon the Pavo Real was left in charge of the husband and we were following the señora across the plaza and down a narrow street lined on each side with flat-roofed, one-storied adobe houses. The road and sidewalks were paved with cobblestones, rough and uneven and worn away altogether in many places by the tread of centuries; but the señora tripped as daintily over them in her high-heeled slippers as if walking on the smoothest asphalt. Her head was bare and her tidy braids of shining hair flashed back the sunlight, but she wore across her shoulders the black *rebozo* without which no self-respecting Mexican of her class is ever seen on the street.

In a few minutes we stopped at the señora's house, and were admitted to a narrow, paved *patio* where gay flowers were growing in graceful red earthen jars wherever there was a nook for them; a tall banana tree swayed in one corner, and numberless bird-cages hung on the walls, their bright-plumaged occupants trilling forth their joy in life. Above, the strip of sky defined by the white lines of the flat roof was dazzling blue. The living-rooms opened off this *patio*, and the señora led us with a proud little air into the small drawing room with its pretty, tiled floor,

* See also "Mexican Recipes" by the same author, in the November number.

the cane sofa with a rug before it, and the stiff rows of little cane chairs to be found in every typical Mexican drawing room. But in addition there was a small centre table containing a great, glass-covered bunch of wax flowers, many pictures of saints and bits of fancy work scattered about. From the parlor we followed the señora through the *patio* into a little, tiled room at the end where we could watch the candy-making. She sat down at a table, after having provided us with seats, and began leisurely grating a big cocoanut, while her children — four black-eyed little maids — came up and gravely put out their little brown hands for us to shake. Through the open door out in a tiny bricked courtyard, which served as a kitchen, we could see the candy simmering away in a huge brass kettle, over a charcoal fire on the big *braséro* built against the wall. A swarthy, black-eyed Indian boy, attired in scanty white cotton garments, was industriously stirring the *miel* or syrup with a huge wooden spoon.

So the drowsy April afternoon wore on. The Indian boy stirred unceasingly, and the señora patiently and slowly grated away at her cocoanut. It was a lengthy process but she worked without flurry or hurry, as she explained in her pretty, slow Spanish, which we found quite easy to follow, how many of the simplest of her sweets were made, and with what little trouble we could make them when we went to "our country." A *criada* (maid-servant) in a crisp, cotton dress, with a blue *rebozo* dangling from one shoulder, was sitting in the doorway leisurely rubbing green limes with pumice stone, and, as the bitter, green coloring was removed, dropping them into a basket.

At last the Indian boy, with a broad smile and a flash of dazzlingly white teeth announced that the syrup was ready. The grated cocoanut was added to it, and after a patient stirring by the *criada* the candy was ready to be poured into the primitive mould of four sticks tied together upon a small table which they just fitted. The table itself was covered with thin, flour wafers. The candy was poured over these, sprinkled on top with red sugar, and left to cool until the next day when it would be cut up into small squares and sold in the Pavo Real for a *centavo* a piece.

The señora's recipe for this candy was:

To one pint of water add one pint white sugar and let it boil to a thick syrup. (The señora's way of telling when it was sufficiently boiled, was to dip her finger first in water, than in the syrup; and if threads hung from it, the syrup was done.) Then stir in the grated cocoanut, remove from the fire, and continue stiring slowly until it is thick. If it should be too hard, add a little cold water.

ALMOND PASTE — Six pints of milk sweetened to taste; add the yolks of six eggs, previously beaten with a little milk and four oz. of almonds blanched and pounded in a mortar, or with a wooden potato-masher. [In Mexico they are of course ground in the ever useful *metate*.] Put this on the fire, and when it thickens add four oz. more of almonds toasted and pounded. Let this boil up three times and it is done. Turn into a plate and sprinkle with powdered sugar. The next day put it in the oven, until it becomes a light brown color, or as they say in Mexico until it is "goldened."

WALNUT PASTE — Dissolve one and one-half pounds of sugar in two pints of milk, strain and mix with it one-half pound of walnuts ground, and boil. When it is done, take off the fire and stir until it thickens.

CAJETA DE CAMOTE Y PIÑA—Clarify one and one-half pounds of sugar, strain and place again on the fire, and let it boil until when you let it fall from the spoon it is clear and smooth as a mirror. Take it off the fire and add two pounds of *camote* (sweet potatoes) which have been boiled, mashed, and pressed through a sieve. Return to the fire, stir constantly so that it will not stick, and when you can see the bottom of the saucepan add one-quarter of a pineapple which has been grated on a bread grater, and strained. Place again on the fire until you can see bottom once more, and it is done. Serve in a preserve dish and eat with a fork or spoon. This makes a delicious dessert, and is well worth any trouble to make.

The Mexicans often arrange this and many of these soft sweets in pretty little wooden boxes they have for the purpose, called *cascos* or as a Mexican friend translated the word for me "lumber plates."

Instead of pineapples I have used apples in this recipe with great success, and it is much easier made. Peel, slice and core one and one-half pounds of apples, stew very soft and add to the mixture in place of the pineapple.

CAJETA DE LECHE—Take six pints of milk, one and one-half pounds of brown sugar, and a tablespoon of flour. First clarify the sugar, that is, beat up the white of one egg thoroughly with a cup of cold water, and add this to the sugar dissolved with one of water. Heat the whole mixture until a scum appears. Remove from the fire and skim. Repeat until no scum arises. Then put three pints of the milk, the clarified sugar, and the flour (previously mixed with a little milk) in a saucepan on the fire. Stir it constantly, being careful not to remove the spoon, and let it boil until you can see the bottom of the saucepan. Then add another one and one-half pints of milk and repeat the operation; lastly add the remaining one and one-half pints of milk and continue to stir until you can again see the bottom of the saucepan.

Two things of importance are, to stir constantly and never to take the spoon with which you are stirring it, out of the saucepan until you remove it from the fire; then continue to stir briskly until it is thick. Pour on a plate, let it cool and it is ready to serve.

Celaya is even more celebrated for its sweets than is Querétaro, and the trains as they stop at the station are besieged by eager venders in ragged, cotton clothes, and with sandalled feet, demanding at first big prices for their neatly arranged boxes of the famous "Cajeta de Celaya" but gradually cheapening them until as the train moves away they run breathlessly beside it holding up their wares to the Pullman windows and offering them for anything they can get. The Mexicans prize this sweet very highly. I must confess I don't care for the taste of the goat's milk. However, I give the recipe.

CAJETA DE CELAYA—Six pints of cow's milk, three pints of goat's milk, mix and boil; allow it to cool, and remove the cream or scum. Burn one and one-half pounds sugar and then stir it into the milk, and add to it four and one-half pounds more of sugar, and six ounces of ground rice. Place the mixture on the fire and let it boil until it is thick. One can tell this, if when one takes a little of the paste in a spoon and whirls it around it adheres to the spoon. Then remove from the fire and add half a pint of sherry, stir until it is well mixed, and pour into plates or pretty dishes.

LECHE DE PIÑA—Six pints of milk, the yolks of six eggs, six ounces of pounded almonds, one pineapple.

Sweeten the milk to taste and beat it into the yolks; strain and put on the fire. When it has boiled, add the pounded almonds and let it cook, then mix in the pineapple, previously mashed, and boil until it is thick, and remove from the fire. It should be quite thick, but not enough to cut into squares, and must also be eaten with a spoon or fork. It makes a dainty dessert.

San Diego.

TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS AND OTHER HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer.

After unavoidable delays the Landmarks Club is now in active operation and meets generous encouragement from every quarter. It is engaged in raising money to be applied at once to the missions San Juan Capistrano and San Luis Rey. At San Juan—in many ways the most important of our landmarks—the Club has secured a lease for a term of years, and thus will be able to carry out its aims in the most satisfactory manner. Work there will be under the direct supervision of Mr. R. Egan, whose personal efforts for many years have been most important in the preservation of that mission. The lease covers all the buildings which are in need of care, with the necessary ground and rights of way; and a preference to the Club as purchaser in case the property should ever be for sale. At San Luis Rey the situation is no less gratifying. A little establishment of Franciscan friars is now in possession, and Rev. J. J. O'Keefe will be a most valuable ally in the Club's work. He has already raised and expended many thousands of dollars in repairing the great church; and has done the necessary work to make a habitable temple with most commendable regard to the claims of antiquity. Further restoration will be undertaken in consultation with the architects of the Club, and on the old lines so far as possible. The Club counts itself extraordinarily fortunate in having present on the ground at its two initial points of endeavor two such competent and earnest representatives as Judge Egan and Rev. O'Keefe. It will greatly simplify the work and lessen the expense.

When the most vital necessities of these two fine ruins shall have been met, the Club will take up the other landmarks of Southern California in the order of their importance. Meantime an active campaign is in progress for the crystalization of interest and the raising of a permanent fund.

Membership in the Club is $1 per year; and all contributions will be duly acknowledged in these pages. All moneys received are practically net to the cause. Persons everywhere who are interested in the preservation of the most important ruins in the United States are invited to join the Club.

The following contributions are acknowledged: Cash: John F. Francis, $20; Geo. H. Bonebrake, $5; Harrison Gray Otis, $5; W. D. Woolwine, $2.50; $1 each, J. P. A. Petsch, J. V. Wachtel, W. B. Couts (Oceanside), Dr. T. E. Ellis (Escondido), A. B. Benton, Jas. Slauson, Chas. Howard Shinn (Niles), Ludovic Juan Bremner (7 W. 106th st., N. Y.), R. Harris (Riverside), Chas. F. Lummis, C. D. Willard, Sumner P. Hunt, Mrs. M. E. Stilson, Henry W. O'Melveny, Dr. J. H. Utley, Prof. C. G. Baldwin (Pomona College), Frank A. Gibson, Prof. W. R. Dudley (Stanford University), Frank H. Lamb (Stanford University); Margaret Collier Graham, J. Adam, Miss Maud Ayer, Chas. B. Bailey (Washington, D. C.)

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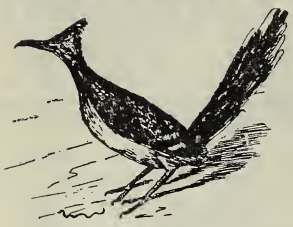
THE CALIFORNIA ROAD-RUNNER.

BY BERTHA F. HERRICK.



Drawn by Miss Herrick

THIS curious and interesting wild bird is also known as the snake-killer, the racer and the chaparral-cock. Its generic name, *Geococcyx Californianus*, signifying ground-cuckoo of California, is indicative of its genus; but ordinary observers often class it with the pheasants, as it possesses some of the characteristics of that family.

It is peculiar to the Southwest — particularly California, Arizona, and New Mexico, and portions of Mexico, where it is known by the Spanish as the "Paisano,"* or the "Corredor del Camino."

There is but a single species — different specimens, however, varying somewhat in size. They inhabit low, rolling land and open valleys in isolated parts of the ranges; and though comparatively rare and very wary, are sometimes seen near towns.

They derive their name of road-runner from their singular habit of racing along country highways, when disturbed by a pedestrian or a passing team; and such is their strength and fleetness, that they will keep ahead of a galloping horse for a short distance; after which they begin to tire.

When pursued or frightened, they take refuge in the shrubbery, from which it is difficult to drive them. Their short wings are inadequate for sustained flight; but if hard pressed they can and will fly.

These hermits of the plains are never accompanied by other birds, even of their own species; and are usually completely mute, save for the occasional utterance of a rasping sort of gurgle. They are capable of being tamed, but usually do not take kindly to civilization.

The body averages a foot in length, and the tail is about the same measurement, the prevailing shades of the feathers being brownish grey, mottled with white. As the under portions are of an unmixed dingy ivory, the creature has the strange appearance of being arrayed in a full-dress evening suit,— the impression being further emphasized by the curious pointed crest on the top of the head, which produces a decidedly pompadour effect of hair-dressing.

The long bill, somewhat curved at the tip, the small, keen eyes, the muscular legs and strong feet, are all of great service in capturing its prey. Snakes, lizards, grasshoppers, and small birds comprise its favorite bill-of-fare; and these are usually consumed, bones, tails, and feathers as well, without any apparent qualms of appetite. Its haunts are often betrayed by the wing-cases of beetles or the shells of snails, which it carries to its nest, in order to devour the bodies at leisure.

Oakland.

* "Peasant." A corruption of Faisan, "pheasant." The words in Spanish are as mistakable as in English.—ED.

ALL MISERABLE SINNERS.

Time was when a man was hanged for poaching; later, when he might be for murder. But standards change as we become more civilized. Nowadays it is evident (to anyone who reads the newspapers) that graver sins have arisen. It has become a crime to be a minister of the gospel; or to be editor of a periodical which faces mobs instead of leading them; or to be anyone who thinks before he shouts. And most damnable of all to be a college professor. There is deep and growing suspicion, in certain quarters, of any man who uses decent English and obeys the law. It is bad enough to have brains; to have proved them, is simply intolerable. The country at large seems to be rising to the patriotism which Tombstone and Yuba Dam forgot some years ago; if a person comes along in a plug hat, the only self-respecting thing to do is to shoot it off him.

THE MODERN ÆOLUS.

The papers have not yet gone to war over Venezuela — and no one else has thought of going. But they have once more reminded the American people of an unforgotten fact — that not one newspaper in the United States was ever elected. In a presumptive government of, by and for the people, the bulk of power is held by a self-appointed class. In South America these would be called dictators; in North America they are called—in private by several titles.

There has been recently a vast resurrection of Artemus Ward's willingness to sacrifice all his wife's relations. The gentlemen whose "blood boils for purposes of publication" are not packing to go to the front; they are conscious that the fellow who buys papers can better be spared by civilization than the fellow who sells them.

No one has accused these war-makers (at a nickel a copy) of knowing anything of the Monroe doctrine in particular or South America in general. Americans have fallen more or less into the habit of making up their own minds; and many of them do not confound their minds with their mouths. There is a growing sentiment that a very good "Doctrine" for America (whether it's Monroe or not) is to be manly, dignified and not a rowdy. There is no danger that Americans will falter when they ought to fight; there is some danger that some people born in America may forget that a grown man or a grown nation is not an ignorant, quarrelsome schoolboy. But the danger that the schoolboys will run the thing is not growing more imminent.

There are Americans who can appreciate the humor of saying: "War is wicked. National disputes should be settled by arbitration. Now arbitrate, blank your eyes, or we'll make war on you!" There are also

Americans who shut their mouths on things they know nothing about. And there are a good many of them. Which is why such a remarkable hush has suddenly invaded the editorial columns.

To men with whom "patriotism" means love of country and not of self, it is encouraging to see that every journal in the United States which in a sense *has* been elected (that is, which has won public confidence by its brains and honesty) — periodicals like the *Nation*, the *Outlook*, *Life*, *Puck*, the *Argonaut* — has refused to make a spectacle of itself in this tempting opportunity. They have stood for the kind of Americanism that had Washington and Lincoln for its prophets; the kind that gives conscience the precedence over mouth; the kind that is not afraid of mobs, nor ashamed to be sure it is right before it goes ahead.

There was never before so swift and ghastly a flattening out as among the whoopers who three weeks ago were licking England twice a day at some other fellow's expense of blood and money. England doubtless needs a walloping — all conceited nations do. But we are not going to give it just now — nor ever in a cause we know less about than an editor does of what people in general think of him. A warmed-over pancake is picturesque beside the warriors of last month. "Some had silver to sell, and some had newspapers to sell, and a good many had nothing to sell or to tax or to lose," but they were a terrible lot. Today the wax seems to be out of their mustachios.

THE MAKING OF A RACE.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's suggestive article in this number of the LAND OF SUNSHINE may well set such folk to thinking as have wherewith. It is a questioning along lines which are not of vague concern to any thoughtful person. That Mr. Warner does not supply all the responses to his catechism, is not to say that he leaves the outcome at all hazy. His questions very largely suggest their own answers to any intelligent person not wholly innocent of history. It is as reasonable to presume that the Saxon was born in the only climate in the world which was fit for him, as that he was born with all the environment that would do him good. Having admitted by the logic of invention that his original cave-dwelling, skin-wearing, predatory, unnewspapered and untelegraphed condition needed improvement, it may very well be that he shall at last discover that he also made a mistake in being born in an indecent climate. A man who has been able to learn that stage-coaches are faster than walking, and express-trains than stage-coaches, may also be competent to see that climatic comfort and health are preferable to discomfort and tuberculosis. In other words, he may come to pit his common sense and inventive talent against the local as well as the circumstantial accidents of birth. He has managed to do very well, as it is; but if this is due to his cold-storage climate, then pity is that he was not born at the North Pole. If cold has made him so good, enough cold would have made him perfect; and by the time he was permanently frozen stiff there would be no more faults in him. Seriously, it must be a pretty self-contented person who will deny that the Saxon has succeeded not because of his climate but in spite of it.

This question of race and climate is not to be boxed in a paragraph.

The question is one to which thoughtful people must begin to give attention. This magazine means, in its small way, to keep the text on the blackboard. No educated man nowadays dares discredit evolution — though to many it is not much more than a word of good taste in the mouth. Evolution signifies many things. One is that every living creature is very much the handiwork of its environment. Of environment, physical geography and climate are a clear majority. It may be necessary to remind primary scholars, but not grown ones, what the contours and coast-line of Greece had to say in the development of the highest national intelligence and perhaps the most extraordinary national character that history has seen; how the *bolsones* of the Andes and the invention of a pack-beast differentiated from amid a host of savage tribes the most marvelous of all aborigines; how another certain stress of climate up and down a wide gamut of geography has developed the most restless, nervous and quarrelsome race in the world's history.

Mr. Warner's optimistic conjecture is sound. No scientist will quarrel with his implied belief that the experiment in Southern California will work out to the benefit of the Saxon. If that gentleman's moral constitution is not enough fixed to withstand maternal love from Nature, then the sooner the better he should assume the modesty of a Man-supported-by-his-motherinlaw. If his stamina is of such poor sort that it will spoil if not kept on ice—then it isn't quite so essential to the world's development as he is inclined to deem it.

To the Lion this is no small matter. He is not a Southwesterner because he has to be, but because he chooses. He counts it the most important venture his Saxon tribe ever made — this trying-on of its first comfortable environment. And by so much as he believes in evolution, he believes that in this motherly climate the race now foremost in the world will fairly outstrip itself in achievement; and most of all in what is best of all — the joy of life.

"SU CASA, SEÑOR."

Mr. H. C. Bunner, editor of *Puck* — and one of the voices least noisy yet farthest heard amid American letters — writes the Lion that he is coming to Southern California to retrieve himself after a long and serious illness. There is no man more welcome to God's country; and none to whom the airs of Arcady should be kinder. Every lover of what is at once delicate and strong in our literature will wish Mr. Bunner the very best that recourse to a genial Nature can give him — and will wish it seriously enough not to crowd him while he gets well.

Grace Ellery Channing, whose book of short stories, *The Sister of a Saint*, takes rank with the worthiest published in 1895, as it is mechanically one of the most beautiful, will contribute to the March LAND OF SUNSHINE a strong short story. It is a California *motif* — the first she has written since the famous *Basket of Anita*.

Wilson's Photographic Magazine vouches that Mr. Wallihan's photographs of Colorado wild animals were not stuffed. Neither his patrons. If the Lion has mounted Mr. Wallihan unjustly, it is proud to get off him.

"RED MEN AND WHITE."

Of what was once the American frontier, and is still called so, no writer has grasped the sharp, generic picturesquenesses with firmer hand than Owen Wister. His Western color is quite as truthful as Bret Harte's, who had a much better chance to know; and he lays it on with less technique but more virility.

Since Kipling—who can afford to be cocksure—it has been a temptation to other positive young men to be as undeniable. There are dangers to the gunner who is confident of winging the whole planetary flock with his first barrel, and Mr. Wister often misses; but after all it is comforting nowadays to find a man who is right and isn't afraid to be. While Richard Harding Davis knows he knows—and generally doesn't, Mr. Wister knows *he* knows—and generally does. Anyhow, he is always interesting, usually deep, sometimes masterful. I count "La Tinaja Bonita" the strongest Arizona story yet written, despite its minor errors. Of the other stories, "Little Big Horn Medicine," "The Serenade at Siskiyou," "Specimen Jones," and "The Second Missouri Compromise," are splendid work—the first a wonderful guess straight to a mark Mr. Wister could not possibly *know*. He has also done that rare thing nowadays—created a character likely to endure. Which his name it is "Specimen Jones."

An admirer of this magnificently confident, graphic and really observant writer may wish he had not published "A Pilgrim on the Gila." It is good writing but not good literature, for its heart is unsound. It is too like the flippant superficiality of Davis—of which Mr. Wister should never be guilty. It would be one thing to use purely as local color in fiction his few weeks' knowledge of one small pencil-line across the map of Arizona; but he has not stopped within that. That this tale is being gravely used in the East as an argument against the admission of Arizona as a State, has its literary significance. If "A Pilgrim on the Gila" is to be taken as a report on the condition of the Territory, it does not belong in a book of short stories; if it is assumed to be fiction, it has no business to be vindictive. In either case it has no right to be wrong. It reads too much as if Mr. Wister were paying off a grudge—and he is too manly a figure to afford that. Arizona is by no means perfect, but thoughtful men treat history and society comparatively. The Territory is at least better governed and better entitled to full American rights than New York is; and if Mr. Wister had waited to be more acquainted he would have learned that it has many men as honest as himself, and a few as wise. Also that Tucson isn't Arizona by a long chalk.

All the same, *Red Men and White* is a very notable book; with enough thrill and vitality to fit out a dozen average writers — and more depth than most of them will ever sound. Harper & Bros., N. Y., $1.50.

"THE STORY OF THE WEST."

It warms the heart (even an expert's) in these days of rewarded ignorance and books under false pretences, to come upon a volume so honestly interesting and so interestingly honest as George Bird Grinnell's *Story of the Indian*. Some publishers are still so old-fashioned as not to deem knowledge of his subject an impertinence on the author's part; some even prefer not to make more ignorant the reader who buys their books.

To begin with, Ripley Hitchcock's devising of the *Story of the West Series* was distinctly a happy inspiration. Though no popular writer but Theodore Roosevelt seems well to have realized it, the winning of the West was the key to our completeness and lasting as a nation; and the whole fascinating field merits intelligent treatment in detail. If the rest of the series shall "pan out" as well as this opening volume, a contribution of serious value to American knowledge will have been made.

Mr. Grinnell, whose *Pawnee Hero Tales*, *Blackfoot Lodge Stories*, and other work had already given him rank, was an excellent choice to write the story of the Indian. He knows the aborigines, having not only lived among them and studied them, but also understood them. This means that he did not feel that superiority to Heaven and fact which is so usual a furniture of travelers. It is a rare student who can say at the outset:

> "he who . . . understands the Indian . . . understands that the red man is a savage and has savage qualities, yet he sees also that the most impressive characteristic of the Indian is his humanity. We are too apt to forget that these people are human like ourselves; that they are fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters; men and women with emotions and passions like our own, even though these feelings are not well regulated . . . in the calm channels of civilization."

Starting with insight of this great basic truth, and guided by actual knowledge, Mr. Grinnell has drawn a clear, just and rather comprehensive picture of the Indian; his home, recreations, love, religion, war, hunting, industries and environment. It is a book every thoughtful man and woman will be wiser and better for reading; and it is not only instructive but admirably interesting.

Since the only worth of a critic is to pick the flaws which show how much smarter he is than the man who has Done something, it may be said that Mr. Grinnell's picture (and the book's pictures) are rather one-sidedly of the Plains Indians. The illustrations are of too much modernity; and the text hardly enough recognizes the immense field of more advanced and more picturesque Indian groups which had quite as much to say — and for much longer — in American history. Also that one regrets such unscientific occasional lapses as talking of "the Deity" of any unmissionaried tribe, or of any aboriginal "belief in the immortality of the soul." Having thus vindicated himself, the critic is glad to repeat that the book is honest, worthy work, and a great credit to the author. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., $1.50.

Current Literature, the great eclectic monthly which so well skims the cream from the multitudinous literary milk-pan, goes on improving upon a high standard. It is a magazine which has a field of its own, and fills it. Nothing else quite takes its place. To winnow for one's self from the vast current strawpile such a variety of sound wheat as can be had by simply reading this one monthly, would require patience, time, money — and editorial ability — several times more than the average reader can spare. 52-54 Lafayette Place, N. Y. $3 a year.

A very good book "for wee bits of tykes" is *The Little Boy who Lived on the Hill*, by Annie Laurie. It is handsomely published, like everything by Doxey ; and Swinnerton's illustrations, if reminiscent of a school blackboard, are liberal and effective. The stories have that unusual knee-high quality which stands on a level with a child's ear — an attitude which many more famous writers for children are unable to attain without a more or less graceful getting on their hands and knees. Wm. Doxey, San Francisco. $1.

There is no better family weekly anywhere than the *Outlook*. Sane, sound, scholarly and interesting, it has improved even upon the traditions of the *Christian Union*, which it succeeds. It has just taken a long step forward by the inception of a monthly illustrated "magazine number"— in a year twelve magazines of high value, besides the other 40 admirable *Outlooks*. Ian Maclaren's first novel is the serial for 1896. 13 Astor Place, N. Y. $3 a year.

In her novel, *Beatrice of Bayou Teche*, Alice Ilgenfritz Jones has drawn a sympathetic picture of the better side of the ante-bellum South. The better side, with slavery in its rosiest hue ; yet she has made it even more odious than those who write of the slave-whip, the auction-block and the bloodhounds. "Beatrice," the octoroon heroine, is an unusual character and an interesting and rather vivid one. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. $1.25.

The N. Y. *Independent*, which as a rule gets much meat into small compass, in its book notices, calls Geo. Meredith "the most elaborately feminine man in English literary life." His *Amazing Marriage* it ranks as "a crazy structure gorgeously decorated, in which dwell nympholepts, aged satyrs, erotic wives and foredoomed maidens, all moving on to rainbow-hued destruction or jaundiced delight."

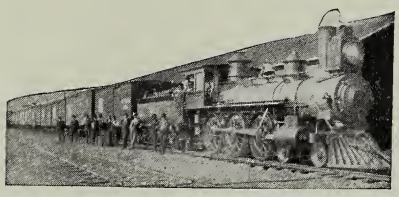
It would be less than fair not to note the improvement of the *Philistine*. One may not yet see just its necessity, but it is certainly growing in interest — besides remaining one of the best bits of typography current.

The New York *Times* is probably the promptest newspaper in the United States in matters of literature. It publishes more and fuller book reviews than any other daily, and is among the most competent also.

Fact and Fancy is a pretty brochure of creditable thoughts privately printed in San Francisco for the author, Miss Augusta Reinstein.

SAN BUENAVENTURA.

BY GEO. S. WRIGHT.

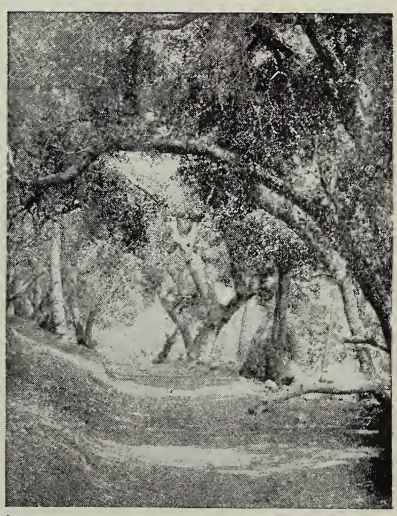


A Solid Train of Beans.

WHEN that brave old founder Junipero Serra — whose almost prophetic wisdom in choice of sites has become a California proverb —established his mission of San Buenaventura, he fully maintained his average. His selection has been vindicated by the test of a hundred and fourteen years; and today that beautiful delta wherein the Santa Clara valley opens to the sea is realizing wonders that even the faith of its first colonizer never dreamed.

Now on the Coast Line of the Southern Pacific R.R., 75 miles from Los Angeles and about 30 from Santa Barbara, is a thriving seaport town of 3000 people; a town with wide streets and electric lights, with substantial business blocks, and such schools, churches and homes as a more pretentious city might be proud of. At its excellent wharf, coastwise schooners are constantly discharging cargoes of lumber, or taking on return cargoes of bags of beans and barley, cases of honey, or Jumbo-sacks of wool from the commodious warehouses. The Pacific Coast Steamship Co. finds it a profitable port; and the new tank steamer of the Union Oil Co. fills here its huge compartments with crude petroleum for the refinery at Rodeo, near San Francisco.

The Santa Barbara Channel — whose warm current has much to say in making the balmy climate of which the dwellers in this corner of "Our Spain" are so proud, here ends its first eastward sweep. Fifteen miles seaward loom the fantastic Anacapa islands, changing with every caprice of the atmosphere. The sea view is magnificent. Back of town are the commanding mountains; pierced by romantic cañons whose roads wind beneath groves of live-oak and sycamore, whose trout-streams tumble between banks of fern and flower. Eastward stretch the broad acres of the Santa Clara, in fruit orchards, in fields of beans and barley.



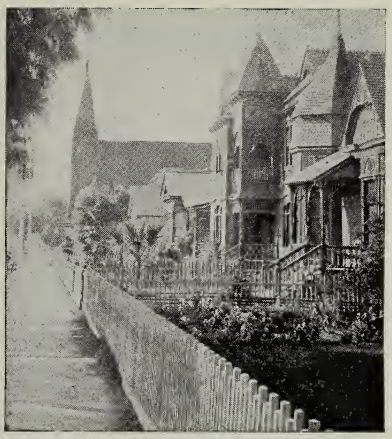
L. A. Eng. Co. Photo. by Brewster, Ventura.

ON THE ROAD TO THE OJAI.

San Buenaventura it was named when Father Serra founded the mission in 1782; and San Buenaventura is the official name of the

L. A. Eng. Co. *GENERAL VIEW OF SAN BUENAVENTURA.* Photo. by Maude.

town (the only incorporated one in Ventura county) and the legal name of the county-seat; but to the confusion of the traveler and soreness of them that love the old order of things, the railroad and postal autocrats have clipped it to plain (and almost meaningless) Ventura. But call it as you will — Ventura with the vandals, "Santula" with the Chinamen, Ventura-by-the-Sea with the summer-resort folk, or with the sentimentalists cling to the round, sonorous old San Buenaventura, a name which leaves a good taste in the mouth — you cannot evade the charm of this blessed little city nestled between the foothills and the ocean. No name better fits it than the one it was christened by, which signifies "St. Good Fortune."



L. A. Eng. Co. Photo. by Brewster, Ventura.
ON OAK STREET.

The old mission, though it has lost its tile-roofed quadrangle, is in excellent preservation. Between the mission and the county courthouse stand two of the oldest and tallest date-palms in the United States. An odd sense of the meeting of past and present hangs over one, in walking from these old landmarks up the street, along a carline, in the heart of a modern town with all the earmarks of 1896.

For San Buenaventura is prolific as well as picturesque. The bean crop of the county for 1895 was worth over $1,000,000, and filled 2600 freight-cars. The oil district produced 293,000 barrels of petroleum. Nor are all the county eggs in these two baskets, big as they are. The warehouses report a trifle over 460,000 sacks of barley, wheat and corn from the harvest of '95; and the honey crop was counted by hundreds of tons. The statistics of the year just closed show that it required over 100 cars to move the deciduous fruit crop; 200 cars for the oranges, 20 for the

L. A. Eng. Co. A BEAN FIELD. Photo. by Brewster, Ventura.

lemons and 30 for the walnuts. Also, that there were 20,000 sacks of potatoes and 10,000 of onions. Flowers are grown by the acre, and the seed is shipped all over the world.

The river furnishes power for the flouring mills (capacity 10,000 barrels a year), for the electric light plant and the manufacture of artificial ice. There is also a movement to discard the present "mule motors" on the street railway for electricity, to be generated by the same cheap water-power.

Union Eng. Co. *THE MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA.*
(Before it was remodeled.)

The progress of San Buenaventura has been slow but sure. The "boom," which came in with the railroad in '87, was mild and had less serious reaction than in many localities. Now, with the renewal of heavy petroleum shipments by the new steamer *George Loomis*, and the building of the proposed Ventura & Ojai R. R., which will give easy access to the unique and delightful Ojai valley — with these to back the steady, sturdy productiveness, it seems certain that Ventura county and its head town are to forge rapidly ahead.

Winning Its Way.

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE is not only growing at home, but is making unusually rapid conquest of the East. The people of the Southwest are interested in their magazine, and may be a little proud of it. People in the East are interested in this romantic field; and they like, also, the breezy independence of the Western point of view. Subscriptions are coming in rapidly from all over the United States, from Europe, Mexico, South America and the isles of the sea.

As to the reception the critics are giving this young magazine, the following extract is typical:

"A credit to California in general and to Los Angeles in particular, and contains the elements of solid success. As neat and artistic a magazine as could be desired."—Pittsburg *Bulletin*.

Union Eng. Co.

A CALIFORNIA LIVE-OAK.

Photo. by A. C. Vroman, Pasadena.

"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

VOL. 4, NO. 4. LOS ANGELES MARCH, 1896.

ON MT. SAN JACINTO.

BY BERTRAND H. WENTWORTH.

THE San Gorgonio Pass — that natural gateway from the Yuma desert to the fertile valleys of Southern California — divides the ranges of San Bernardino and San Jacinto, and is remarkable for its low altitude. That part of it between the San Bernardino range on the one hand, and Mt. San Jacinto on the other, is at its summit only 2700 feet above the sea. It is a flat, straight and narrow way — only a few miles in breadth at its widest part.

At its eastern extreme its altitude is little more than 1000 feet — and yet on the one side Mt. "Greyback," 11,725 feet high, crowds his red foot-hills close to the sands, while San Jacinto, opposite, rises within ten miles, nearly 10,000 feet above his immediate base. Only a few miles from the foot of the mountain, the desert is actually below sea level.

The pedestrian, therefore, who struggles from Whitewater station through the flat sands of the Pass, in the face of a tropical wind, may see snow-streaked peaks close by, looking invitingly down on him.

If he accepts their challenge, he will not have gone far toward San Jacinto mountain before he comes upon the last traces of a hundred mountain streams, disappearing in the sands — unable, though they have joined their waters, to slake the great thirst of the desert. Following up the course of the stream, which increases in size as he advances, he will come, after a little, to the edge of a great field of boulders, lying between the spurs of the mountain — mute records of the ponderous activities of remote ages. In the edge of the boulder-field, his reflections upon the earth's long, long story will be interrupted as he comes to a little house, overshadowed by a great boulder, thirty feet high, so cracked as to form a series of caves which have been cleverly adapted as a part of the unique dwelling. A live-oak growing at the arch of one of the caves relieves the ruggedness of its walls. A noisy brook, diverted from the creek, tumbles over the rocks near by.

Illustrated from photos by the author.

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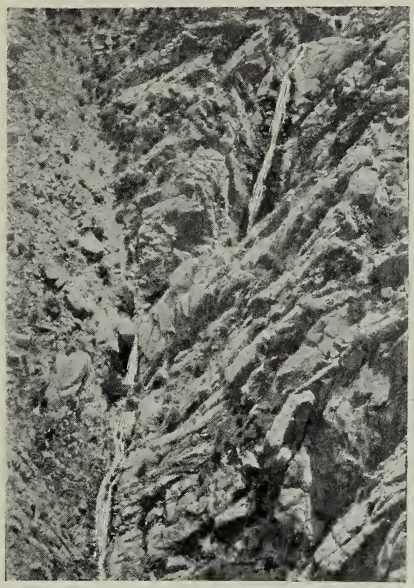
From the veranda one sees (at the left, close at hand, and at the right a mile or more away) low, rocky spurs of the mountain enclosing the boulder-field, which broadens with a gentle slope from the angles of the lower peaks to the level of the white sands of the Pass — beyond which the San Bernardino range unrolls in one great panorama its barren, brown foot-hills, timbered mountains, and snow-crowned peaks.

Late in an afternoon of June I arrived at this hospitable mountain home, "La Cueva," after a long walk across the sands in the face of a hot, cutting wind. The camera slung across my shoulders revealed to my host the purpose of my visit; and as the evening deepened into night we planned our attacks on the fortressed peaks behind us.

Refreshed by sound sleep in the open air, we were on our way across the boulder-field toward the cañons while the early morning rays were still rose-colored and mild. As we approached the nearer peaks the outlook became more impressive. To the mountain-climber who has observed how low peaks screen higher ones behind them, it will be suggestive to read that the snow-streaked summit, 10,967 feet high, now only six or seven miles away, horizontally measured, was in full view despite the presence of inferior peaks between. The amateur photographer will gain some idea of the abruptness of the rise when he is told that only with difficulty were sky lines introduced in vertical general views.

We made our way slowly across the boulders to the line of sycamores shading the pools of Falls Creek; and keeping near its banks we soon entered Falls Creek Cañon. Here on the one side a spur of the mountain rises at a very steep grade to about 4000 feet; on the other, a literal wall towers about fifteen hundred feet. A pebble may easily be cast into the creek from the crest of the precipice. A mile from its foot the cañon terminates suddenly at La Cueva Falls. No good point could be reached in its depths for a general view of them. No sky line was obtainable, even from the crest of the precipice, since it was necessary to tip the camera down to include the whole series in the picture. The effect of this was "flatness," so that the true proportions are not accurately reproduced. It should be borne in mind that the camera was more than a thousand feet above the creek, that the point of view was not less than a quarter of a mile from the head of the principal fall, and that the total fall pictured is about eight hundred feet.

These facts being remembered, the view will serve to show the character of the cañons of the northern slope of San Jacinto up to an altitude of 2,000 to 4,000 feet. In general they are not less ocky and steep than the part here shown. Nevertheless they are for a considerable distance more easily ascended than the mountain sides between them. In these altitudes, greasewood, live-oak, rosewood, sage-brush, and many varieties of cactus grow to some extent almost everywhere — quite thickly in favoring places. Alders, sycamores and bay trees, grape vines, mosses and grasses, flourish along the water courses. Rock wrens (bold little fellows) and mountain quail start up from the path of the climber. Graceful swallows dart over his head in the cañons, and hawks and vultures fly in lazy circles high above him. Swifts and lizards of many



L. A. Eng. Co. *LA CUEVA FALLS.*

"The camera was more than 1000 feet above the creek . . . and not less than a quarter of a mile from the principal fall. . The total fall pictured is about 800 feet."

sizes and colors look curiously at him from the rocks, and dart silently away at first suspicion of danger. Cicadas join their dry, penetrating notes to the whistling of the winds, which bear to the distended nostrils of the climber the fragrance of the artemisia.

In the course of our first day's explorations, we succeeded in reaching the basin at the foot of the principal fall of the "La Cueva" series. The cliffs form a wall around it about 150 feet in diameter — complete, except the narrow passage where the water escapes to make its next headlong leap. Three hundred feet above this basin, the water, plunging over the cliffs, sparkles brilliantly in the noonday sun. A cool, spray-laden breeze descends with the water, compelling the trees in the mouth of the gorge to put out all their branches to leeward. Can you imagine a more tempting resting place than by the edge of this rippling pool, singing its endless welcome to tumbling waters?

L. A. Eng. Co.

BIGHORN PEAK, AND THE SUMMIT OF SAN JACINTO (IN JUNE).

Four days we explored cañons similar to this one—each rocky and wild beyond description, each abounding in shaded pools of crystal water, and noisy cascades, and each effectually blocking the climber at last with a

THE SUMMIT OF SAN JACINTO.
From Prospect Peak (8,000 feet).

L. A. Eng. Co.

series of great waterfalls. That which has been pictured and a little described, is typical of all of the approaches from the San Gorgonio Pass. For the first few miles the ascent, though extremely difficult, is less

arduous in the cañons than on the slopes of the peaks which separate them. Whether one advances in Falls Creek Cañon, or in the cañons of Snow Creek and its several forks, one comes sooner or later to an impas-

L. A. Eng. Co. *DETAIL OF "BROKEN-CHAIN FALL."*
East Fork of Snow Creek.

sable series of waterfalls. Thence to the higher altitudes one's course will be, now less difficult on the slopes, now again in the cañons. The highest point is inaccessible by any of these avenues; and the more ambitious climber not content to employ his time in close companionship

with the beauties of the lower altitudes, will have to take a very circuitous route if he makes the ascent from the north.

One day, while ascending the middle fork of Snow Creek, we came upon a barrier at the converging point of four especially precipitous cañons. A great boulder choked up the entire space between the walls, and divided the creek into two waterfalls, which met again in an emerald pool beneath it. We were compelled to turn back here, having traveled only about two miles in six hours. Once, being blocked on the mountain side, we descended a convenient tree to the cañon again. In another place we slid twenty feet over a smooth, sloping ledge, checking and changing our course to avoid a plunge into a deep, churning pool, by grasping an overhanging branch midway the slide.

L. A. Eng. Co. "THE NEEDLES."

Another day we pushed our way up the East Fork of Snow Creek to the snow. The manzanita and other brush, half dead, half alive, all abattis-like, obstinate and unyielding, increased the difficulties of climbing; so that though we started at sunrise, it was two o'clock when we reached our destination. As we gained the saddleback of the last ridge which lay in our course, the snow-filled cañon was in full view. The mercury stood at 98°. We had been climbing—nay, "shinning" is a better word—for eight hours; but who could yield at such a time to a sense of fatigue? We pushed on at once to the great drift, and a few minutes later we entered the tunnel worn under it by the stream. Twenty feet of dripping snow was over our heads, the air about us was near the freezing point, and we drank flowing ice water from the creek. The tunnel was in most places about ten feet high and fifteen feet wide. The eye could not very far penetrate its darkness.

We were at the base of one of those long columns of snow, stretching

for miles down from the summit, which appear as broad, white lines in the distance. The barometer indicated 5450 feet — only half-way to the summit vertically measured; a very low altitude for everlasting snow, as this is said to be, in a semi-tropical country. The cañon extends, however, in a line at right angles to the course of the sun, and its high walls shade some part of the snow nearly all day.

We ascended along the icy pathway a thousand feet or so, to a waterfall mysteriously appearing from the snow above — immediately lost to view in that below. From the cañon walls, which stood about one hundred and fifty feet apart, the snow was melted away a few feet. We crept carefully to the edge of this crevice between granite and snow, and looked down into the darkness below. We could only guess at the depth of the snow. It would average perhaps fifty feet; in many places

L. A. Eng. Co. ONE OF THE SNOW-STREAMS.
"The base of one of these long columns of snow, stretching for miles down from the summit."
The arch under the snow (the black spot in the central foreground) is 10 feet high.

it was doubtless a hundred feet deep. It was a place to resume the reflections suggested by the boulder-field at the foot of the mountain. Below were the silent evidences of work done in forgotten ages; here the same forces were at work, though feebly. Fresh traces of the winter's devastation of snow slides and rolling boulders on the slopes, rocks weighing a ton lightly carried on the snow, others freshly broken, as if by dynamite, tumbled in great heaps in the bed of the creek—here were object-lessons in the making of mountains not readily forgotten.

From a commanding point near the snow half-way up the mountain, we see, as from an upper balcony, the cañon whose creek is fed by the snow we have just left. The Pass far below is painted with waving white lines traced by springtime rivers. The San Bernardino range beyond has grown higher as we have ascended — yet over its crest we view the dead yellow-white of the Mojave desert. The spurs of San Jacinto,

escaping our attention at first, are now shrunken from their grand proportions to mere knolls. The slopes above them which from late conflict we know to be steep and rocky, look flat and smooth. Near the base of the mountains they are almost destitute of vegetation. Farther up, the brush becomes thicker and higher, until in the altitudes about us it is almost impenetrable.

Turning from this vast prospect below, we see about us the granite-cragged peaks seeming to rise almost vertically. A little higher the gray granite is darkened by the sombre foliage of the pine forests. Above all, the bare ledges and the snow-streaked summit — their challenge still before us.

Not the least of the beauties of the mountain are those of the timbered slopes. It required the greater part of a day to reach the dignified pines at the northwest of the summit, and we camped for the night in their midst. It would here be first observed by those familiar only with Eastern forests, that the trees stand far apart, grove-like, affording long vistas, broken here and there by rocky hills. There is no undergrowth; but for the carpet of brown needles, the great pine cones and dead trees and branches scattered about, the ground would be quite bare. But there is many a little babbling brook, lined with flowers and mosses and shrubs of rare beauty and freshness, and now and then one comes upon a little dell of ferns and plants of the richest and brightest green—all the more beautiful because the light of the semi-tropic sun is sifted and softened in the dark green trees above. We have the soft green of the ferns, in place of the white glare of the granite crags; a babbling brook instead of a roaring cascade; sweet fragrance of honeysuckles replacing the penetrating odors of the sage; the vistas of pine against the great mass of the mountain.

Overpowering as was my first impression of the mountain as viewed from the Pass, the immensity of its masses had grown steadily as we ascended to the higher altitudes. At these high observation points the vast area of the peaks and cañons which had previously come under observation receded to its proper place in my idea of San Jacinto as a mere fraction of his great whole; and San Jacinto himself, even though my conception of his grandeur had been thus augmented, seemed a slight fragment of the far-reaching mountain landscape spread before us when we were 8,000 feet up his rugged slopes. Mountains which lie close to the Arizona line at the one extreme — the fogs hanging over the Pacific at the other, and, between, the vast regiments of blue peaks fading from their own azure to that of the sky — broad deserts and white valleys dotted here and there with the dark green of the scattered towns.

Eventually, however, even this enlarged conception proves insufficient to fill the mind, which strives to conceive of California as a whole. It will be remembered that within her borders there are no less than forty-five peaks with an altitude of 10,000 feet or more. Only three of these, San Antonio, Greyback and San Jacinto, were in the scope of our vision. But they were enough.

Riverside, Cal.

L. A. Eng. Co. By Percy S. Cox, Escondido, Cal.

SOUTHWESTERN TYPES.—A STREET ARAB.

THE PEPPER TREE.

BY JULIA BOYNTON GREEN.

I was a mermaid once, and otherwhere.
Have you divined it in the winter rain
With all my branches in the gale astrain
And blown to utmost length my sea-green hair?

Great Neptune, vexed—let me forget the ground!—
Devised my exile, drave me shingle-ward;
And here I fled, irked by the rosy hoard
Of corals wherewithal my braids were bound.

Los Angeles, Cal.

OLD LOS ANGELES AND THE PLAZA.

BY MARY M. BOWMAN.

TO many, even at home, it may be news that the present plaza of the city of Los Angeles is not the original plaza of the pueblo founded in 1781 by the humble and much mixed colonists who came up from Sonora to carry out the plan of the governor. It lies next the ground first chosen and used for the royal square, and has itself been used for some sixty years, so that it is really entitled to that full respect which is due the *Plaza Real* of every Spanish-American town as the geographical center, and the head and heart of the religion, politics and history of the community. As Prof. J. M. Guinn has well said:*

"Neither chance nor accident entered into the selection of the site, the plan or the name of Los Angeles. All these had been determined upon years before a colonist had been enlisted to make the settlement. . . . . The Spanish *poblador* (colonist) went where he was sent. He built his pueblo after a plan designated by royal *reglamento* and decreed by the laws of the Indies. . . . . The size of his fields and the shape of his house lot were fixed by royal decree.

The pueblo plan of colonization . . . was older even than Spain herself. . . The common square in the center of the town, the house lots grouped around it, the arable fields and the common pasture lands beyond, appear in the Aryan village, in the ancient German mark and in the old Roman præsidium. . . . This form of colonization was a combination of commercial interests and individual ownership. Primarily, no doubt, it was adopted for protection against the hostile natives, and, secondly, for social advantage. It reversed the order of our own Western colonization. The town came first, it was the initial point from which the settlement radiated; while with our pioneers the town was an afterthought—a center for the convenience of trade."

When Don Felipe de Neve, governor of the Californias, decided to establish two pueblos in the most fertile portions of his province, he made a wise selection of sites—one on the Rio de Guadalupe in the north; another on the Rio de Porciuncula in the south. The former pueblo was founded November 29th, 1777, three-fourths of a league southeast of the Santa Clara Mission, with nine soldiers from Monterey, and fourteen other persons and their families, a total of sixty-six colo-

Publications of the Historical Society of Southern California.

nists. It was christened San José de Guadalupe, but with the change of the name of the river to San Joaquin, it lost half its own, and is known now as San José.

Governor Neve directed his lieutenant, Capt. Rivera y Moncada, to proceed to Sinaloa and Sonora in the lower country, to recruit soldiers and colonists for the Missions to be founded on the channel, (Santa Barbara and San Buenaventura) and the southern pueblo on the Porciuncula. After considerable difficulty in obtaining recruits willing to venture into an unknown region, the expedition left Loreto, (Lower California) March, 1781, with little more than half of the appointed number of settlers, and arrived at San Gabriel the 18th of August. Governor Neve issued instructions for founding the Pueblo de Nuestra Señora, La Reina de Los Angeles, on the 26th of the same month.

Union Eng. Co. THE PLAZA, LOS ANGELES. Photo. by Pierce.

According to these instructions a spot was selected to dam the river, and the dam was built (near where the Buena Vista street bridge now is). A ditch was made to irrigate as much land as possible; the pueblo site was chosen within sight of the fields but on higher ground; and here the plaza was the starting-point. Says Prof. Guinn [*ibid*]:

The old plaza . . . was a parallelogram 100 varas* in length by 75 in breadth. It was laid out with its corners facing the cardinal points of the compass, and with its streets running at right angles to each of its four sides, so that no street would be swept by the wind. Two streets, each 10 varas wide, opened out on the longer sides, and three on each of the shorter sides. Upon three sides of the plaza were the house lots, 20 x 40 varas each, fronting on the square. One-half the remaining side was reserved for a guard-house, a town-house and a public granary. . . . Around the embryo town, a few years later, was built an adobe wall—not so much, perhaps, for protection from foreign invasion as from domestic intrusion. It was easier to wall in the town than to fence the cattle and the goats that pastured outside.

The area of a pueblo, under Spanish rule, was four square leagues, or about 17,770 acres. The pueblo lands were divided into *solares* (house lots), *suertes* (fields for planting), *dehesas* (outside pasture lands), *ejidos* (commons), *propios* (lands rented or leased), *realengas* (royal lands)."

*Spanish yards. The vara is 33 inches.

Each man drew by lot two *suertes** or planting-fields. These were 200 varas square. The colonists numbered 44 (not 46 as is often stated). Nine of these were heads of families; and each paterfamilias had been furnished, at the expense of the royal treasury, with a pair each of oxen, mules, mares, sheep, goats and cows, one calf, one ass, one horse, and the necessary branding-irons. To the colony were also furnished the tools for cart-making.

Within a year the founders had replaced their first *jacales* (huts of chinked palisade) with comfortable adobe houses roofed with *brea*, hauled in carts of their own construction from the spring west of town. The first church—a mere chapel 25 x 30 feet—was begun in 1784, and finished in five years. A Franciscan friar from San Gabriel came to say mass on Sundays and holidays. It stood between Buena Vista and New High streets, fronting on the old plaza. The present church was begun in 1814, and finished in 1822. It was enlarged and restored in 1862 under the pastorate of Father Blas Raho.

September 14, 1781, the plaza was solemnly dedicated with mass by a fraile from San Gabriel; with salvos of musketry; and with a procession which circled the plaza, bearing a cross, the standard of Spain and the image of Our Lady. The plaza and the *solares* were blessed, and it is said that Governor Neve made a speech—the first in Los Angeles.†

Time and the changes of latter years have obliterated most of the original boundaries, though the outlines of the old first church can still be traced. As to the exact location of the first plaza, Prof. Guinn says:

"Its southeast corner would coincide with what is now the northeast corner of Marchessault and upper-Main streets. From the northeast corner of these streets, draw a line northwest one hundred varas (275 feet)—this line would continue the easterly line of the old plaza. On this construct a parallelogram with its opposite or westerly side one hundred varas in length and its northerly and southerly sides one hundred varas each.

The principal church of a Spanish-American town must front on the plaza; and the building of the second church of Our Lady in a more favorable site is undoubtedly what led to the abandonment of the old plaza and the adoption of the present one. The latter was dedicated as *the* Plaza about 1835, though it had been to all intents of public use the plaza, ever since the completion of the church in 1822. Los Angeles ceased to be a pueblo and became a city May 23, 1835.

The city has ranged in official size from over 100 square miles to the present 28 (four square Spanish leagues); but the plaza has not varied under the new régime. In 1868 a lease by the city gave the Los Angeles Water Company ten inches of water from the river at a rental of $1500 per annum; but within the year allowed an annual rebate of $1100 on condition that the company maintain grass and trees in the plaza, and erect a monument there. The monument has thus far failed to materialize; but the other conditions have been carried out. The four great rubber trees, the enormous camphor tree, and the many other

* Really a nickname. Suerte is the Spanish word for "chance," or "drawing by lot."

† Guinn, *ibid.*

Union Eng. Co. THE PLAZA IN 1892 Photo. by Pierce.

shrubs and plants, make the little park a pleasure to the eye of every passer, and fitly brighten the historic spot about which the romance of old Los Angeles clusters.

Los Angeles, Cal.

IN EXILE.

Northward, a white cliff falling down,
Touches the shore's soft shining brown,
Up whose vain slope, in moon-set rhyme,
The clamoring tides forever climb.

Southward, a point far out to sea
Curves a warm shoulder, tenderly ;
And little waves run laughing in
For shelter when the winds begin.

Comely dividing land from land,
Slender the eucalypti stand ;
As virgin ladies, shy and straight,
Unite them in a lone estate.

Fronting the ocean's sapphire swell,
Uplifts the mountain's parallel,
Where daily gold and morning mist
Fuse slowly into amethyst.

* * * * * *

Remembering (to bear to be
So comforted apart from thee !)
O sea, and sky, and shore, refrain—
Or break this aching heart again !

Santa Barbara.

THE WIND AND THE HOLLY-TREE.

BY BLANCHE TRASK.

The wind came singing, singing,
  Through all the holly-tree;
I listened, and I listened—
  'Twas an old song to me.

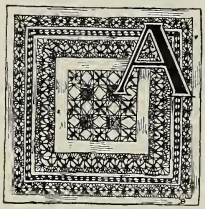
So long ago I heard it
  Upon a winter's night
When the snow was heaped,
  And the moon was bright.

I did not think to hear it,
  In this summer land—
I listened, and I listened,
  Tears fell upon my hand.

Avalon, Catalina Island, Cal.

THE COAHUIA FOOD-GETTER.

BY DAVID P. BARROWS.



A FEW months ago I sat one evening in the Coahuia valley and watched an old Indian woman prepare her evening meal. Between her knees, as she sat on the ground, she held her basket-mortar, and with the heavy pestle, used with both hands, she ground to a beautiful fineness her wheat and *chia* seed. Occasionally she threw in a handful of grain and a little additional *chia*; and at last, to reduce it very fine, a few spoonsful of iron-pyrites picked by her patient fingers out of the sandy creek bottom.

Her head was covered with a conical basket-hat or *yumu-wal*, and her grizzled hair, abundant as when she was a maiden, waved about her neck in the soft evening breeze. Her wide chin was tatooed with pretty, wavy lines running downward from the lower lip; a design drawn first with charcoal paint and then pricked in forever with a cactus thorn.

Between the pauses in her work she laughed and chatted with cheery good nature, and stirred a mess of wild elderberries stewing in an earthen *olla* over the fire.

Against the background of the brush *jacal* that contained her belongings, her bed, and her supply of food, she formed a perfect picture of the comfortable side of savage life that is half indolence, half industry.

The dark mountains about her, the rocky little valley in which was her home, the white, arid desert below, had afforded her all her living. She had but to throw her great packing basket over her back and explore cañon or plain to return with it full.

Here among these Indians, as almost everywhere in savage life, woman is the industrial member of the household, the manufacturer and the food-getter.

Early in the morning, as the first rays of sunshine strike the pines on the top of Coahuia mountain, little wreaths of smoke begin to ascend from the silent *jacales;* and a woman with a great earthen *olla* on her back comes noiselessly down the hill to the rock-walled spring for water. And from another lowly home an old woman starts out over the brushy hills followed closely by a big, gaunt dog. She has gone to gather a breakfast for her family, and in an hour or two she comes back over the dim trail with her basket full. Perhaps she has found a mess of elderberries which will make a sweet sauce ; or a lot of green, sticky pods from the dry stalk of the yucca palm to be roasted among the coals. Or perhaps she has taken with her her *yi-kow-a-pic* or seed fan, woven of willow wands and rawhide and shaped like a light tennis racket, and with this has beaten her basket full of seeds, *sámat* (*chia*) or *á-sil* or *ák-lo-kal*, beautiful masses of brown, red or grey, nutritive beyond belief, and easily ground and sifted into a fine meal.

Union Eng. Co. *A COAHUIA THRESHING.* Photo. by D. P. Barrows.

Whatever season it is, she never returns empty handed. Her patient search, her knowledge of every plant and its locality reward her with abundant food.

In that hard and trying country about the desert, everything that purposes to survive must be adapted for abundant reproduction. Every plant literally runs to seed. We find no luscious fruits, pulpy, juicy masses of sweetness, but only little withered bags of skin, filled with quantities of seeds, hanging from some dry and leafless stalk ; or huge, disproportionate pits, surrounded by juiceless pulp. But the Coahuia food-getter is unbaffled. She beats the seeds from the stony fruits and pounds them up into flour. She casts aside the deceitful pulp of the wild plum and cherry and saves the pit. This she grinds in her wonderful mill ; and if it is bitter and unpalatable, she drains away its bitterness with water. For this purpose she has ready a wide willow basket filled with sand, smoothed into a concave surface. On this the meal is

piled and the water is poured through. Sometimes a hole, scooped in a sand-bed on the creek bottom, suffices.

Acorns from many different species of oaks are sweetened in this way.

These products were not made for food. Many are to the taste so harsh as to taint the flesh of the birds that feed upon them. But the cunning of savage woman has evercome Nature's niggardliness.

The pine cones, too, yield their oily nuts. At Santa Rosa village, high among the pines on Torres mountain, a great harvest of these can be gathered.

But the foods that come from the desert fairly amaze us. The characteristic plants of the sandy Southwest are the mesquite and the mescal.

The mesquite has at least two bean-bearing varieties, the algaroba or honey mesquite and the screwbean.

Union Eng. Co. COAHUIAS WINNOWING WHEAT. Photo by Herve Friend.

The mesquite sometimes grows to the height of a tree, and from its prickly branches centals of pods can be gathered. The white expanse of Coyote cañon is dotted with trees bearing food for an army. The beans are dried and then pounded into flour.

But the mescal is the wonder of the desert. It first appears above the sand as a round "cabbage head" of succulent layers; it finally shoots up a stalk, sappy with sugared juice, and from this stalk break out clusters of gorgeous, yellow blossoms. Every part of this wonderful plant yields food. The cabbage head and stalks are roasted in a pit of hot stones and will then keep for a year or two; dark pieces of sweet, fibrous food. The blossoms are picked when in full bloom, are boiled and dried and kept for future use. The fibres beaten from the spines are woven into twenty useful articles, ropes, cordage, brooms, sandals, and saddle mats. From the sugary head may be distilled a fiery brandy, and fermented a wine, the *mescal* and *pulque* of Mexico,

Union Eng. Co. GRINDING ON THE METATE. Photo by D. P. Barrows.

And so it is a wonderful thing to see how all independent of civilized wants is savage man. Nature forbidding and untilled is made to give him all he needs.

Over these dark, volcanic mountains roam prospectors, the much

Union Eng. Co. GATHERING SEEDS. Photo. by D. P. Barrows.

slandered "grub-stakers" of the Great American Desert. Their fare is bacon, beans and coffee, uninterruptedly day after day. Had they but the patience and wisdom of the Coahuia, whose hunting grounds they have invaded, they might occasionally vary that dreadful fare with a mess of sweet sauce or a head of *mescal.*

An *atole* of mesquite bean or plum-pit meal would be a not indifferent dish.

One thing, however, the prospector has been wise enough to borrow from the Indian, and that is *chia.* A handful of this seed mixed with a little bag of parched, pounded wheat and a spoonful of sugar makes *pinole,* the best companion that desert traveler ever had. A pinch of *pinole* will sweeten a cupful of hot alkali water and nourish better than gruel.

The desert, however, with all its haunting, mysterious charm and its delusive veins of gold is not the place for the white man. God made it for the Apache and the Shoshone.

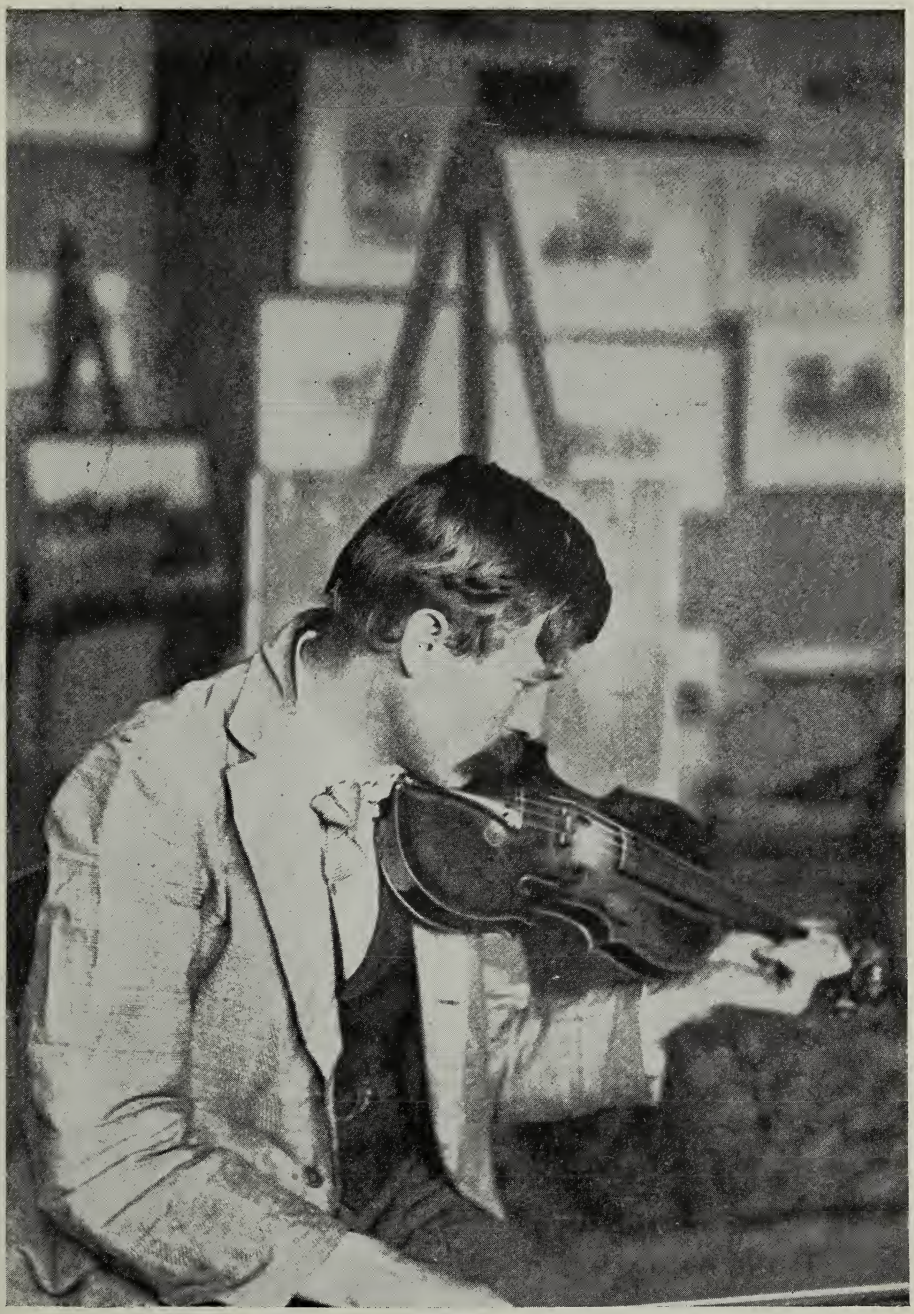
Columbia College, N.Y.

WACHTEL AND HIS WORK.

OF not an imposing, yet always an interesting, figure among Southwestern artists is Elmer Wachtel, of Los Angeles. Without the creative vigor of some of his contemporaries, he shows, more than most, that certain touch which depends upon the intimate artistic temperament. That "feeling" is part not only of his work but of himself. In his chosen line he works, to an unusual degree, "with expression." He is also that somewhat rare growth, a modest painter; an artist who does not get intoxicated with self.

The individuality of the artist determines the word which nature will speak through him. Not only in his choice of subject, but in his own peculiar way of seeing the subject, is the individuality distinguished. A superficial observer is apt to think that one view must be right, and that all other views are more or less failures to come up to a standard. There could be no greater mistake. For nature is infinite as the variety of men's minds, and he who paints in sincerity must of necessity give us something that no other could give. Only when a painter neglects nature in the effort to imitate some other man's work—to follow a convention with which he thinks the public is pleased—or, on the other hand, to invent something as startling as somebody else has produced—then will his art ring false.

There are aspects of the California landscape which find a sensitive interpreter in Mr. Wachtel. His range of subject is not wide; to him, practically, landscape is the only art, and he throws himself into it with a whole-hearted enthusiasm. Within this limit, he allows himself the greatest variety. Upon the walls of his studio we see the "dry wash" of Southern California, with its hot sand and gray and rust-colored



L. A. Eng. Co. *THE PORTRAIT OF AN ARTIST.* Photo. by T. H. Palache, San Francisco.

(Elmer Wachtel.)

L. A. Eng. Co. *ON THE SANTA BARBARA COAST.* Painted by Elmer Wachtel.

weeds; an autumn sky, exquisite in the drawing and movement of broken and flying cloud-forms; a gray day near the coast, with pale sand-dunes and sombre trees; the brown slope of a hill, subtly modeled against a purple distance and warm twilight sky; or a venerable Mission warm with the benediction of the setting sun.

His favorite medium appears to be water-color — perhaps for its quick and intimate adaptability to the rendering of impressions — somewhat like his favorite musical instrument, the violin. Although somewhat impatient of the heavier medium of oil, Mr. Wachtel has painted some canvases which are strong in handling and both frank and agreeable in color. For instance, his cliffs at San Juan. Another marine, a lovely bit of twilight sea, with the curled gray-white crest of the breaker just

L. A. Eng. Co. *A CHINESE GARDENER'S HOVEL.* Water-color by Elmer Wachtel

falling along the shore, is fine in sentiment. Mr. Wachtel's treatment of the ocean is excellent. No carved waves and cauliflower foam disfigure his canvas. The strength and swing of heavy moving water—the silken surface of the tide with its many reflections — the melting of the foam upon the sand — all are expressed with a freedom that proves an intimate love of the sea.

Mr. Wachtel was born in Baltimore in 1863, and rounded his first twelve years there. His first stage westward was to Harper's Ferry, his second to Illinois; and finally in 1883 he came to Los Angeles. His first bent was musical, and ever since he came to California he has studied the violin seriously, and to good purpose. His unusual proficiency with this instrument brought him in 1887 into companionship with a little

L. A. Eng. Co JUST BELOW THE FOOTHILLS. Painting by Elmer Wachtel.

circle of artists then organizing an evening life-class; and these associations unconsciously led to his adoption of the brush. Growing in enthusiasm, he continued the study of landscape in black and white for a couple of years; and then entered upon a season of hard work in the Art Students' League, New York. After his return to Los Angeles he opened a studio; and since then has studied the landscape of Southern California earnestly and effectively, besides spending a summer in and about San Francisco. His first illustrative work was for the now defunct *Californian*, by far the handsomest magazine that had ever been published on the Coast. He has exhibited in the New York Water Color Society, the San Francisco Art Association, and the Midwinter Fair; and his paintings are valued by a growing public. His pen-and-ink work is pleasantly familiar to readers of this magazine — particularly in the department heads, which have attracted wide attention.

A Hedge of La France Roses.

BY NANCY K. FOSTER.

Roses of France, how beautiful you are!
Warm is your color as the glowing cheeks
Of my belovéd. Vainly would I seek
'Mongst India's webs your texture to compare.
Opulent hearts, large, generous and rare —
Radiant La France! — not fragile, slender, sleek
As Gold of Ophir or Safrano meek —
Perchance of long ago Love's chosen flower!
Gazing on you, old days of war and might,
Of prowess, chivalry in sunny France,
Of Courts of Love, gay tournament and dance
Return once more. Chansons and virelay
To lady sung by troubadour or knight,
Are in your honied scent breathed forth alway!

Los Angeles, Cal.

THE FOUNDERS OF LOS ANGELES.

AS to the little band of colonists who founded the town of Our Lady of the Angels, it was a motley assortment in blood and nationality. The Spanish-speaking Angeleños of today trace their ancestry not to these, but to the highbred Castilians and Mexicans who came later; otherwise they would not be so justly proud of their lineage. The names recorded in the old annals are as follows:

José de Lara, 50 years old, Indian wife and three children.
José Antonio Navarro, mestizo, 40 years, mulatto wife and six children.
Antonio Mesa, negro, 38, mulatto wife and two children.
Antonio Villacencio, Spaniard, 30 years, Indian wife and one child.
José Vanegas, Indian, 28 years, Indian wife and one child.
Alejandro Rosas, Indian, 19 years, coyote [Indian half-breed] wife.
Pablo Rodriguez, Indian, 25 years, Indian wife, one child.
Manuel Camero, mulatto and mulatto wife.
Luis Quintero, negro, 55 years, wife and five children.
José Moreno and wife, both mulattos.
Antonio Mirando, *chino*, 50 years, one child.

The last named was not a Chinaman, as is often stated, but probably the offspring of an Indian mother and a father of mixed Spanish and negro blood.

THE NAME OF THE CITY.

Concerning the name of the pueblo and river, Rev. Joachim Adam, V.G., in a paper read before the Historical Society of Southern California several years ago, said: "The name Los Angeles is probably derived from the fact that the expedition by land, in search of the harbor of Monterey, passed through this place on the 2nd of August, 1769, a day when the Franciscan missionaries celebrate the feast of Nuestra Señora de Los Angeles—Our Lady of the Angels. This expedition by land left San Diego July 14, 1769, and reached here on the first of August, when they killed for the first time some *berrendos* or antelope. On the second, they saw a large stream with much good land which they called Porziuncula, on account of commencing on that day the jubilee called Porziuncula, granted to St. Francis while praying in the little church of Our Lady of the Angels, near Assisi, in Italy, commonly called Della Porziuncula from a hamlet of that name near by."

L. A Eng Co.

ON THE ALPINE DIVISION, MT. LOWE RY.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena

THE MADNESS OF THE RECTOR.

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING.

POSSIBLY if any other room in the house had been given him, it might have been averted. The rooms on the south and west looked upon the lawn and the sweep of shaded avenue. Mrs. Vandyne and Miss Vandyne kept the shades drawn there to shut out the intrusive California sunlight. Gertrude's room looked only into the rose garden, a step away. But the Rector's looked straight up the arroyo valley to the mountains beyond, across an intervening stretch of white and green. Over that white and green the sun went smiting daily, and first it struck in snow and flame and then it went, purple and gray, up to the silver chaparral of the hills. Then when the sun had finished in gold, the moon began all over again in silver.

Day by day and night after night it lay before him—that sea of lilies; and he was fresh from sights and sounds of an Eastern city. When that East sent its favorite young apostle, immaculate of life, impeccable of doctrine, irreproachable of character, and broken in body and nerve, to the kindlier climate, the East felt that it did a magnanimously handsome thing by the West. Young in years, he had already plucked the honors, collegiate, social, ecclesiastic; withheld on the threshold of celibate priesthood only by an insufficiency of lung remaining to pronounce new vows.

"He will die a bishop," was the fond prediction of many, "unless he dies before."

Mile after mile across the plains and prairies, he leaned a pallid brow from the car window and drank the West like wine. Then, while the bright rainless or rainy sun-shot days of a brief winter fled past, he inhaled the mesa and the mountains, and that strong vintage went to his head. They should have known better than to set that view before him.

An old restlessness attacked him. He got back his collegiate skill in making a soft exit from a window; and, night after night on the mesa, his boy love for a green pillow. An ecclesiastical silence guarded these re-acquisitions. But nothing could hide the new color of his cheek. It was deep with a second tint now, this Easter morning, as from the piazza below he caught the voice which, harmonizing admirably with the pitch of New York, formed here an insistent discord, and which one of those happy chances, accountable for so much in life, had brought here contemporaneously with its beloved rector.

"Yes, he looks like another being," said the voice with a parasol over it. "We shall all be returning to civilization soon. I did hope it would be in time for today. Nothing is like one's own parish on Easter; and if *we* feel it, how much more must the dear Rector. Fancy, Emily, here they use bread for the wafer at the Sacrament."

A deep sigh, penetrating dimly through the environment of shawls, dark glasses and sunshades, in which the newly-arrived was taking her

California discreetly, was cut short by a sharper breeze, betokening the east wind of Boston.

"You may take that tone if you like, Clara, but the Rubric says distinctly *bread*, and nothing would induce me to let one of those wafers pass my lips."

"But, Aunt Sophronia, *nobody* uses bread nowadays, not even the dear Bishop himself; it is utterly out of date. Speaking of dates—you should see the cottas, Emily, at least six inches too long! And nobody crossing at the Name! I must say I feel for the dear Rector — everything was so perfect at St. Mary's. Of course, as a visitor, he can do nothing—*except endure*. And of course we must remember that *all* service is pleasing to Him." A soft sigh showed that she felt for Him no less than for the Rector.

The rector's hand made a motion to close the window, and remained poised—the white field before him held his vision. Last night it was silver—now it held the sifted gold of the air.

"Not a particle of Lenten mourning," mourned the soft voice below. "We, of course, wore the usual white and black — *all* black on Good Friday — you know how consistent the dear Rector has always been in those matters — and there were scarcely six people who spent the day in the church. Dear Miss Armstrong, how troublesome your cough is."

"I was not coughing," said Gertrude.

That light step on the stairs *was* hers, then.

"You are going for a walk, I see?" The voice swept a practiced and audible glance over every detail of the figure it addressed. "We shall not see you at church — you are not tempted by the music — the associations of the day?"

"Not in the least, thank you; not even by the bonnets."

"Oh, we know you are superior to all those feminine temptations. And you really go this afternoon—you do not mind traveling on Easter?"

"I do not mind it at all, thank you."

"You are superior to all our superstitions; but I suppose we see you at dinner?"

"Yes; that is a temptation to which I am not superior."

"At least it will be an Easter dinner — lamb and green peas; fancy, Emily, that good Mrs. Dandridge was going to give us a chicken dinner!"

A groan eloquently responded.

A slight, wide-hatted figure in gray walked leisurely across the Rector's white field of vision.

"*Quite* without antecedents," followed in soft accents, "so far as I can learn. A Mission teacher in some unheard-of little village—Mexican or Indian. Father was a carpenter, I believe. As for religion, she has none, as you see. It must be time to get ready, Louise — one never knows whether a new costume is exactly right, and I like to be in time to prepare my mind for the service on such days."

The rector remained standing in the middle of his room while the rustle of moving skirts passed the door. He paced the floor two or three times with a quick, nervous step, stopping with outstretched hand before

the table on which lay his gloves and Book of Prayer, and as often withdrawing it after a glance at the flashing landscape. Suddenly with an impetuous movement he drew down the shade.

Half an hour later when he came down stairs at last, his face above the immaculate broadcloth was a trifle pale, but he held his gloves and book tightly in one slender hand.

An apparition, springlike in hues and flowered lace, greeted him at the door ; it, too, held a prayer book in its correct pale-grey kid hand.

"Already on your way, dear Mr. Wyeth — and walking? How consistent you are ; an example to us all. We shall not be many minutes behind. Ah, if it were only our own dear St. Mary's!"

The rector bowed mechanically and made a step, but two formidable silk sleeves barred the way.

"Pardon me, Mr. Wyeth, but you will be able to tell me — what was decided in the matter of bread or wafers for the Sacrament today? I ask, because if it is bread, I go ; if wafers, I stay. It is a matter of principle with me."

"There will be both bread and wafers," said the rector.

He bowed again, and passed with a hurried step down the rose walk and out into the road. There in the shelter of the lime hedge he halted a moment, breathing quickly and with hunted eyes.

Up the pepper-shaded avenue to the left towered the golden cross of All Souls. The rector stood looking at it. Then an extraordinary thing happened. Clutching his prayer book firmly, the rector turned and fled in the opposite direction.

Three minutes dropped the veil of pepper boughs behind him ; five built up a barrier of cedars ; ten sufficed to lay a field of emerald barley over his footsteps ; and fifteen severed them completely with the arroyo gorge, in which a slender stream wiped out the last trail. Just as the bells of All Souls rang out the Easter peal—

"He is risen! He is risen! Tell it with a joyful sound!"

the rector of St. Mary's, springing from stone to stone across the narrow waters, emerged upon a second sea, of white and gold, which rolled across the mesa, unbroken acres.

The rector tossed his hat upon the ground, and threw himself down beside it. Prayer book and gloves fell unheeded.

Down came the soft sunlight upon his bared head. He buried his elbow in the short, thin greenness which replaces turf on the borders of the chaparral, and with his cheek almost to the earth, plunged his eye in the sea beyond. Wave after wave it rolled away for acres, till the purple hills checked — some forty-five thousand waves, white in their green leaves, with raised throats and golden tongues — one sea of jubilation.

"He is risen! He is risen!" sounded remotely from the bells of All Souls.

"He is risen! He is risen!" went up from all those golden tongues in the white throats.

"Risen—risen indeed!" echoed the rector, and turning ever so slightly he buried his face in his arms.

The light footfall halting at his side did not lift his head.

"Mr. Wyeth!—is anything wrong? What are you doing here?"

"Considering the lilies," said the rector.

"Mr. Wyeth!—there are three thousand of them on the altar of All Souls — I heard Miss Vandyne say so. Have you considered anything else — as that they are waiting for you?"

"I have been waiting all my life."

"Mr. Wyeth—"

"Sit down, Gertrude."

She sat down quietly, and drawing a tiny watch from her belt laid it face upward at his side.

"At this moment the boys are putting on their surplices — when are you going back?"

"I am not going back."

She waited while you might count a hundred.

"By this time the ladies have all finished their preliminary devotions; the bread and wafers are ready, and in the vestry they are forming the processional."

The rector turned the watch face downwards on the grass.

"All my life, Gertrude, I have dreamed of fields of flowers — fields of buttercups and daisies (I was a New England boy); but roses, that grow all the year round, taller than your head — I never dreamed of those. And calla lilies, thousands upon thousands, and all shouting *Alleluia!*— I never dreamed of those; did you, Gertrude? — you will have dreamed more than I, naturally."

"The processional is over, Mr. Wyeth — it is time for the Absolution and Remission of Sins."

The rector rose to his feet.

"I have done many things that I ought not to have done. I have left undone many things that I ought to have done. There has been no health in me. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon me!" He stretched his arms eloquently to the lily field. "I have lived in slums all my life, O my God," he said.

Presently he turned to her.

"There is a village, Gertrude, between here and San Mateo?"

She motioned to the hills. "San Miguel."

"And there is a house?"

"Rafael's."

"Where one might sleep?"

"I have slept there often."

"Ah — and there is a road beyond — to San Mateo?"

"There is a road beyond."

"And Rafael has a brother, or son, trustable with a line?"

"Juanito."

"And at Mateo, Gertrude, one can find a friend?"

"The place is not large; if one had a friend, one could hardly miss him."

"But there is land there to spare—a patch of ground where one could make flowers grow, and trees — tall trees? I never planted a green tree in all my life, Gertrude. And there would be space for a green lawn where — a child might tumble about?"

"There is space at Mateo for trees and — children."

"And there are people — poor, simple folk who want a brother to help them — who can really be helped?"

"There are such everywhere — and at Mateo."

The meeting fingers trembled closer, and lay still in one another. The bells had stopped ringing.

"He is risen indeed!" said the rector, looking into her eyes.

But Gertrude said not a word.

She went down through the shouting lilies, waist-high. Once only she turned in their midst to look back, and from the silver chaparral a climbing figure waved a dim hand, then faded over the brow of the hill.

"He is risen—risen indeed!" shouted all the lilies all about her.

But down below in the church of All Souls the congregation in its Easter bonnet sat waiting for the rector who never came.

Pasadena, Cal.

DON COYOTE.

BY CHARLES FREDERICK HOLDER.

MY observations of the coyote have been made mainly from the saddle during the excitement of hard runs across country behind the hounds, and as a consequence I have much respect for its cunning, intelligence and fighting qualities.

The coyote, *Canis latrans*, is found all over the Western country; and until the late outrageous laws that put a price upon its head, it was a familiar on hill and mesa; eating a few lambs and turkeys, it is true, but an inveterate enemy to rabbits, ground squirrels and other pests of the farmer.

The coyote is the jackal of America; a lowland wolf; apparently a link between the dogs and the wolves. In unsettled regions it hunts in packs or singly; in the daytime running down the fleet jackrabbit and displaying great cunning in its movements. In the vicinity of towns it hides in the hills during the day, coming out at night and entering the villages, arousing the dogs, and by its strange, almost ventriloquistic, vocal accomplishments conveying the impression that many coyotes, instead of one, are menacing roost and farmyard.

To the lover of cross-country riding, the coyote has a decided value, taking the place in this country of the Eastern fox, and affording fine sport, either with fox- or greyhounds. Here, large greyhounds are used in the hunting, and several fine packs are kept by gentlemen who love this venturesome sport. The Southern California winter is an open season; from December to May it is carpeted with green and overrun with wild flowers; and this is the popular hunting time.

One early morning in February a party of well-mounted ladies and gentlemen might have been seen riding down through the Pasadena suburbs toward the Mission hills. The great peaks of San Antonio, San Bernardino and San Jacinto, white with snow, seemed to hang in the clear air. They were suggestive of winter; but the horses were wading through yellow violets, cream-cups and bluets, while the wild forget-me-not filled the air

Union Eng. Co. DON COYOTE. Photo. by Jackson, Denver

with fragrance and splashed the mesa with mimic fields of snow. The song of innumerable birds was on every side; from down the valley came the soft jangle of mission bells, and a little later the melodious blast of a horn, as the host and his pack came out of a neighboring orange grove.

A few moments in greetings, renewing acquaintance with the dogs, tightening cinches, and the hunt moved away down through a large vineyard toward the hills.

A faint haze clung to the ground, giving every object a slightly exaggerated appearance; and soon, far ahead, could be seen an animal that looked like a gigantic dog. It stood for a minute on a little knoll, eyeing the party curiously, then slunk swiftly away. Like so many arrows the dogs and horses shot ahead amid a wild jangle of bits and spurs and pounding hoofs. The dogs—fine animals in dun, white, black, fawn and tan—stretched out in long lines, moving like machines, at marvelous speed. Out into a ploughed field dashed the hunt, over the ditch, down with a rush and over into a wash, dodging the cactus, and with a wild scramble up the opposite side and away through the luxuriant alfileria.

Don Coyote was settling down to his work. At first he cast several glances over his shoulder to take in the situation, but now he was sweeping on with the speed of the wind; his bushy tail straight out behind, his ears back and his sharp nose cutting the air like a knife.

Silently the pack come on, gaining inch by inch; now widening out; now relieving one another; ever gaining. For the horses the pace was terrific. Not a mile had been covered before the field was well thinned out. A riderless horse was in the fore, and stragglers were everywhere. But directly behind the master of the hounds a little group of riders kept the pace. Now the coyote turns into a vineyard; is flanked by a blue dog and dashes into a forest of mustard, the golden tops of which seem to engulf horses and riders. Out they come in a grand burst, and down a little road to the mesa again. Another horse goes down in the high grass that hides a gully. The coyote is now dashing down into a wash—a last trick; but he has California horses behind him and riders who have forgotten their necks, and over the edge and down the steep incline they rush with an exultant shout, and away with Don Coyote on the smooth, wind-blown mesa not fifty yards ahead. He is discouraged and glances askance at the fates behind. The end is coming. The level country gives the horses fresh courage, and they sweep madly on. Suddenly from out the pack a long-limbed blue dog seems to shoot. The coyote turns for a second, snaps viciously and — is lost, the entire pack upon him.

But the chicken-thief is no craven. He turns on his back and fights with the ferocity of a wolf, biting and snapping, the sharp click! click! of his white teeth sounding ominously. The pack, until now silent, break into a pandemonium of sounds, and the real ferocity of the greyhound is demonstrated. Don Coyote fights well, and goes down only after leaving his mark on every dog. The master of the hounds rushes into the mêlée and saves the game. The run is over, and the brush soon hangs upon the saddle of the first lady in.

Such is the nearest approach to fox hunting to be had in California. The sport with foxhounds is almost as exciting, though the pace is not so rapid. There are no fences to take, but the pace either after coyotes or hares is a race from start to finish, and the country must be taken as one finds it. Eastern hunt clubmen look upon the sport as dangerous for ladies, but in the records of the hunt clubs of the San Gabriel valley there have been few accidents and no tragedies.

Pasadena, Cal

TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS AND OTHER HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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Having secured for a term of years a lease on the buildings and grounds (10 acres) of the Mission San Juan Capistrano, the Landmarks Club is now actively pushing necessary repairs and improvements at that noble ruin. The simplest and most pressing repairs will come first—putting new timbers under the tile roofs which are most broken, re-roofing so much of the corridors as need be to protect adobe walls from the dampness which now attacks their bases, staying the pillars that are ready to fall, and the like.

Miss M. Fannie Wills, whose name is a tower of strength in nearly every philanthropic enterprise in Los Angeles has accepted the chairmanship of the Club committee on membership; and a financial campaign moved by her trained energy is a foreseen success.

The Club is indebted for liberal assistance to very many of the newspapers of Southern California—beginning with the Los Angeles *Times*—and to the San Francisco *Chronicle*, the *Independent* of New York, *The Critic* (N. Y.), the Hartford (Conn.) *Courant*, and other Eastern publications,

Active and effective work for the Club is being done in Pasadena by the Pasadena committee, Miss Dows, Miss Dreer and Mrs B. Marshall Wotkyns, who are organizing an entertainment to be given in the Hotel Green, Pasadena, March 21st, for the benefit of the Club. In that rich and cultured suburban city a handsome result is expected.

The Friday Morning Club of Los Angeles has generously proffered the use of its hall for an evening reception, and promises other courtesies.

Since the February issue of this magazine, the Club has been given an unexpected chance to prove the need of some such organization. Certain Los Angeles city officials having started a movement to confiscate the historic Plaza and cover it with a market building, the Landmarks Club made a vigorous protest and promised to resist such perversion by all legal steps; whereupon the scheme was abandoned.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE.

About 10,000 feet of lumber will be required for the work at San Juan. The Kerckhoff-Cuzner Lumber Co has generously donated 2000 ft., valued at $40; and it is presumed that the other lumber companies will be no less public-spirited when the committee calls upon them.

Previously acknowledged, cash $55.50; services and material, $66.25; total, $121.75. New contributions, cash: A. Schwarzmann (publisher *Puck*, N. Y.), $10; Joseph H. Johnson (Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church for the new diocese of Southern California), $5; A. C. McClurg & Co,, publishers, Chicago, $5; Fred Harkness, $5; Geo. J. Denis, U. S. District Attorney, $5; John Forster, $5; Frank M. Coulter, $5; Geo. W. Marston, San Diego, $5; Jerry Illich, $5; Gen. J. R. Matthews, $2.

$1.00 each: Mary Hallock Foote (author of *The Led Horse Claim*), Grass Valley, Cal.; Wm. Hoyle, El Toro, Cal.; Jas. Connolly, San Diego; John F. Francis; Mrs. John F. Francis; Miss Dominguez; Howard Longley (Pasadena); C. J. Crandall (Pasadena); W. D. Campbell, Miss Maude B. Foster, Miss Nancy K. Foster, Chas. Stockton Knight, J. C. Harvey, E. Nettleton, J. H. Shankland, Frank W, King, J. A. Graves, Emmet Graves, E. A Pardee, Fred Harkness, R. Lacy, Wm. Lacy, Wm. R. Rowland (Puente), Bradner W. Lee, Guy Barham, Chas. B. Pironi, Chas. Ducommun, Henry Van der Leck, J. W. Hudson (Puente), T. L. Duque, Benito Duque, John Foster, Miss Jennie E. Collier (So. Pasadena), Alfred W. H. Peyton, J. M. Shawhan, Henry Troth (Philadelphia), J. K. Skinner, J. D. Hooker. Mrs. J. D. Hooker, Miss Hooker.

Through the Pasadena committe, $1 each: Mrs. John W. Mitchell (Providence, R. I.), Mrs. R. B. Kellogg, Mrs. B. Marshall Wotkyns, Miss Wotkyns, A. E. Norton, Mrs. Edw. Bain (Kenosha, Wis.), Miss C. E, Thomas, Mrs. L. A Nurse, Miss Dows (New York), Mrs. C. F. Holder, Mrs. Seymour Locke, Mrs. W. A. Kimball, Mrs. H. A Dreer, A. N. Dreer.

THE BLOND WIZARD.

BY EVE LUMMIS.

L Guero Shajua!" The Indians of the pueblo of Isleta, N. M., used often to tell me of him — the Yellow-haired Wizard. The freak of blondness is not entirely uncommon among Indians, and real albino types are known in many tribes. There are some light-haired people in Isleta still; but this particular "Guero" lived and died years ago.

He was always to be seen prowling about in "left-hand places;" in a deserted room of some crumbling old adobe, behind a dark, high wall, or in a shadowy alley. It had for so long been accepted as fact that he was a *brujo* that all who met him hurried quickly past, scarce daring to glance at his strange face with its scant yellow whiskers and its crown of unkempt, yellow hair. Many signs had been tried to prove if he really "had the Evil Road," and none had failed to convict him. A housewife seeing him near would snatch two needles and hastily stick them into the door in the shape of a cross; and though he had not seen it, never would he enter so long as it was left there. Dogs howled at night when he approached; the witches could be heard shrieking and crying in the rain, and much harm had they done that year.

One night stalwart young José Felipe rose to get a drink for his ailing wife. What was that noise on the roof by the chimney? He went out to see, and found that it was Guero Shajua making witchcraft there to take away the life of the sick woman! The news was talked of all over the little Indian village the next day; the governor was advised; the Junta was called, and the verdict of one and all was that the wizard must die! So the *alguaciles* seized him, and there in the long, low, windowless Indian prison they set him astride a beam, with his legs crossed through holes under him. So terrible is this mode of punishment — "riding the *caballito*," or little horse, the Indians call it — that the strongest and most unruly man who has ever had a taste of it (except Guero Shajua) has been howling with pain in a very short time. But *he* made no sign of suffering; and they who watched were awed at his silence—until at last he began to *sing!* He sang through the long, quiet days, and until far into the nights, a wierd, strange singing that made all who heard it shudder and cross themselves.

His broken-hearted mother and sisters were allowed to bring him each day his food and drink. His night watchers said that in the dark hours when the witches are abroad they could hear Guero Shajua eating of that which the witches brought him from out the rat-holes in the prison floor.

The end was so slow to come that the Indians were still more convinced that the unfortunate man was a true *shajua*, for no honest person could endure for so many slow weeks to sit in that sunless prison on that dreadful *caballito*, dying indescribably by inches.

But at last death remembered him; and when the inhabitants of the pueblo laid the body of this martyr to superstition away in the ancient *campo santo* amid the bones of his many generations of ancestors, they felt that a curse had been lifted from the town.

Los Angeles, Cal.

TEACHING THE OLD IDEA.

It is certainly not the fault of this young magazine that it has so often to instruct its grandparent in the due art of eviscerating eggs without spoiling their calcareous tegument. It would much rather the Eastern great periodicals and text-books did less perennially blunder—or, if they must trip, that they would correct themselves or one another. But it finds no hope of these things; and the stern sense of duty which it inherits with its Boston vocabulary, and finds unevaporated by any amount of airing between wider horizons, leaves it no alternative. The time has palpably come when it is the inevitable duty of the West to start a kindergarten; and the Tame and Cottony East is the one which needs to go to school.

Now that the West is filling with people as well instructed as those of the East, and much better educated—people who have read as much and seen far more—it cannot decently dodge the responsibility which always goes with the possession of wisdom. It cannot longer ignore that persistent ignorance which was rather pardonable when New England and Virginia were the only civilized portions of the United States, but is now a discredit to our Larger America. The "frontier" genuinely cares for scholarship and truth; and if its old relatives and friends back in New York and Boston really cannot keep their "foremost literary weeklies" and their Millennium Dictionaries of Names and their magazines and text-books and government officials from constitutional blundering through everything so unknowable as half the United States—why, then the frontier will have to help them, that is all.

The time has gone when

"The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read"

could have sole authority. One might not think it, to read Congress and periodical literature; but while both achieve more sound than they used to, one smiles to think how much influence both once had. The time has come when a little more moral sense needs to be inducted to those who make and those who sell literature—both for the profit there is in it. The season is ripe that they learn what common honesty demands—that those who peddle their words shall know what they are talking about. Those who talk without knowing are as sincerely swindlers as the grocer who sands your sugar. In return for your honest coin they sophisticate your understanding.

No publication and no rally of publications could keep up with the pace of the blunders of them; but Western periodicals may as well begin now, patiently and soberly, to educate by littles the only section

left in the United States which is bounded on one side by the books it has been told to read, and on the other by all the things it has never seen. And this small Westerner will do its modest part. If the truant officer isn't enough, it will send the Foolkiller.

BACK FROM THE DEAD.

The Critic has brought Charles Warren Stoddard to life again with apologies for having killed him off. As the LAND OF SUNSHINE was the only magazine in the United States to detect the homicide, so it is glad to be first to acknowledge the atonement. It is grateful when any periodical is not so ridiculous as never to be mistaken, and not so dishonest as to count a blunder well stuck to as good as the truth. So it trusts that Mr. Stoddard would have been allowed to live again, even if he had not been a little too prominent to be kept dead.

ALONE IN ITS GLORY.

The *Overland* is newly occupied in advertising itself as "the only illustrated literary Magazine published west of the Rocky Mountains." Which is a mile too modest. It is the Only Illustrated Literary Magazine published in the World. Of its kind.

It is the only one which was once edited by Bret Harte and is now edited by Rounsevelle Wildman.

IT CUTS BOTH WAYS.

There are unblunted Americans that would hate to move to a country whose aggregate brains and conscience were of no more use than to elect habitually as its president a fool, liar, coward, thief and general scoundrel. There are unblunted Americans who find it perhaps hardly more charming to be citizens of a country which deems it tolerable (and maybe rather humorous) that its president shall be *called* these things.

Mr. Cleveland was not the Lion's candidate ; but the Lion's candidate was not elected President of the United States, and Mr. Cleveland was. He is therefore the Lion's president — and the president of every other American who knows what a country is, or who is fit to have a country. He is the head of a nation, and not of the alternate townships in it. We have not yet precisely devised a mode of government whereby 51 per cent. of the people shall be governed at a time, and the other 49 per cent. go unheaded and anarchic for four years at a run.

If this nation had indeed chosen the worst man in it to be its chief magistrate, we should need less to impeach him than the majority which erected him. But every man who does not proxy his conscience and brains knows that the president is not a scoundrel — and that we have never had a president who was. All the incumbents of that high office have been human. All have had their faults — some, serious ones. But not one has ever been unfit for respect. A far worse man will have to sit in the White House than ever got there yet, before such Americans as sometimes draw a sober breath of thought are likely to forget this thing: The chief magistrate of this republic is a fair sample (at least) of the brains and morals of the majority of its citizens. If he is a scrub, he is the type of sixty million more.

The highest office in the gift of a "sovereign people" may be an

honor or it may not. It all depends on the sort of people. If they are self-respecting enough to respect him whom they have put at their head, the greatest man who ever lived may well be proud to stand there. But if they are of the stripe to tolerate the unspeakable Tillmans, and to blackguard and "Grover" and "Judas" their own executive—why, they deserve to get a president precisely as bad as they may see fit to call whatever one they have.

Every sane man knows that the character of the president has nothing to do with the partisan howl about him. If it were possible to put the Angel Gabriel in the White House, he would be vilified and "sassed" the same. It is all merely a part of that same ghastly flippancy the public prints have taught us in every direction; that lack of respect for others which ends in loss of self-respect. And it is time for Americans who care either for their own manners or for the dignity of the nation to put a stop to this sort of thing.

THE FETICH OF PRINT.

We all know that Indians are superstitious. That is their place. Humanity would be perfect if there were no foreigners; and God has wisely created the Indian to be superstitious, just as he invented the Englishman to be the only man on earth who would take anything if he had a chance, and the Frenchman to be an immoral frog-eater, and the Spaniard to be a cruel exterminator, and the German to be a beer-bibber.

That is, of course, an American God. In England He is the same, with the trifling difference that He lives in Great Britain and rents America. In France He cannot talk English, and is not conscious of the United States except when the sound of the Senate nuisances heaven. And it may be recalled that the Hottentots picture the devil as white.

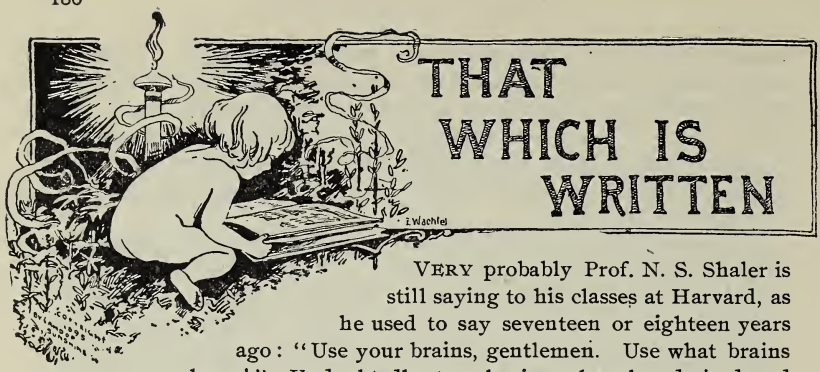
These are the natural amenities of the Brotherhood of Man as she is understood in the year of grace 1896.

How far *we* have graduated from thinking with our memories—which is what superstition means—is clear to every lucid person who knows us. Thirteens, and Fridays, and spilled salt, and opals, and sword-button coats with nicked lapels, and sidesaddles, and all that sort of thing—these are not superstitions but—er—well, they are "notions." And the weight we give to type shows how completely we have outgrown fetichism.

Time was when print meant that someone believed something — and believed it deep enough to go to trouble and expense and out of the fashion. It was from this point the tradition arose. So much of mankind as could read what its exceptional fellow had sworn in black-letter on a white page, respected his zeal if not all his logic.

Fetichism among savages is largely the survival of a husk after the corn is lost. It is the clothing of a symbol with the attributes of the thing symbolized. It is never wholly false in its inception, and never quite truthful in its continuance.

We know nowadays that books are no longer written by necessity. It is become rather hard to hold up one's head in polite society if one have not published a more or less worthless volume. We know that while there are still newspapers which carry the personality of strong men, the Sam Bowles and Horace Greeley type is now very lonesome. And yet it is hard to escape the traditional authority of print. The author of a bad book is more envied in our day than Dante was in his. We can be swung into grave transactions by the printed declaration of a reporter or editor whose vocal word we would not accept as eligible to decide a swap of poodle-dogs. It is true that the honest author or journalist weighs more with us; but when we escape the superstition of print, the other kind of author and journalist will not weigh with us at all. And that time looks to be a long way off.



WHAT THE ANIMALS DID FOR MAN.

VERY probably Prof. N. S. Shaler is still saying to his classes at Harvard, as he used to say seventeen or eighteen years ago: "Use your brains, gentlemen. Use what brains you have!" Undoubtedly, too, he is as keenly admired and loved by his pupils now as he was then. But in that time he has vastly broadened his audience; and besides the few hundred college boys who find him face to face the most interesting of teachers, a very large public has learned to look to him for some of the most lucid, most learnable and most authoritative instruction that is given in our day. For he is a man who uses his own brains—and enables other people to get the good of them too. He is one of the few who give us "popular science" that is really science and really popular.

Even to those who expect most of Prof. Shaler, his latest volume, *Domesticated Animals*, is likely to be a surprise. It is as fascinating as valuable. Not only the domesticated animals—the dog, beasts of burden, the horse and birds — which are in themselves a type of wide human interest, but "their relation to man and to his advancement in civilization" (as the sub-title puts it), are treated in these admirable pages. This deep and suggestive and too seldom realized fact that the animals of his adoption have done as much for man as he has done for them; that his savage first reaching out for their service and companionship was his own first step into many of the varying paths whereby he has come up to civilization —these things have never before been shown so clearly, so charmingly, nor, perhaps, with so full scientific insight. How his brute dependents developed in primitive man the germs of forethought, of care, of sympathy, is no less captivating a line of thought than the commoner and more exploited realization how they enabled him to add war and commerce and exploration to his original narrow program. Suggestive and valuable, too, are Prof. Shaler's foreshadowings of the further material benefits man may get from the domesticated animals by proper breeding to develop certain qualities.

As mere reading, this book is an uncommon pleasure; as a forwarder of knowledge it is of great profit. Handsomely dressed, profusely illustrated, it is in every way a credit to its contents.

Criticism cannot be ungracious to such a book; and indeed its utmost flaw is a very slight one. Prof. Shaler's estimate of the character of the brutes seems sometimes rather selfishly human — in accounting to them for virtues the qualities which make them serviceable to a master. Admitting the intelligence of the cats, for instance, he rather finds them

unadmirable simply because they retain their independence. But if not quite ready to admit that what is noble in a man should hardly be sinful in a quadruped, Prof. Shaler has done more, probably, than any other scientist to prove the humanity of the beasts—as Kipling has done more than any other writer to make it felt. Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y., $2.50.

A NEW SCHOOL OF IMPOSSIBLES.

When Mark Twain sets a character to making a collection of echoes, and all that sort of thing, we are primed to enjoy it. That is what Mr. Clemens is for. He has a special dispensation of Hartford to stand the multiplication-table on its head and make a monkey of gravitation. But he is the only man who has taken out a licence to do these things.

Twain once wrote a story whose complications waxed more frightful with every page. And when one's hair was supremely up-ended and the plot an ineluctable mess, he coolly dropped us with : "Maybe the reader can get the hero out of this scrape — I'll be hanged if I can !"

The *Black Cat* (presumably named after one of the most remarkable tales ever written) is a new, and so far successful, Boston magazinelet of short stories. There is no Poe among the contributors — and it seems to be taken at its word that known names have no weight with it. Its stories are original and unpadded ; though so much is hardly a new thing under the sun. But it is unique as the only periodical that ever accepted Twain's grim joke as a serious possibility. Its January number has two stories gravely manufactured under the new patent.

It is a labor-saving invention for authors. Any penman can mix a mystery, if he doesn't have to explain it. But all readers except very innocent ones will rebel. Our last taste of any similar sell in "literature" was the trick of the advertising fiend (and even he has outgrown it now) who lured us into a charming love-story which wound up with the heroine's begging her lover to buy her a box of Plunkett's Large Liver Pills.

CORAM NON JUDICE.

The Gold Fish of Gran Chimu, by Chas. F. Lummis, is just out, an exquisite specimen of book-making. Hy. Sandham, of *The Century*, is the illustrator ; and his drawings, reproduced by the gelatine process, are delightful. What is as much, they really illustrate—as they are based on the author's photographs, while the head- and tail-pieces are drawn from antiquities exhumed by him in the ancient Peruvian ruins. The story is of adventure in Peru — one of the few places in the New World where tales of buried treasure are not necessarily absurd. Those who like the author's other books will probably like this ; those who don't, probably will not. Lamson, Wolffe & Co., Boston.

AND YET I LIKE IT.

The *Chap Book*, like "Massa" of the war-time song, is

> "Big enough, old enough,
> Ought to knowed better
> Dan to went and run away"

with its present brand of spelling. German, Spanish, French and English are all impartially led like lambs to the slaughter in its pages ; and we get "Sturm and Draug," "chaparel" and a polyglot of other

atrocities. No reader will complain at the doubling of its price, if the increment goes to hiring a proofreader. Also, someone to discriminate as to the Bloomingdale contributor. For a story may be crazy and yet not adapted to a Periodical of the Modern.

AND THE MOON IS GREEN CHEESE.

The Jew of Malta would scarce find "infinite riches in a little room" if it chanced to be *The Little Room* of Madelene Yale Wynne's architecture. Still, he would discover comfortable circumstances in it. Mrs. Wynne seems to have inherited imagination and dexterity (her father invented the Yale lock); but she is trying the wrong key. These six interesting short stories are disrespectful to the reader. Children permit all sorts of liberties with sense in the stories for them; and in adult literature there is welcome for improbability if only it be made reasonably plausible. But stark, staring impossibility, unapologised and impolite, while it may do for nursery tales and unripe adults, will never make its peace with those who finally adjudicate literature. Even in these titillated days we do not quite forget that one cannot walk with one's feet off the ground. We would laugh the novelist out of court who should soberly make his hero a gentleman without a head, walking, talking and falling in love with no pretence of mollifying our outraged common sense but quite as a matter of course. We might be brought to accept headless lovers as easily as we do brainless writers; but it takes diplomacy to reconcile our minds to either. A master dares sometimes to leave his story a mystery; but mystery is one thing, absurdity quite another. Soberly looked at — as literature is presumed to be, sooner or later — Mrs. Wynne's stories are ridiculous, despite their cleverness and grace. The book is particularly tasteful in dress. Way & Williams, Chicago, $1.25.

NOTES.

Beatrice Harraden, who is again wintering in Southern California, is soon to publish her new story *Hilda Stafford*. As Miss Harraden is regaining health under these skies, it is permissible to hope in a friendly way that her eyesight also may be benefitted, and that the story may not after all take so provincial a view as was threatened last year.

Way & Williams, Chicago, send us advance sheets of a handsome reprint of the *Battle of Dorking*. This realistic imaginary narrative of a conquest of England by the Germans made a tremendous hit in its day; and amid the present rumors of war is timely for re-reading.

Flora Haines Loughead, of Santa Barbara, one of the best-known writers of the Coast, has dramatized one of her clever stories under the name *A Woman in Politics*.

Competition as it is between the Eastern magazines may be the life of trade, but it does not exactly exalt art. One is genuinely sorry to see the *Cosmopolitan's* familiar and characteristic cover replaced by the unaccounted bust of a lady whose hair seems to have been washed with Good Morning Soap.

Prof. Melville B. Anderson, of the Stanford University, is winning critical praise for his admirable translation of Saint-Pierre's enduring *Paul et Virginie*. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.

In the *Midland Monthly's* recent competition the short-story prize was won by (Mrs.) J. Torrey Connor of Los Angeles, a frequent contributor to these pages. Her story, "Greater Love Hath No Man Than This," is printed in the January *Midland*.

Walter Blackburn Harte, who by his first book (*Meditations in Motley*) stepped into prominence among American essayists, has started a characteristic little monthly, *The Fly Leaf*, calculated to distend the City of Culture. In these days one who has a mind of his own and type to say so is marked anywhere; and particularly where conservatism has come with age, and timidity with conservatism. The *Fly Leaf* is worth turning. 269 St. Botolph st., Boston, $1 a year.

CLAREMONT.

THERE are many visitors to Southern California who never see Claremont, for it is neither a big town nor noisy about itself; but if they do not, it is a good deal more their loss than Claremont's.

Thirty-seven miles east of Los Angeles, two and a half north of Pomona, this pretty little college town lies on one of the choicest sections of the slope of the "Mother Mountains," not only commanding the superb valley, but with such a view of the peaks as very few localities have. It is the nearest town to Mt. San Antonio ("Old Baldy"); and the 10,100 feet of that snow-peaked giant — not veiled by the outer ranges, as elsewhere, but revealed through a great gap in the mountain wall — seems in certain lights almost to overhang the village.

The first thing about Claremont is naturally the college — Pomona

L. A. Eng. Co — *A CLAREMONT HOME.* (Residence of Geo. F. Ferris. Jr.) — Photo. by Waite.

College. This small institution, which David Starr Jordan pronounces "the best plain college west of Colorado," is restful to educated people in these days of multiplying cross-roads "universities." It is just a college, without any side-shows; a young, honest, earnest college, with a faculty of men who are there not because they could get no job elsewhere, but for similar reasons to those which cause one of the foremost musical scientists in America to be on its roll; with a permanent teaching force, because these competent men like not only the climate which gives new life to their families, but also the fibre of the college. It has no ambition to grow so large that it cannot get at the individual pupil for all there is in him. It has every surrounding to make its work effective; not one to undo by evenings and holidays what the college has done in class-hours. Its degrees are recognized in the best graduate schools — and in fine, as this magazine has had occasion to remark before now, editorially, Pomona College is the sort of thing educated people in Southern California are proud to have here.

Illustrations from photos by Waite, Los Angeles.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. *POMONA COLLEGE, CLAREMONT.* Photo. by Waite.

L. A. Eng Co. CYRUS W. HOLMES, JR., HALL—POMONA COLLEGE. Photo. by Waite.

The elevation of Claremont is about 1200 feet; and this, with its slope up-tilted to the southern sun, makes it not only a charming place of residence but a successful competitor among the numerous fruit-growing "best points" in Southern California. As fruit growers are rapidly learning, the lemon is as exacting in the matter of climate as an invalid is, and they are now hunting out the favored spots where the mercury stays above the danger point *all* the time, and where high winds are a rarity. The stretch of country south and west of that great gap in the mountains known as San Antonio Cañon has been tried and tested and found peculiarly adapted in soil, climate and water supply to successful lemon culture, and where the lemon will grow, there is no question of the orange or olive.

Its lemons and oranges, which are never frosted, are famous; and it is peculiarly adapted, also, to the olive. Rev. C. F. Loop, a pioneer who is probably the father of olive-culture in this part of the country, resides in Claremont. He has been one of the most tireless and intelligent students of this not yet wholly understood berry, and is still doing most important work in the introduction of the best varieties.

The Mission fathers not only selected the most delightful and productive spots for settlement, but with almost unerring wisdom fixed upon the right thing to cultivate, and the olive was one of their favorites.

L. A. Eng. Co. RESIDENCE OF C. F. LOOP, JR.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. RESIDENCE OF THOS. BARROWS. Photo. by Waite.

It has taken the modern Californian a long time to appreciate this; but the great and growing demand for the palatable oil and delicious pickled berry has made an impress, and much enterprise is being shown in this locality.

West of town is a large area of damp land as peculiarly adapted to celery-growing as the famous Michigan celery fields.

The Sycamore Water Development Company furnishes Claremont with abundance of the best water, from a long tunnel fed by artesian wells. The tremendous gradients of San Antonio Cañon, above the town, provide water-power energy sufficient for all needs of Claremont now and for progressive generations. The college and town are already lighted by electricity, and the same wonderful agent will presently play a still more important part there.

SPRING FESTIVALS.

THE annual celebration known as La Fiesta de Los Angeles comes this year April 21st to 25th. The annual flower festival of Santa Barbara precedes it one week. Various other localities will arrange for festivals at about the same time, that guests from the East may enjoy as many as possible of the picturesque and interesting features of this section.

The Santa Barbara flower festival is thoroughly unique, and contains many features that could not be reproduced in a larger city.

Preparations for La Fiesta de Los Angeles are now so well under way that its success as a characteristic and interesting event may safely be predicted. It is being extensively advertised in the East, and will be not only a great attraction to tourists but a large benefit to all Southern California.

The April number of the LAND OF SUNSHINE will contain an authoritative article from a member of the Executive Committee setting forth in detail the nature of this year's La Fiesta. The May number (which will appear during the week of the celebration) will present a full descriptive article, with engravings, of the leading features of the great festival.

THE PLATEAU OF SIERRA MADRE.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA is the happy land where every man lives in the best town and has the finest place and the most beautiful view in the whole country. And the pleasure of it is that every man is right.

Travelers vary, too; and if a universal poll could be taken of all who have ever visited Southern California, the probability is that there would be about as many "favorite spots" as there are postoffices.

But whatever may be the particular predilection of the traveler, it is a safe guess that anyone who once visits Sierra Madre will never forget the spot; and such visitors as Helen Hunt Jackson, Gen. Sherman and Mrs. Custer, always remembered that magic, swift acclivity from the plain to the mountains as among their most fascinating experiences.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. Photo. by Waite, Los Angeles.

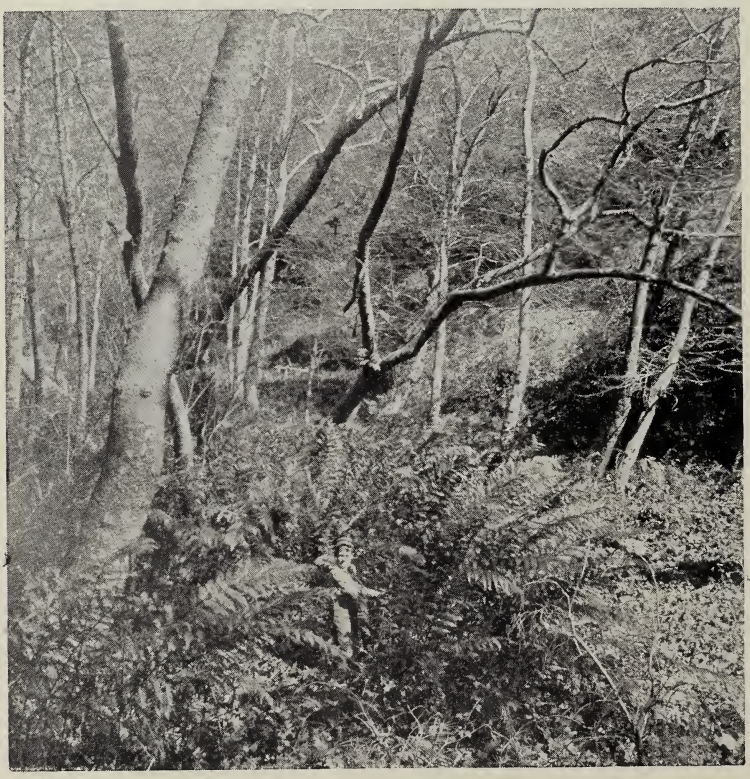
THE WESTERN EDGE OF THE PLATEAU.

Above the great domain of "Lucky" Baldwin's famous ranch, fringed with orchard-like groves of noble live-oaks, a broad, tilted plateau — conspicuously elevated, next the foothills, above the country on either side — walled behind by the sudden mountains, slopes away in front to the general contour of the San Gabriel valley. On the western rim of this mesa stands Kinneloa; on the eastern, Carterhia, both controlling water-supplies which never fail; and below and between them the beautiful little town of Sierra Madre — all reached by a little stage ride from Lamanda Park or Santa Anita stations on the Santa Fé route, an hour by train east of Los Angeles.

This locality, exceptionally beautiful even for California, is dotted with

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. Photo. by Waite.

THE EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SIERRA MADRE.



Union Eng. Co. *IN HUNAR CANYON, KINNELOA.* Photo. by Waite.

Union Eng. Co. *RESIDENCE OF HON. ABBOTT KINNEY, KINNELOA.* Photo. by Waite.

the attractive homes of people who have retired from the dollar-hunt — and of some whose business keeps them in Los Angeles only a few hours of the day. It is noted for its salubriousness, the superiority of its

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. *SIERRA MADRE VILLA.* Among the Orange Groves. Photo. by Waite.

Union Eng. Co.

CARTERHIA FROM THE WEST.
Residence of N. C. Carter.

Photo. by Stiffler, L. A.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. *SIERRA MADRE SANATORIUM.*
Residence of J. B. Cohrs at right.

oranges, its panoramic outlook of mountain and valley and the far-shimmering sea.

Kinneloa, the residence of Hon. Abbott Kinney, is one of the places to which Southern Californians "point with pride;" and its associations are no less attractive than its visible beauty. Its site is a spot famous in Indian tradition, known in times before the Spaniards as *Muscupiabe*, "the place of signals." Here was the starting point of the prehistoric trail into the Sierra Madre range, and over it into Antelope valley; and Hunar ("bear") cañon gets its name from the fact that bruin traveled the same road, frequently, to get down into the valley. Holy Cross

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. *RESIDENCE OF WARREN S. PORTER.* Photo. by Waite

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. RESIDENCE OF C. H. BROWN.

cañon is another of the attractions of Kinneloa. Here, according to later Indian legend (crudely based on ideas gathered from the missionaries), the aboriginal satan, Tauquitz, used to hold the orgies which caused earthquakes ; and here the angel Gabriel (whose mission is in the valley below) imprisoned the fiend and sealed his granite prison forever with a cross which is still plainly visible.

Helen Hunt Jackson, with whom Mr. Kinney was associated as special Indian commissioner, spent considerable time here; and here were written some of her sonnets. A description of Kinneloa, and a story based on disconnected facts relating to it, was published by her for children, under title *The Hunter Cats of Connorloa.* Much of the beauty of the place is due to the taste of Hy. Sandham, a Boston artist who is now one of the prominent illustrators of *The Century* magazine.

Carterhia is the home of N. C. Carter, on the eastern edge of the plateau. It stands upon a commanding knoll, in front of the entrance to little Santa Anita Cañon, on the trail built to Wilson's Peak in early days by Don Benito Wilson, to bring down timber from the great pine forests. Set amid its semi-tropic wealth of trees and flowers, with its magnificent view, Carterhia is a picture never to be forgotten by those who have once seen it. Mr. Carter was an invalid when he acquired this superb domain, then raw, in 1881 ; but he soon found health, and energy not only to make Carterhia beautiful, but presently also to lay out the town of Sierra Madre.

The famous Sierra Madre Villa — a favorite resort of discriminating travelers — occupies another fine location on this slope ; and on another is the Sierra Madre Sanatorium, which is not a hospital but a resort where the delicate are even less exposed to contact with the much-sick than in the average hotel. The town of Sierra Madre itself has also a good hotel.

The slope of Sierra Madre has not only beautiful homes and charming resorts, but good schools and churches and the other accessories with which cultivated and well-to-do Americans surround themselves when they settle down to live for life's sake.

CHULA VISTA.

BY LINDA BELL COLSON

IT will be remembered that in Mrs. Jackson's fascinating book, after Ramona and Alessandro were married by Father Gaspara in the poverty-stricken little chapel in old San Diego, they rode away into the country, along a road which led over a high mesa covered with low shrub growth. This is said to have been the old Fort Yuma road, which was built in those early troublous days to carry troops and supplies to the fort on the edge of the desert. This road runs diagonally across the tract of land now known as Chula Vista; and though the mocking bird's varied notes and the meadow lark's liquid call still sound as sweetly as when Ramona and Alessandro rode through it in the fragrant freshness of the early summer morning, all else is changed, and where, even so short a time ago as seven years, the sage brush and the bunch grass flourished, the jack rabbit and the coyote made their home, and the saucy *tecolote*, with head on one side, sat nodding unmolested by his hole, is now covered with flourishing orange and lemon groves.

These are divided into orchards of from five to twenty acres, and many of them have pleasant home-like houses, half hidden among trees

L. A. Eng. Co. A VIEW IN CHULA VISTA.

and vines, with roses and lilies in abundance and prettily playing fountains. Broad avenues, eighty feet wide, bordered by palms, feathery pepper trees and graceful grevillia robustas divide these groves.

This tract of land which slopes to the sea and is five miles long and three miles wide, was donated, with other lands, to a Boston syndicate—the San Diego Land and Town Company — about fifteen years ago, by the Kimball Bros. and others, to whom the immense Mexican grant, known as the Rancho de la Nacion belonged. The Kimball Bros. gave up this choice bit of their domain, comprising in all 5,500 acres, together with other valuable concessions, on condition that the Land and Town Company should build for San Diego the now existing Southern California Railway.

Chula Vista—the name falls musically on the ear. It has been well called in colloquial Spanish, meaning the pet of pretty views. Nowhere is there anything grand, magnificent, or overpowering, but at every turn some pretty view, soft, soothing and restful charms the eye. Now a dainty vista of shaded avenue, now a stretch of purpled mountain, now a gleam of shimmering ocean. From the little balcony where

I sit writing, a lovely view lies before me. In the near foreground the brilliant dark green masses of orange and lemon groves; in the valley below, the sinuous lines of willow trees marking the course of the river; to the west the changing blue of the ocean with the Coronado hotel, Point Loma, and San Diego nine miles away in full view; and on all sides but the bay front, the mountains rising in tiers above the golden brown hills, now yellow, blue, crimson or purple shadowed, everchanging, ever beautiful. The bold gaunt knob of Lion's Peak towering above all the broad range of Cuyamacas, in winter crystal-tipped with snow, but most in evidence the group of San Miguels, known as Father, Mother and Little Miguel, though so affectionately linked together that only when the light is in a certain direction can one tell that there are three.

It is on the top of old Father Miguel that Mrs. Proctor, the widow of the great English astronomer, is desirous of building an observatory. Some years ago when she came to California in search of a suitable location for such a place, she spent a month or two camping on its summit, and decided that the atmosphere was clearer there and the cloudy days less than anywhere else in Southern California. She accordingly purchased land there sufficient for her purpose, and is now in England trying to raise money to build.

In the days of Ramona numerous streams raced down from the mountains, rushing to the bay to waste their precious water; but seven years ago the San Diego Land and Town Company spent nearly a million dollars building the famous Sweetwater dam, which now stores up this water and gives abundance to irrigate all these lemon orchards. And by the way, though olives, guavas, oranges, and other semi-tropical fruits are successfully raised there, Chula Vista is particularly adapted to lemon growing. The climate is delightful, the narrow strip of sandy land which separates the bay from the ocean softening the sea breeze and making it unusually equable.

Chula Vista is traversed by two lines of rail, the Coronado belt-line starting from Coronado Hotel, running along the peninsula between the ocean and bay, and returning through Chula Vista to San Diego; and the "National City and Otay line," owned by the San Diego Land and Town Company, running from San Diego through Chula Vista to the Mexican boundary at Tia Juana.

HOME OF JNO. A. BOAL, CHULA VISTA.

There is one pretty little church, a fine school house, and a pleasant family hotel, the "Casa de las Flores," situated on a lemon ranch, and as its name suggests, the house of flowers, embowered in masses of roses, lilies, and sweet peas, making an ideal home for the stranger who comes within its hospitable gates.

ONTARIO.

SITUATED at a distance of 35 miles from the Pacific ocean, and 39 miles east of Los Angeles, on the main line of both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railways, is the beautiful town of Ontario. In location, climate, soil, and water privileges, Ontario has many advantages. Fine business blocks, electric cars and lighting, handsome churches and schools, fine residences, surrounded by what is already becoming a great forest of citrus and deciduous orchards, blocked out by splendid shade trees — such is Ontario at thirteen years. How many Eastern towns twice its age and population would ever dream of half its progress? The elevation, ranging from 950 to 2500 feet, insures a most healthful and agreeable climate, while the conditions for growing citrus and deciduous fruits cannot be excelled.

YOUNG ONTARIO ORANGE GROVE.

For the past two years Ontario has planted more orchard lands than any other district in Southern California, the firm of Hanson & Co. alone having planted over 1500 acres to the various kinds of citrus and deciduous fruits. This they are selling in 10 or 20-acre tracts, at prices ranging from $150 to $400 per acre, according to location of lots and water privileges. These prices are for three-year-old orchards. The streets and avenues are planted to ornamental and shade trees, and kept in good order. There are some beautiful residences now on their tract.

They also have several orchards in full bearing which are good value, and will bear investigation. Anyone desiring further information should write for pamphlet to Hanson & Co., Ontario, or 122 Pall Mall, London, England.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE CASA LOMA, REDLANDS.

Photo by Young, Redlands.

REDLANDS AND THE CASA LOMA.

WHERE the mountains which border north and south the series of fertile valleys which are the garden spots of Southern California converge upon the east, seventy miles from the Pacific, lies Redlands, a city with a history of its own. When the great California boom collapsed, in 1887, Redlands was a town plat on file in the office of the County Clerk. Today it has five thousand inhabitants, paved streets, electricity, three railroads, beautiful and luxurious homes, and thousands of acres of orange groves which are embodiments of thrift and health, have never been harmed by scale or frost, and are producing fruit now taking the place of the lamented Indian River oranges in the markets of the East.

Of course the existence of such a town in such times as these is not an accident. It is accounted for by the usual elements of Southern California prosperity possessed in an unusual degree of perfection. Scenery, soil, climate and a water supply second to none in the Bear Valley system, the development and history of which has been a romance, are the natural advantages of the place. Its population consists almost entirely of Eastern people with the thrift, the energy and the intelligence to make the most of these gifts of nature, and a loyalty to their new home in the West which prompts them to keep it fully up to the world's best progress.

A GLIMPSE OF REDLANDS VALLEY.

This spirit of enterprise has just been shown in a very conspicuous way. It has not been the fashion of late years to build tourist hotels in Southern California. In fact not enough have been built to take the places of those which have been destroyed by fire or have been converted into colleges and similar public institutions. Eastern hotel men and capitalists have not found Southern California a particularly inviting field in this direction and when the Terracina which, although inadequate, had served Redlands as a tourist resort for several years, burned, something less than a year ago, the prospect for the building of a new and better house by outside capital was not flattering. In this emergency the citizens of Redlands determined that their beautiful city should not be permitted to stand still or to retrogade through lack of a suitable winter home for the fastidious tourist and the critical globe-trotter. The measures usual on such occasions in "rustling" Western cities were taken at once. There was a resolution by the Chamber of Commerce favoring the building of a tourist hotel, a public meeting, and the appointment of a committee of fifteen, under the chairmanship of Dr. D. W. Stewart, whose efforts for the public benefit were tireless. These gentlemen accomplished the building of a tourist hotel which was opened to the public February 25th.

The Casa Loma, or House on the Hill, is a handsome structure, modern in every appointment. It is located on Lugonia Terrace, one of the older avenues of Redlands, on higher ground than the city proper, bordered by orange groves and long, stately rows of tropical trees. Its towers command a magnificent view of mountain and valley from the far line of the western horizon beneath which lies Los Angeles, along the rugged, battlemented slopes of the continuous mountain range on the north, varied by the mighty peaks of San Antonio, San Bernardino and San Gorgonio, to the swift rise of San Jacinto on the southeast. The wildness and majesty of this irreclaimable mountain desolation are contrasted by the vivid coloring of the thousands of acres of orchards covering the long levels of the valleys, the gentle slopes of the foothills and the rolling summits of those that are nearest. The element of human interest, indispensable to every attractive landscape, is found in the tasteful homes, many of them elegant and luxurious, which are seen on every hand. Over all burns the endless blue of the subtropical sky; and the isolated grandeur of the mountains rims a picture unique among the haunts of men.

And the people of Redlands are firm in the conviction that the progress of to-day is only a beginning.

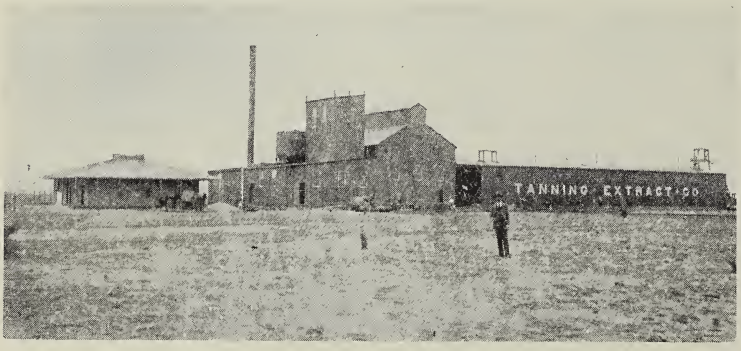
CANAIGRE AND A CHANCE TO GROW IT.

CANAIGRE is a tuber product used for tanning purposes, as a substitute for oak and hemlock barks, which have been heretofore used and are now becoming both scarce and expensive. It resembles a sweet potato in appearance and grows in a wild state in different sections of the Southwest, but not in sufficient quantities to be of commercial value.

CANAIGRE IS KING.

It is prolific, it is profitable, it is all that can be desired as a farm crop, by reason of the ease with which it can be raised and cultivated, and the price that can be obtained for the product.

Under cultivation, this plant will produce 15 to 30 tons per acre on our new lands the first year; the production after the first year, when the land will be under a much better state of cultivation, will exceed this amount very largely; for which the California Home



TANNING EXTRACT FACTORY AT DEMING, NEW MEXICO.

and Ranch Company guarantee a cash market at your very door. No middle man. No commission merchant to contend with or to confiscate your profits, or the fruits of your labor after you have produced them.

The factory for treating canaigre and reducing it to a tannic acid, is now in process of erection at the townsite, on the Company's lands, at the junction where the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railways will cross its land, and will be ready for the first crop August 1st, 1896.

The factory will be equipped with machinery of the highest efficiency for the successful treatment of the product, and will be of sufficient capacity to handle 300 tons of green canaigre roots daily, being the largest producer of tannin material in the world in a single plant.

The California Home and Ranch Company will pay the uniform price of $5 per ton for all canaigre grown on lands sold by the Company, delivered at the factory. As above stated, an average of 15 tons per acre

can be raised the first year, which at $5 per ton will give the farmer an income of $75 per acre. This price will be maintained by the Company for three years, and as good or better prices thereafter as the market will afford. A supply of seed roots, sufficient to plant 1500 acres, has been secured for those wishing to plant this year.

The root may be put into the ground by hand, or by an Aspinwall potato planter, made especially for this purpose, which opens the furrow, drops the seed root, and covers it up, leaving the planted field covered with ridges between the rows. A man and team can plant six acres per day. We have arranged for seed roots for planting at $9 per ton on the ground. A ton of roots is sufficient to plant three acres, or at the rate of $3 per ton for seed.

The California Home and Ranch Company are offering their lands for the present at from $125 to $150 per acre, according to location, on the following terms: One third cash, and the balance in one and two years, equal payments, with interest at 6 per cent per annum.

For the present we make the following offer: We will take all deferred payments on land purchased (where the first payment has been made in full) in canaigre root at $5 per ton, without discrimination as to size of root, delivered at the factory.

Bear in mind that the use of tannic acid, as made from canaigre, for tanning purposes is not an experiment. Factories are now in operation. The root has been introduced to the trade, and 10,000 tons of the dried and sliced roots—equivalent to 30,000 tons of fresh dug roots—have been shipped from Arizona and New Mexico to English and German tanners during the past three years. The acid is also extensively used by American tanners. The Mexicans have used canaigre roots for many years in tanning hides.

The consumption of tannic acid by the tanning trade of the United States reaches the enormous sum of $30,000,000 annually. The consumption in Europe is enormous, and the price will be maintained on the same, as a staple.

As a result of investigation, made at the Government Experimental Station, located within sight of the townsite of Qualey, we have selected these lands as combining in a marked degree all the soil, climate and water requirements necessary for the successful growth and cultivation of this plant.

HOW CAN YOU PAY FOR YOUR HOME?

We will show you by a few figures that you can rely upon, and there is no excuse for an industrious man (or woman for that matter) being without a roof over their heads on their own land.

On 20 acres you can raise and market in the first six months 15 tons of canaigre to the acre, *i. e.*, 300 tons at $5 per ton—$1,500. Making your payment of $1,000, with $500 over for current expenses.

The second and third years you can do even better, as canaigre yields much better after the ground has been well subdued by cultivation, 25 to 30 tons per acre after the first year.

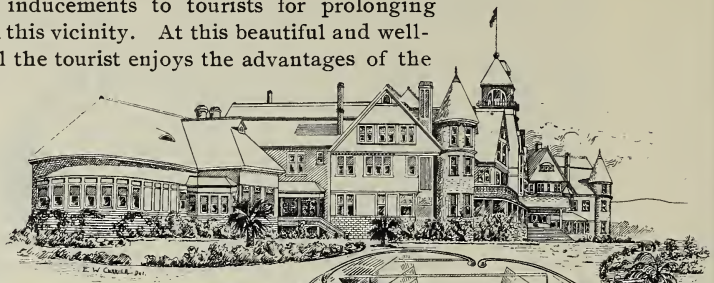
If you want more land and a better home — we will sell and build on the same terms—the more you buy, the larger will be your surplus over your payments each year. We strongly recommend the purchase of from 20 to 40 acres, as it has been demonstrated that, with ordinary farm machinery now in use, one man can easily cultivate 40 acres. If you should want to begin with only 10 acres, we will sell and build on the same terms—house and barn to cost in proportion to purchase of land.

For further information, call on or correspond with

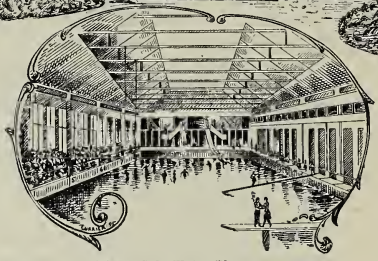
THE CALIFORNIA HOME AND RANCH COMPANY,
No. 252 South Broadway, Los Angeles, Cal.

REDONDO BEACH.

WITH the reopening of the Redondo Hotel under the management of Messrs. Crank, another attraction has been added to the many other inducements to tourists for prolonging their sojourn in this vicinity. At this beautiful and well-appointed hotel the tourist enjoys the advantages of the bracing sea air, a magnificent view of mountain and sea, acres of carnations, beautiful grounds extending to the beach, and the various attractions of a busy seaport, as well as the convenience of frequent train service over the Redondo, and the Southern California railway lines to and from the metropolis of Southern California, only sixteen miles distant. Near at hand the Bathing Pavilion, which has recently been cleaned and repainted, affords the Easterners the novel enjoyment of warm salt water bathing in mid-winter. Surf-bathing is also in vogue, even at this season.



Redondo Hotel from the West.



Warm Salt Water Plunge.

RESIDENCE OF WILL D. GOULD, LOS ANGELES.

L. A. Eng. Co

Painted by A F. Harmer, after photo. copyrighted by C. F. Lummis.

DANCING THE "CUNA."

"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

VOL. 4, NO. 5. LOS ANGELES APRIL, 1896.

A DANCE IN OLD SAN DIEGO.

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY.

T is on the bough-roofed dancing-floor,
'Way back in the brave days now no more :
It is among the cavaliers,
A-tripping with the lissome dears
That bared those famous ankles, down
In gay old San Diego town.
The viols strike up and the guitar,
And yonder, as comes the evening star,
Her filmy skirt a little lifted—
A curling cloud afloat, wind-shifted,
Blown now to left, and now to right—
Glides Josefita into sight.
Yon rider, he to every dear
The boldest, gayest cavalier,
Is rocking, rocking in his seat,
Keeping the motion of her feet.
He turns his horse, he runs him round
The circuit of the dancing-ground.
The earth is heaving like the ocean,
Witched with Josefita's motion.
He comes again, he comes a-riding,
And comes, too, Josefita gliding.
The *bamba!* brighter shines the star;
He claps his spurs, he leaps the bar.
Dancing! Sweet heavens, look on her now!
Not so light are the leaves that dance on the bough.
The brimming glass upon her head
Dreams like a lily upon its bed!
See! something she whispers in his ear
That you would give the world to hear.
Aha! somebody will go down,
To-night, in San Diego town;
But where's the shape that he could fear,
He, Josefita's cavalier!

Newberry Library, Chicago.

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THE SOUTHWESTERN WONDERLAND.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

THERE is, so far as travel and study can tell one, no other area in the world quite so wonderful as the Southwestern portion of the United States; and probably none so little wondered at—thanks to our fine American ignorance of whatever we have not been told. It may seem anomalous that nature should have spent such a fortune on the most new-rich of nations, instead of putting it where it would be a glory to its home-people and a mecca to the rest of the world. Yet after all it is like her, the mother of compensation. For the land she has thus chosen for a marvel needed redemption of some sort. Geographically it is one of the most curious patchworks in existence; and at first flush a great part of it is reckoned forbidding. The forests and streams of conventional lands seem to have been almost forgotten. While the other half of the continent is low, damp, wooded, this half is elevated, dry and bare—generically speaking, of course. And the lower quarter, the Southwest, has these qualities in an extraordinary degree. Its earth is arid; its sky is unlike any that civilized man ever dwelt under before; so desiccated by an almost eternal sun that it seems a perennial miracle to those who had known only humid climes. Its atmosphere is so light, so clear, so tonic that those once fully habituated to it can never again approve of the alternately raw and muggy humidities of the East and Europe. Seventy per cent., perhaps, of this huge area looks to the uninspired tourist a howling barren, emphasized rather than redeemed by the fertile, thread-like oases of New Mexico and Arizona and California's Garden of Eden. Its landscapes average brown and gray; and there is less alluvial soil in this million square miles than in any other equal area inhabited by civilization. Yet the husbandman discovers that the largest crop he ever raised in the sloe-black "bottoms" of the Scioto or the Kaweily is fourfolded here on almost any gravel-bank—if only he will give the gravel a drink of water six or seven times a year.

It is the country of swift surprises and sharp contrasts, the home of the paradox. Nowhere else in a comparable compass is there any such gamut of the races of men, nor such a Joseph's coat of geography, nor such variety of scenic wonders of the first magnitude. Not that every greatest thing on earth is assembled in the Southwest. The Himàlayas are rather higher than any peak in the New World, as the Andes oversize any mountains of North America. The tremendous volcanoes of San Gay and Cotopaxi and Kilauea have no parallel among the countless extinct cones of New Mexico and Arizona. The prehistoric monuments of Bolivia, Peru, Yucatan and Mexico (not to mention Egypt and Babylon) are far greater and more splendid than any

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. *A TYPICAL PUEBLO DANCE.* Copyright 1890 by C. F. Lummis.

of the two thousand ruins in our two Territories. There are cannibals and Alps and Pyramids elsewhere, and none in the Southwest. And some matted tropics are twice as prolific, acre for acre, as Southern California.

But the Southwest has a great many things peerless each in its class; and is itself quite peerless in its aggregate of classes. Foremost of its wonders, of course, is the Grand Cañon of the Colorado — so immeasurably the greatest, noblest, most awful chasm on the globe, so incomparably beyond the wildest *quebrada* of the Andes or most stupendous gorge of the Gauri Sankar that to say "I have never seen it" is to confess that one has really not yet learned the rudiments of scenery.

The Yosemite would make a scratch on the Grand Cañon's wall probably visible across the chasm. In measurements up, down and across, the Yosemite would not be huge among any of the greatest mountain systems — yet it is unquestionably unique; the most impressive glacial valley known to man. And the tallest known waterfall is in it.

The largest and most splendid "petrified forest" in existence is in the Southwest *— that area of hundreds of square miles in Arizona, dotted with huge trunks turned into the most beautiful of stone. There are petrified logs the world over (and many other areas of them in the United

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. *A SOUTHWESTERN "MESA."* Photo. by C. F. Lummis.
(The Mesa Encantada; 900 feet high.)

* See February number, p. 122.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.
Copyright 1891 by C. F. L.
AN HEIR OF THE CLIFF-DWELLERS.

States); but instead of the dull, grey, sandstone-looking product familiar elsewhere, the logs and chips of this "forest" are of almost every hue of the rainbow, and of adamantine hardness. They are of every sort of agate, and of chalcedony, and of topaz and amethyst; so that, standing in this enchanted spot one thinks of Sinbad's Valley of the Rocs as a very sober place indeed.

Ten times the greatest of all "natural bridges" * — a bridge 290 feet high, 500 feet span and 600 feet wide — lies in western Arizona, in the picturesque Tonto Basin.

The largest village of cave-dwellings ever inhabited by aborigines is in the Southwest, in the exquisite cañon of the Tyú-on-yi, New Mexico; and the two next largest villages are near it, those of the superb buttes of the Pu-yé and the Shu-fin-né. Not only were these the largest communities of cave-dwellers in human story, but their cave-homes were the finest ever carved from the living rock.

The largest and most important cliff-buildings ever reared by man are in this same strange area; and not only that, but the multitude of them is not paralleled anywhere else. The wonderful grey piles of the Mancos and the Mc Elmo, the Cañon de Tsé-gehi, and other ruins of southwestern Colorado and northwestern New Mexico; "Montezuma's castle" and other prehistoric monuments of Arizona, are unmatched in any other land. And nowhere else is there any such strange setting of a cliff-house as those wild old eyries have which beetle above the gloomy tarn of "Montezuma's Well" in the Tonto Basin, Arizona.

There is no other land where aborigines still dwell in prehistoric

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. Copyright 1891 by C. F. Lummis.
CAVE-DWELLINGS AT THE PU-YE, N. M.

* This is putting it modestly; it is 60 times as great as its nearest known rival in the United States.

Union Eng. Co. *TYPICAL EROSION IN THE GRAND CANYON* Photo. by Osborr, Flagstaff.

architecture so astonishing and so impressive as that of Taos and Zuñi and the seven skyward towns of the Húpi. Nor did man in any other country ever occupy just such a marvelous townsite as ancient Acoma.

Some trees are said to be higher in Australia, and I know some are thicker in the *Amazonas* than the sequoias of California; but there are no other trees so consummately great, nor other groves so noble. The characteristic *mesa* formation so common in half the Southwest is typical in no other country — and it is one of the most striking features known

L. A. Eng. Co. Copyright 1891 by C. F Lummis.

DISTANT VIEW OF "MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE."

(A typical cliff-dwelling, 5 stories high)

in landscapes. There is no other country within the limits of a civilized nation where any savage rite so astonishing as the Moqui snake-dance, with live rattlesnakes as "partners" is in vogue; * no other where such medieval horrors persist as the crucifixion of the Penitentes; and in all probability nowhere else in the world is there such a collection of historically valuable autographs in stone as those carved centuries ago on Inscription Rock, in Western New Mexico.

* See the January number, p. 70.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. "MONTEZUMA'S WELL." Copyright 1891 by C. F. Lummis.

For an area so neglected by self-styled travelers, that is a fair showing (though only the briefest outline) of "biggest things;" but it is only a trifling part of the list. All the important ruins in North America above Mexico are in the Southwest—from the immemorial bulk of Civano-Ki * (commonly called Casa Grande) and the other ancient cave- and cliff-dwellings of Arizona, through the awesome stone ruins of Tabirá, Abó, Cuaray, Pueblo Bonito and many more in New Mexico, to the architecturally beautiful Missions of Southern California.

The most remarkable range of aboriginal cultures on this continent—and probably, for equal area, in the world — is here. The Apache is beyond question the most effective warrior in history, judged by the absolute standard of efficiency; no other fighter, savage or civilized, ever killed so many enemies and got so little killed himself. Absolutely the highest art of basketry is found only among a few Southwestern tribes

L. A. Eng. Co. A FEAST-DAY IN THE PUEBLO OF ACOMA. Photo. by C. F. Lummis.

* A forgotten ruin in 1540.

L. A. Eng. Co.

CLIFF-DWELLINGS NEAR FLAGSTAFF, A. T.

Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

on this Coast; and the finest blankets known to modern times were made by the nomad Navajos of New Mexico and Arizona. Short of the best East Indian *fakeers*, there are no magicians of more remarkable prowess than the shamans of the Pueblos and Navajos; and nowhere are there visible in this day of grace more gorgeous barbaric dances than those of these tribes.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. Copyright 1891 by C. F. Lummis.

THE RUINS AT ABO, N. M.

There is no other ethnologic antithesis so graphic. Here in a single area, logically one section of the newest and greatest of nations, we have that tremendous gamut of humanity, beginning below the staff with the nomad savage, and running through every note up to civilization in alt; from almost the human a, b, c, up to the z of modern progress — for it is now past discussion that no equal number of men, of any tongue, ever did anywhere so much in

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. Copyright 1891 by C. F. Lummis.

THE GREATEST NATURAL BRIDGE IN THE WORLD, PINE CREEK, A. T.

The little circle of light in the central background is 600 feet from the front arch and 200 feet in diameter.

L. A. Eng. Co.

BUTTES ON THE MOQUI DESERT.

Photo. by A. C. Vroman, Pasadena.

L. A Eng. Co. GROUP OF MOJAVES. Photo. by Chas. F. Lummis.

a decade as the Saxon has done in the last and greenest edge of the Southwest. We have Man living in almost the primal crudities; in the highest form of the tribal relation; in the patriarchal life that was when Abraham walked the earth — and in the modes of Chicago. All that, within the ethnographic stone's-throw of 600 miles.

The highest mountains in the United States are here, beginning with Mt. Whitney — in sight from whose summit is the lowest depression, save one, on the face of the globe. The Dead Sea, in Palestine, is chief of all such hollows; but Death Valley and several other points on the desert of the Colorado are hundreds of feet below the level of the sea. Another contrast is that one of the most typical and extensive deserts on earth is here — striated and elbowed by the most productive areas occupied by English-speaking peoples.

This is but the most diagrammatic sketch of what wonders are in the Southwest. I have for years spoken of these truths*, hoping to speed by an hour or two the day when Americans shall be less ignorant of their own country and less unprepared to understand others. But really there is no need to stop dinging at it. I shall follow the matter up, for the values of America are decent to be understood by Americans, and the subject is a long way from being exhausted. Expert special articles on all these phases of the Southwestern Wonderland will be a feature of this magazine, drawn from actual knowledge, checked by the foremost scientific work of the day, and illustrated lavishly from the most complete and most intimate collection of photographs ever made on an American frontier. The series will be — counting together its letter-press and illustration — the most complete and attractive exposition that so impressive an area has ever had in the United States.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

* See my *Strange Corners of Our Country* (The Century Co.), *The Land of Poco Tiempo* (Chas. Scribner's Sons).

LESSONS FROM THE ALHAMBRA.*

BY CHARLES D. TYNG.

TUDY of many lands must teach the intelligent traveler that the specific architecture adopted by a people—however strange and purposeless it may appear to him at first flush—is always based on and best adapted to the needs of climate, custom, taste and ability. In most lands so sun-kissed as our Southwest we find prevalent some modification of the so-called Moorish architecture—which is rather Arabic than Moorish. Among us, also, many are already beginning to realize its peculiar fitness for this semi-tropic land; and every year sees a large increase in the number of residences whose lines are more or less successfully modeled upon this style. Perhaps one reason

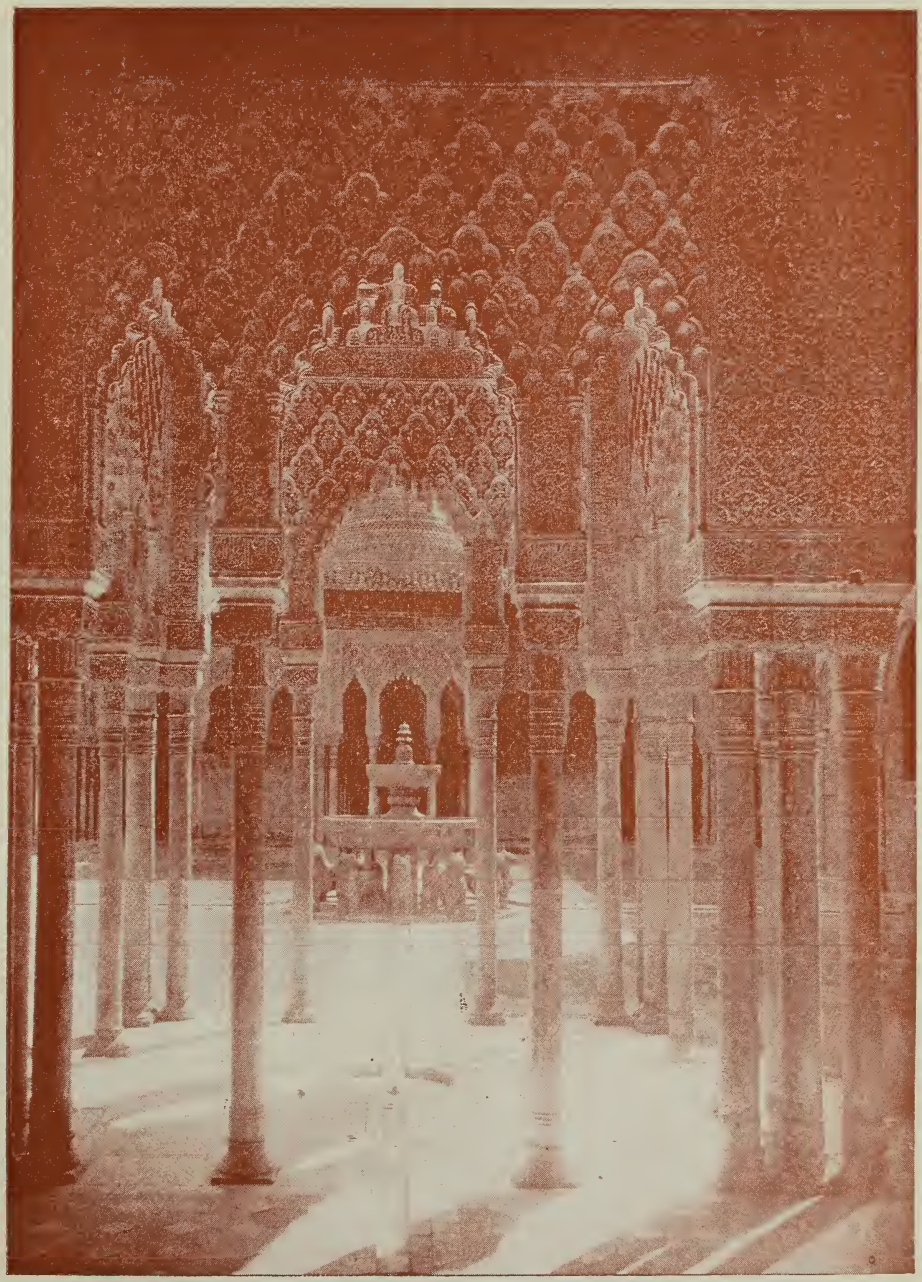
Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. THE TORRE DE LA VELA.

why the results have not always been happy is that the best models were not chosen; there has been too much copying of poor copies. So it seems peculiarly fitting to present in the pages of this Southwestern magazine some typical aspects of that greatest original—that masterpiece and model of the characteristic architecture which experts agree is most adaptable to the needs of the Southwest—that fountain-head from which have flowed all the noble architectural types which so distinguish Spanish-America—the Alhambra.†

We do not wholly know the origin of this splendid net result of adaptations from India, Persia and Byzantium, which crowns the hills of the ancient city of Granada, Spain. It was begun (probably in 1248 A. D.)

*Illustrated from photos. by Senan y Gonzales, Granada, Spain.

†The name is a corruption of the Arabic Kal' al hamrah, "The Red Castle."



L. A. Eng. Co.

PATIO OF THE LIONS.

by Ibn al-Ahmar, and was finished in 1314 by Mohammed III. It was built (as excavation shows) upon still older Roman ruins; and these covered still earlier ones, probably of Phœnician origin. The Torres Vermejos (vermilion towers) are clearly not Saracenic; and to this day archæologists are divided as to their source.

The Alhambra was not a mere "palace of the kings of Granada," as is popularly imagined, but almost a city in itself— a wonderful fortified town more than a mile long, with inner and outer walls, the former connecting no less than 37 towers, many of which are themselves palaces, with their *patios* (court yards), gardens, fountains and sumptuous halls.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. *BALCONIES ON THE OUTER WALL.*

The Torre de la Cautiva*, for instance, shown on page 220, is said to have been the prison of Isabel de Solis, a noble christian captive. It was she (afterwards known as Zoraya) who supplanted the mother of Abu-abd-Allah and married his father. To what the engraving shows, you must add the beauty of the dado of vitrified tiles, the arabesque ornamentation of the walls, the decoration of the windows—and the most vivid color-scheme that you can imagine.

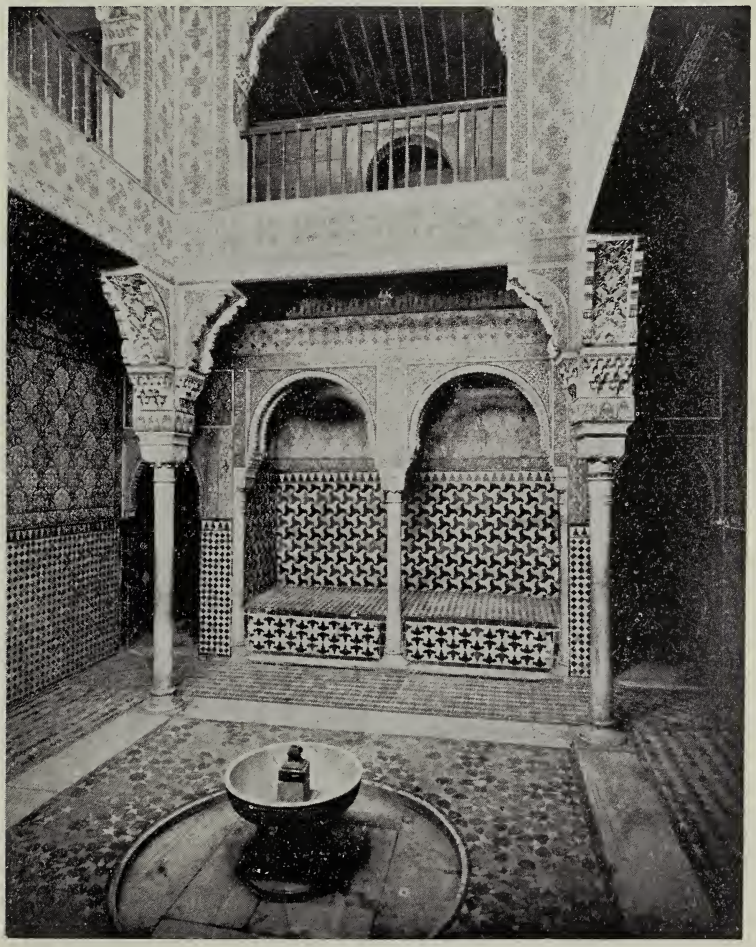
The Torre de la Vela (Tower of the Candle)—from which one can almost see the bridge of pines where the disheartened Columbus was

*Tower of the Captive.

overtaken by Isabella's messenger and brought back to the aid which enabled him to find a New World—is a noble feature of the Alhambra. Here, January 2, 1492, the christian flag was first unfurled over the conquered citadel of the Moslem; a huge cross covered with plates of silver was erected, and mass was said, in sight of the victorious Spanish host encamped in the valley.

Another engraving (page 216) shows an exquisite reach of balconies on the outer wall, leading to the tower of El Mirab, where the sacred books of the Moors were kept, and where their custodian lived in constant vocal prayer.

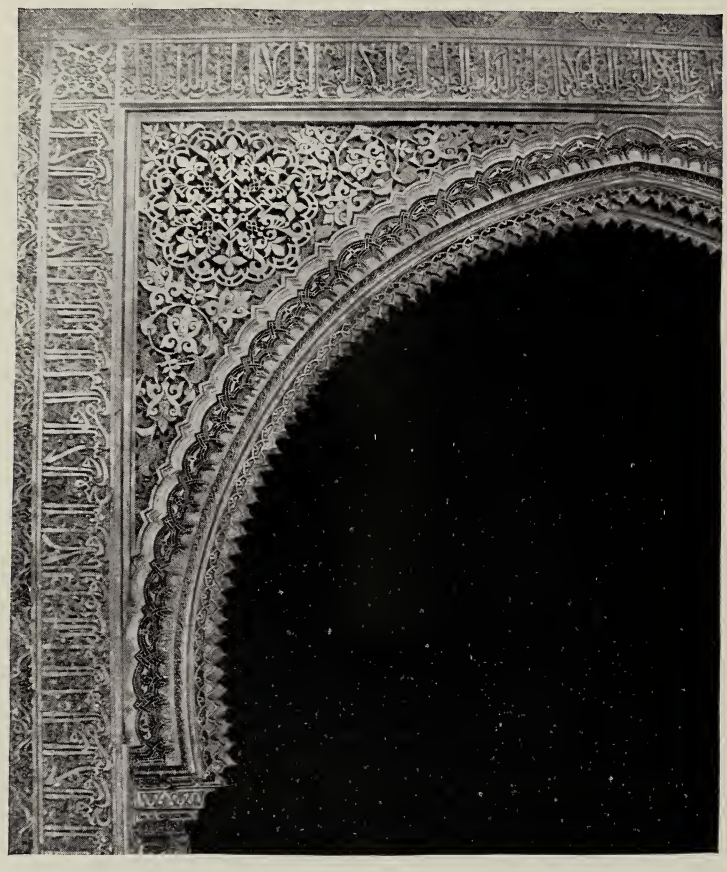
The Moors (more strictly the Berbers, from western Morocco) were never fully dominated by the Arabs. They were nomads, had no style



L. A. Eng. Co. THE SALA DEL REPOSO.

of architecture, and were then, as they are now, tent-dwellers. Arabs and Berbers, coming through Morocco to the conquest of Spain, were all alike called *Moros* by the Spanish ; and everything connected with them is still known as Moorish.

That these "Infidels" who conquered and held Spain for more than 700 years were a wonderful people is proved by the traces they left. Aside from their military prestige, they were fosterers of learning. The universities founded by them were thronged with students from all parts



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. DETAIL FROM THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

of Europe. They encouraged industries and commerce. That they were adept in engineering as in agriculture, their marvelous irrigation systems testify. In architecture they equaled, if they did not excel, the world of that day ; for though the monuments they left in Spain have points of resemblance to the Byzantine, and still more to the Persian, yet their architecture as a whole was so individual and characteristic

that it ranks, even now, as one of the great, distinct types. More than their prowess in war, their love of learning, their promotion of manufactures, it is their architecture which will be longest remembered. It so impressed itself even upon their christian conquerors that to this day the residences and public buildings of Spain and of the Spanish colonies carry its chief characteristics; modified by Iberian thought and by the exigencies of varying lands, but always unmistakable.

This Moorish or Moresque architecture is adapted to all homes—from the humblest house to the most sumptuous palace. A remarkable characteristic is the way in which it assimilates ornamentation — the only limit being the builder's purse. Of this, all southern Spain is filled with wondrous examples; but the Alhambra is the culmination of

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. *IN THE TORRE DE LA CAUTIVA.*

it all. Yet in it all there is not a hint of our vulgar "ginger-bread work." All is dignity and grace, harmony of form and color, suitableness to climate and the needs of the occupant. The vigorous geometric designs—whose germs, found in the Punjab, reappear in the temples of Persia, the minarets of Egypt, in Algiers, Tunis, Morocco—are developed to perfect symmetry in the Alhambra, where endless patterns mingle and unravel again like a field of stars, unfolding the more the more one gazes.

In the Alhambra we find arches almost Roman or Norman; others nearly Gothic; others of the horseshoe type which seems to have originated, crudely, in Byzantium, been copied in Venice, and afterward revived iu Tunis, Cairo, Fez and Spain. Sometimes all three are combined; all adorned to the last degree—as witness the detail from the Hall of Justice (p. 218). This ornamentation of pierced-work, with its appearance of lace, is marvelously beautiful. Like other decorations of the Alhambra, it is of a stucco whose secret seems to be a lost art. We make none nowadays that will withstand the storms and vandalism of seven centuries.

The Arab expended comparatively little thought on the exterior of his dwelling, since he thought of it as something to live in rather than to show off. Frequently the outside was almost blank wall; the lower story pierced only by the huge entrance; the upper only by latticed windows. Protection and privacy were his aim; since we need not consider these things, our architects have more latitude.

In ornamentation the Alhambra is a mine of endless inspiration. The abundance of decoration is marvelous. Note the capitals in the Sala del Reposo; the walls in several of the illustrations. Note the mosaic dado of glazed tiles of innumerable designs, the countless patterns in the panels, the frieze, the arabesques around the doorways—the Arabic letters lending themselves so exquisitely to decoration that they have given a name to the style known as "arabesque."

A beautifully characteristic bit of the Alhambra is the Sala del Reposo (Hall of Rest), p. 217, part of a palace bathroom. Here, after the bath, the bather rested on soft cushions in the alcoved seats, breathing the perfumed air, sipping sherbets, listening to musicians in the hanging galleries, feasting the eye upon architecture perfect in form and gorgeous in color.

Rome at its zenith was not more luxurious. Yet these "Moors" did not become effeminate—or they could not have held Spain for nearly 800 years against a race nurtured in war, victorious over the Goths and Vandals, hating the invaders not only for aliens and conquerors but for infidels. That the "Moors" were not enervated is proved, again, by their universities, their advancement in science and commerce—aye, and by their wonderful resistance in the siege of Granada until, overcome by the snperior numbers and equipment of the armies of Ferdinand and Isabella, they stubbornly withdrew from Spain.

Parts of the Southwest — particularly Southern California — have a climate very like that of the Mediterranean shores of Spain; and our landscapes, in mountains, cañons, valleys and plains, as well as our skies during most of the year, strongly recall those of the Iberian peninsula. The architecture which so eminently fulfilled the climatic conditions of Spain is also the best adapted to ours; while as to its beauty and educational value it is worthy of the most discriminating community on earth. Our mountains are a background so appropriate that this architecture seems predestined for them. The massive walls give strength and dignity, as for a worthy home of home-loving people, not a cheap, ephemeral frame lodging place. Impervious to the heats of summer or the chill of our "winter," they furnish also embrasures for lovable seats and balconied windows. The arches are the most perfect framing for our semi-tropic vistas; the red tile roofs, precious splashes of color

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. THE PATIO DE LA MEZQUITA.

among our crowding evergreens. Most valuable of all is the *patio* or court yard, upon whose broad corridors every living-room should open. There may be two or more patios, one behind the other; and one may be glazed against unpleasant weather. Here, also, is the house garden, with its flowers and fountains. Of the many patios in the Alhambra, two are shown here—that of La Mezquita (the Mosque) and the famous Court of the Lions.

Fame and fortune await the architect who shall best adapt this style to our local and modern exigencies. Looking soberly at this noble monument of an architecture wrought out with infinite patience and conscience and artistic feeling by pagans of six centuries ago, this immortal ornament of a land we have been taught to despise; and then looking around us clearly to just what we heirs of the Nineteenth century's end are building—it ought to give us that discontent which is the beginning of better achievement.

Pasadena, Cal.

THE MISSION OF MONTEREY IN 1792.
From Vancouver's *Voyages*, 1798.

THE HOPKINS SEASIDE LABORATORY.

BY ERNEST B. HOAG.

ALL biologists are familiar with the seaside laboratories which have been established at several places in this country within recent years. To the general public, however, they are hardly known, and much less is known of their purpose and importance.

To Louis Agassiz we are indebted for the first of our seaside laboratories, established more than twenty years ago on the island of Penekise in Buzzard's bay. Here many of our best known biologists of today were students under Prof. Agassiz. Modern biological methods in the United States may almost

Union Eng. Co. THE HOPKINS SEASIDE LABORATORY.

be said to have originated with Agassiz at Penekise. It was there that President Jordan of Stanford University first became interested in the study of fish ; and his high standard today in the science of ichthyology may be traced back to these influences. Since the establishment of this school which, though eminently successful, was doomed to short life, many others have sprung up. The best known of these is the one at

Union Eng. Co. THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE, MONTEREY.

Union Eng. Co. CHINESE FISHING VILLAGE, MONTEREY.

Wood's Holl, Mas.., with Prof. Whitman of Chicago University as its director. To this laboratory students and investigators go every summer, among whom are the leaders in biological science in this country today. It is the ambition of the young student in biology to spend his summer here where he may become acquainted with marine forms, which furnish a large part of the working material in biology. With the investigator, a summer at the sea shore is a necessity if he wants to keep pace with the advancement of the day. There are other well known seaside laboratories, among which may be mentioned the Johns Hopkins and the Cold Springs Harbor on the Atlantic coast and the Hopkins at Pacific Grove, Cal. This last is already one of the most promising, although the youngest, of the seaside laboratories. Almost as soon as

Union Eng. Co ONE OF THE OLD COASTGUARD.

the Stanford university opened to students, the professors at the heads of the biological departments began to consider the plan of establishing on the Pacific coast a seaside laboratory. The active work was undertaken by Professors Jenkins and Gilbert. Mr. Timothy Hopkins has been the first and chief benefactor ; and from him the laboratory takes its name.

The old Spanish town of Monterey, once the capital and principal port of California, is only two miles away, with its picturesque old adobe buildings. There is a fishing station on Monterey Bay, and the Italian and Chinese fishermen often bring in rare and curious forms and furnish much excellent material which would otherwise be scarcely accessible. The bay, in the words of Dr. Jenkins, "has proved to be a perfect paradise for the marine biologist." The forms of life found here, such as holothurians, jelly-fish, sea anemones, limpets, etc., greatly astonish those who are familiar only with Atlantic forms. Whales, grampus and seals are often seen sporting in the bay. No more delight-

Union Eng. Co. A BIT OF MONTEREY COAST.

ful place could have been secured for a marine laboratory than the one chosen on Monterey Bay. "What do you do in the laboratory?" is often asked. The student may pursue whatever branch of marine biology most interests him. He may study the marine algæ, or sea weeds which are most abundant and are often collected and mounted simply for their beauty. But he must not be at all content with simply learning names and carefully pasting the plants on square pieces of card board. He will want to know just where the plants grow, how they are reproduced, and what their minute structure is, how they are related to one another and to plants higher and lower than themselves. One will learn how to collect the plants and will make many trips along the shore of the bay at low tide searching for them, and learning incidentally many things about the star-fish, sea-urchins, crabs, jelly-fishes, sponges, and many other forms of sea life. Or one may study zoölogy and, col-

lecting these various animal forms, take them to the laboratory and make careful dissections, thus learning something of their gross and minute anatomy, their relations to one another, their embryology and their race history. One will learn something of the theory of evolution, will see how one form has advanced and another degenerated. A common barnacle will interest one more, when it is known that it is a degenerate crustacean, and that the young animal as first hatched was for a long time thought to be an adult crustacean. If one should be so fortunate as to discover an extremely simple sack-like animal adhering to the under surface of a crab, it will add much to its interest to know that this ugly creature, almost devoid of organs, is really a crab, which through an ancestry of parasitism has now become a degenerate crab or sacculina, having lost most of its organs and become dependent upon its host for its existence. And in the same way the ascidians, which look like plants adhering to the rocks, will be greatly more interesting when one knows that they are in fact degenerate vertebrates.

These are a few examples of what a beginner in biology may do at the Hopkins laboratory. Other students are prepared for more advanced work. Some may study the physiology of invertebrate animals, others the nervous system of fishes from the lower to the higher, still others the development of various animals, such as chitons, sharks, jelly-fishes, hag-fishes, etc. There are many who are prepared to do original investigation of various kinds, and they are furnished private rooms and find abundant material at Pacific Grove.

There is plenty of opportunity for diversion in the way of long excursions on the coast, perhaps to Cypress Point or to Carmel Bay, where Junipero Serra founded the Mission more than one hundred years ago. There is dredging from the laboratory boats for forms on the bottom, and skimming for forms on the surface, and there are many other ways of uniting real work with pleasure.

Prof. Loomis, the well known ornithologist of the San Francisco Academy of Science, has made a very complete collection of sea-birds found here.

Prof. Johnson of Illinois State University made a fine collection of insects here in 1892, this region offering unusual opportunities for the entomologist.

In short, students from the universities, teachers in the schools and colleges, investigators or others having a real interest in biology, may spend a profitable and delightful season at Pacific Grove.

All who have been students here feel greatly indebted to Mr. Hopkins for opportunities for study which can be secured in only a few places in the United States. The enthusiasm of the lecturers and instructors is contagious, and students and teachers always regret when the summer season closes. The successful management is in great measure due to Dr. O. P. Jenkins, who from the first has given great personal attention to the needs of the laboratory in general and to each student who has pursued a course there.

Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena.

CHARLIE GRAHAM.

BY EUGENE M. RHODES.

From the cliff that frowns beside
Amargosa's bitter tide,
Charlie Graham's signal light
O'er the desert parched and brown
Flamed its nightly message down,
"All is well! good night! good night!"

From the shadows gaunt and gray
Charlie Graham, where he lay
Dying, by his beacon light,
With his latest strength and breath
Flashed across the Valley of Death—
"All is well! good night! good night!"

* * * *

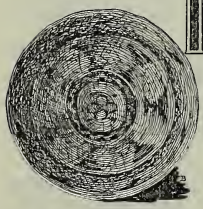
Where the farther slopes are dark
One is watching for the spark
That shall kindle on the height;
Shows her child the sudden star
Where love's message gleams afar—
"All is well! good night! good night!"

Low she croons a cradle song,
"Sleep, my baby, not for long
Shall the mine from home delay him."
Sleep, poor mother! dream and rest,
With your babe upon your breast—
All is well with Charlie Graham!

Engle, N. M.

THE SHADOW OF THE GREAT ROCK.

BY BERTHA S WILKINS.



IT was when Ukla was dead and his brother and friends had buried him in the desert sands. Everything that belonged to him was buried with him. His blankets were folded around him, his bow and all his arrows were placed at his right side.

When Ukla was a boy, he and his friend Soom went to the hunts together, and they were called "the brothers." Then Soom took the fresh green leaves and bit them lightly with his teeth, and the face upon the leaf as he opened it up was Ukla's face, he said. And one day he said:

"The leaves dry and do not keep the picture. I will make a better one that will last always."

So he drew the face of Ukla upon a small slab with the sharp point of his arrow; and when the people saw it they said:

"It is Ukla!"

Soom carried the picture with him when he went away, for were they not brothers? But when Ukla died, Soom brought the slab to be buried too. For would not the picture which was like Ukla keep his spirit down here on the earth when it longed to go?

Yet all that was Ukla's could not be buried; for Numa was his wife and Tulee was his little daughter.

They mourned and mourned for him, and at last Numa said to the child: "We will go across the desert to the hills where is my father, and we will live with him."

Then Numa took the food they would need, and Tulee took food, too. The mother placed the stone jar full of water upon her head, and they started for Numa's home, far away.

They started in the early morning before the sun was up. The moon had risen late and the desert was a great whiteness before them. They walked on and on and on. Numa walked before and the child followed; their shadows fell black upon the sands.

Then the sun arose, whom they dreaded; and they walked on and on. When the sun burned, little Tulee cried to her mother:

"Water! I am thirsty!"

But the mother did not turn.

"Wait until we reach the great rock; then I can set the water off without spilling it. If I lift it to the sand I might spill it."

But that was not the reason. It was because one must not begin drinking early in the desert.

They walked on. Only their footsteps on the sand and the rustle of lizards on the rocks could be heard.

"Mother, I am thirsty!" moaned the child. And the mother said:

"It is now not far, little one. We will stop at the great rock and rest."

And they walked on. The sun blazed down upon them and the heat seemed to make a hum in the air. The sky was white with heat and the yellow sand threw it all back to the sun; and yet they walked on.

Now the great rock was in sight with its cool black shadow. Numa heard a groan behind her and hurried to set the jar upon the flat surface. Then she ran back to her child, for the little one was lying in the sand.

She carried the child to the cool shade, groaning; for the eyes were dull and between the teeth was the swollen tongue of one who dies of thirst.

She dropped water between the white teeth again and again. She bathed the little face; she moaned lullaby names. But the child did not move.

Then Numa's passion broke forth. She poured the water upon the black hair and the little brown body. Not a drop did she taste, though her tongue was thick and hard.

And at last she buried the child deep under the sands. And she raised the water jar high above her head and threw it hard against the rock and broke it; then she laid it on the little mound. For so do Indians when the life is spilled.

It was night when Numa's old father heard a sound at the door of his house; and when he opened, his daughter lay there. He could not say anything; but he gave her water, fresh and cool from the spring, and wet her hair and face.

After a long time her tongue could move, and she told him. She did not weep; but her face was dark; it had the shadow of the rock upon it.

Numa lived with her father always. She did not take another husband nor long for other children. She died, long, long ago, and went to Ukla and Tulee. And out on the desert is the great rock, and in its shadow a broken water jar marks a child's grave.

Banning, Cal.

Our Foothill Neighbors.

BY MARY E. WRIGHT.

CONCEALED in a lovely cañon at the foot of the California Coast Range, surrounded by everlasting hills, over-topped by snow-capped sentinel peaks; where our ears were charmed by rippling waters and the voice of the majel calling so mournful-sweet to its mate in the chaparral; where we were lulled to rest by the howl of the coyote, or startled at midnight by the cry of some belated heron; where our eyes feasted upon ever-changing views — there, far from towns, nestles a little cabin, our first home in the sunset land. For it we now hold a deed from our beneficent "Uncle Sam," who lost his wager that we could not live there five years without starving. Yet more than this title to our home, we value the experience of those years.

Although if we would gratify the occasional human desire to see a chimney we had to step out and look up at our own, yet we were seldom lonely; for monotony forms no part of foothill life. Here if anywhere it is the unexpected that happens. Our neighbors, the native animals, were untiring in their efforts to form our acquaintance; and the results were sometimes amusing, but more often disastrous. From the mountain lion that crept down by night from his cave in the rocks and drank the life-blood of a valuable colt, to the trade rat that ran off with my hairpins and mush stick, they were all thieves. To the puma justice was meted out by a dose of poison placed in the carcass of his victim; the morning sun saw his royalty stretched upon the spot — a beautiful creature, whose huge paws and eight feet of length betokened his power.

Owing to the thievish propensity of our "neighbors" our efforts at ranching were not entirely successful. The mountain quail made no secret of his intention to despoil our corn field; for while we dropped the grains, he would continually call out from the neighboring sage — "you *fool*, you!" (accenting the fool)—instead of civilly whistling "Bob White" as does his Eastern brother.

The attentions of the coyote were perhaps the most annoying because most persistent. He was never discouraged even if fifty visits and an equal number of serenades were necessary to procure one chicken. Why the Indians in their folk-lore should make him such a dullard, and the butt of all practical jokes, I do not understand. Perhaps they never stood shivering at dead of night encouraging the dogs in their chase after a coyote whose yelps at the north of the house had disturbed their slumber—while morning disclosed the fact that his mate had simultaneously visited the hen roost on the south. He seldom received retribution at our hands, for contrary to general opinion we deem him to some extent a benefactor, in that he subsists principally upon rabbits, whose depredations (together with those of the deer) upon our young orchard, vineyard and growing garden, were all but fatal. This however was not the catastrophe it might at first appear, as it led to the discovery that

condensed fruit and vegetables in the form of juicy venison and rabbit meat were very palatable and a great aid in winning the wager with our illustrious Uncle.

The invasion of the rattlesnake we looked upon more seriously, but this nuisance was soon abated, for our herd of forty beautiful Angora goats which roamed the hills feeding upon sage brush and wild buckwheat, and furnishing us with meat and milk, soon drove the reptiles farther back; not, however, before we had secured a large collection of rattles. The owner of the first of these relics I found basking in the potato patch, and I immediately began a fusilade with stones. Perhaps I am about as proficient as the average of my sex in that manner of warfare, but being endowed with the gift ot continuance, I finally lodged a stone on the snake's body and then proceeded to build a rockery over him, pausing only when my material at hand was exhausted. I felt indignant that in searching for my victim, my husband preferred to use a hoe instead of his hands. Did he think it was alive? Alas for pride! The removal of the last rocks revealed the reptile coiled for battle; and the victory I had thought mine was reserved for another.

I must not forget the horned toad that hopped about my garden snapping flies and bugs. I could not divest my mind of the impression that it was his satanic majesty's earthly representative, and that the lizards of every variety were his angels. Our little ones considered the request that they remain in the range of our vision needless restraint, and wandered one morning around the point of the hill, from which direction I soon heard the loud barking of two dogs that were their constant companions. Hastening to the spot I was informed that "a large jack rabbit" was the cause of the disturbance. I was retracing my steps when a rustling in the branches of a mountain cherry tree caused me to look up, when, horrors! gazing down into mine were the fiery eyes of a—what? I had never seen a wild cat, but immediately surmised this to be one, and leaving the dogs in charge hastened after a gun, which fortunately was double barreled. Something akin to stage fright made my first shot go astray. I had failed to place the weapon against my shoulder, which neglect caused my front teeth to ache for several days. But the next barrel brought the creature to the ground. I now have its skin mounted as a rug, and as I look into the glassy eyes I live my thrilling experience over again. Some think to rob me of my glory by calling it a silver gray fox, and truth compels me to acknowledge that among the many wild cats I have since beheld, none have been so beautiful as this, whose tail, its crowning glory, is twenty inches long.

Gathering wild flowers was a pastime of which we never tired. Much has been told of these beauties of which nature weaves her carpet in this Golden State, but never have I seen them in such variety and profusion, such glorious array of color, as in this mountain retreat. It was while thus employed I came upon a real wild cat crouching in a gully not six feet away. Wise ones tell us wild cats are timid and will not attack human beings; but this one's demeanor was not that of a coward. He deliberately arose and after a survey of the disturber of his peace

slowly walked away with that stealthy tread common to his species, after stopping and turning about to see what I meant to do about it. He may have been timid; but I am entirely content that I did not try to stop him.

Observing the wild bees that came daily to our watering-trough, and noting the general direction of their flight, we were able to locate their cave in the rocks, from which we succeeded, after much tribulation, in extracting about two hundred pounds of amber sweetness. We also secured the queen of the colony, with quite a retinue of her followers. This proved the nucleus of what in future days became to us not only a pleasant but very profitable business.

Once, upon entering our cañon after a day's absence, we were met by a stream where no stream had been. It kept deepening as we proceeded, until it was above our horses' knees. It had been a clear day, with the exception of lowering clouds above the mountains. To us who were uninitiated no explanation then suggested itself. We had not realized that in this peaceful abode we were in danger of being swept away by cloud bursts in the hills above us. Fortunately this one had been several miles distant, and had spent its force before reaching us.

We are not incapable of enjoying the beauties of art and the handiwork of man; yet remembering nature in her most picturesque and wildest moods, we cannot help sighing now and then, as did the "last of the Moors," for the life which has gone by.

Pasadena, Cal.

THE GOLDEN POPPY.

BY MARY E. MANNIX.

What time the upland, all aglow
With every meadow flower we know,
Invites us to the jeweled hoard
Long in its arid bosom stored;

What time the vine's frail tendrils cling
To the bright mantle of the spring,
And emerald ferns in cañons deep
Unwrap their dewy folds from sleep;

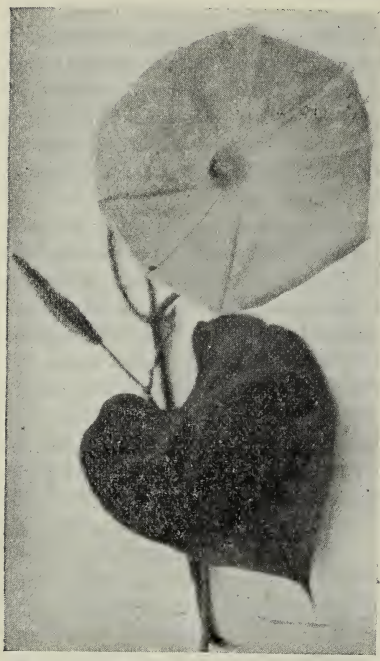
'Tis then she comes—the dearest flower
Of all that billowy, fragrant bower—
Uplifting from the arid mold
Her dainty cup of fluted gold.

Copa de oro! Let who may
Rifle her gold, *I* cannot! Nay,
She seems to me a sacred thing—
The perfect child and crown of spring.

San Diego, Cal.

A Rare Morning-Glory.

BY ETHELIND LORD.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co

"IPOMEA Heavenly Blue" (which an English firm refused to catalogue by that name, alleging that it might shock the religious sensibilities of its patrons) is believed to have originated in the gardens of Mrs. Theodosia B. Shepherd, at Ventura, Cal. Like all other Ipomeas, it is merely an enlarged "Morning Glory"—except that it is perennial, and more deserving of the name than even the lovely, old-fashioned flower which brightened so many mornings of our childhood. The color is indeed "heavenly," being as indescribably soft and enchantingly blue as California skies.

If you have never seen an Ipomea bud open, you have yet a great pleasure in store, particularly if you are so fortunate as to have one of the "Heavenly Blue" to watch. The method is the same in all, but in no other is the color so satisfactory. Each spray bears several buds; and as they remain fresh for several days when put in water, each morning brings fresh blossoms and renewed delight.

Not long ago I brought a bunch of the involuted buds into the house and put them in a glass of water. In the morning most of them had opened, but a few were still closely folded, and I sat down to watch their wonderful awakening.

Slowly, slowly, almost imperceptibly, the spirals untwisted, showing lines of tender pink in the shadows, at last forming a five-pointed star, still tightly closed, with no hint of the golden heart, or the perfect round of the opened flower.

Still more slowly, reluctantly, it seemed, this star separated, at the center first, giving a glimpse of the long, beautiful white throat and golden stamens. Then, with a little tremor, a thrill as of gladness, and a proud consciousness of its peerless beauty, the blossom unfurled its azure globe, and seemed to breathe "It is good to live."

Los Angeles, Cal.

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The work of the Landmarks Club is finding generous and cordial response, at home and abroad. Subscriptions of a dollar and upward come in from all parts of the country. At the time this page goes to press the gross contributions aggregate over $600, the great majority of which applies directly to the work. Printing, stationery, legal and other services necessary to the Club's work, have been generously given; and have of course been credited at their current cash prices. The only cash expenses of the Club to date have been: $14.50 for filing articles of incorporation, $1 postage, $3.50 (half price) for a stereopticon exhibition, and $1 for the rent of San Juan Capistrano.

The cash contributions already amount to over $240; and lumber, nails, tie-rods, etc., precisely equivalent to cash, are about $230 more. This is a handsome beginning, and the campaign is just getting warm.

Since the last issue, in which the generous initiative of the Kerckhoff-Cuzner Lumber Co. in donating 2000 feet of lumber was mentioned, other companies have been interviewed by the committee and have shown the same handsome liberality. The Willamette Lumber Co. gave 2000 feet, making 4000; and the L. W. Blinn Lumber Co. raised it to 6000; the J. M. Griffith Co. added 2000; and the Stimson Mill Co. rounded out the full 10,000 feet that was needed. Each of these donations is equivalent to $40. Other generous contributions are enumerated in the list below.

On the 19th of March a full carload of lumber and other material was shipped to the Mission San Juan Capistrano; the Southern California Railway generously giving the Club half rates.

The Club is under many obligations to the Friday Morning Club for courtesies. Feb. 25th an exhibition of 75 magnificent stereopticon views of the Missions was given in the F. M. C. hall; and March 6 Mr. Sumner P. Hunt delivered an admirable lecture on Mission architecture at a crowded session of the same club.

The Pasadena committee gave an entertainment for the benefit of the Landmarks Club, March 21, after this magazine had gone to press. The ladies have worked with much enthusiasm, and handsome results were expected.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE:

Previously acknowledged, cash, $159.50; services and material, $106.25; total, $265.75.

New contributions: Willamette Lumber Co. (2000 feet of lumber) $40; L. W. Blinn Lumber Co. (2000 feet of lumber) $40; J. M. Griffith Co. (2000 feet of lumber) $40; Stimson Mill Co. (2000 feet of lumber) $40.

J. D. Hooker, $20; Baker Iron Works (iron rods and turn-buckles for supporting walls) $15; California Hardware Co. (nails) $12; W. H. Burnham (Orange, Cal.) $5; Mrs. W. H. Burnham (Orange, Cal.) $5; Richard Mercer, $5.

$1 each: Frances A. Groff, Robert Steere, T. A. Eisen, Mrs. Ella H. Enderlein, Frank Van Vleck, Frank Wiggins, Mrs. Frank Wiggins, Mrs. C. M. Severance, S. B. Cannell (with Chas. Scribner's Sons, N. Y.), L. A. Groff, Chas. F. Sloane, Geo. Rozet,

Ruth A. Bradford (Riverside, Cal.), Julia Boynton Green, Isabel H. Wheeler (El Paso, Tex.) Dr. Dorothea Moore (Hull House, Chicago), Chas. Ducommun, jr., John S. Noble, Mrs. John S. Noble (both, Dunsmuir, Cal.), D. M. McGarry, Theo Summerland, Wm. D. Windom (Washington, D. C.), Wm. Martin Aiken (Supervising Architect, Treasury Dept., Washington), Edward A. Bowen (Brooklyn, N. Y.), H. S. Chandler (Brooklyn, N. Y.), Homer P. Earle, L. S. Moore, R. W. Poindexter; Mrs. Ella P. Hubbard (Azusa), Mrs. Lucy N. Wright, J. G. Mossin, Mrs. Geo. Russell, Dr. Wm. Le Moyne Wills, Jane P. Kendrick (Saco, Me.), Humphrey B. Kendrick, Edward A. Schaffer, Wm. D. Babcock, Mrs. H. J. English, Miss M. F. Wills, Hurbert Isaac (Orange, Cal.)

Through the Pasadena Committee, $1 each: Grace G. Wotkyns, Mrs. B. M. Wotkyns, Mrs. Belle M. Jewett, Mrs. John Mitchell (Providence, R. I.), Mrs. R. B. Kellogg (Lock Haven, N. Y.), Miss A. L. Faulkner (Santa Barbara), Miss A. R. Faulkner (Santa Barbara), Mrs. C. G. Emery (New York), Francena Emery (New York), F. A. Foster (New York).

Material and services: Kingsley-Barnes & Neuner Co., printers, $7.50 (making their total contribution $17.50); W. R. Burke, attorney, $10; Union Photo-engraving Co., $5; Stoll & Thayer, booksellers and stationers, $1.75; W. H. Wilson, stereopticon expert, $4.

LA FIESTA OF 1896.

EARLY in the springtime of the year, when the roses and lilies bloom in profusion, and the hills and mesas are streaked with the yellow of the poppy, the thoughts of the people of Los Angeles and of Southern California generally turn to the celebration of La Fiesta. It comes at a time when the harvest of oranges is about completed and before the summer crop of cereals and deciduous fruit is ready to be gathered; when bounteous rains have given promise of full growth and bearing; when the light chill of winter has passed and the long, spring-like summer is about to begin. It is of all the year the most proper season for general rejoicing. The Italian and the Spaniard sing their farandole in September; the merry Englishman celebrates his harvest home in October; the New Englander holds his thanksgiving in November; but the Californian, for whom the beneficent year is a succession of harvests, selects the springtime, when nature is fairly at her best, formally to rejoice at his good fortune.

The Caucasian race has held fiestas in Southern California for over a hundred years, and before that time it is safe to assume that they were held in some shape by the Indians, who could scarcely have failed to appreciate the highly favorable conditions in which their lot was cast.

The institution, as it at present exists, is not a parvenu, for it is older than the tallest palms beneath which it is enacted. Neither is it an exotic affair like the celebrations held at many of the towns of the middle West which are little more than efforts to imitate the famous European celebrations or the Mardi Gras festival at New Orleans. La Fiesta is as much at home in Southern California and as well adapted to its surroundings as the chaparral on the hillside or the brodæa in the meadow. If by any chance it should be allowed to die out for a year or two, it would soon again be renewed, for the people would demand it.

The festival of 1896 promises to follow the example set by its predecessors in excelling all the events of similar character that have gone before.

It lasts for five days—from April 21st to 25th. The 21st is given up to preliminary exercises. On the 22d come the main day procession and the concert. On the 23d there is an athletic entertainment, and at night the brilliant illuminated parade, "The Lands of the Sun." On the 24th there are the children's celebration and the ball. The festival closes on the 25th with the famous flower parade, which this year promises to be of extraordinary excellence, and the carnival of maskers at night.

Such in brief is the program of events prepared for the enjoyment of the many thousand visitors who will assemble in Los Angeles from Southern California and the Eastern States. With its next number the LAND OF SUNSHINE will present its readers with a more extended account of these famous festivities, together with many interesting illustrations.

A PLAGUE O' BOTH THEIR HOUSES.

If our Uncle Sam has ever heard the long-time frontier proverb—"what things you do see to shoot when you haven't a gun"—it must run in his head a good deal just now. For this long-boned, rawboned, lion-jawed specimen — nobler, even in the caricatures whereby we know his face, than are any of the smug politicians who nowadays take his name in vain—finds his present trail infested with all sorts of freaky game, and not even a blunderbuss in reach.

There seems to be nothing immediate to be done by him (and such other Americans as do not think with their feet) except to note with pride how many more kinds of a fool an American Congress can make of itself than can any other legislative body now extant. Also to remember. The ballot is a slow medicine ; but administered patiently, sternly and long enough, it is competent to purge even Congress to sanity.

The Lion has had his say about the indecent flippancy with which a certain class maltreats the President of the United States ; has made his plea for such respect to our chief magistrate as self-respect inculcates. One might theorize that the legislative arm of our government should be as due to be honored as the executive ; but there are very clear reasons why it is not and cannot be. In the first place, the President is elected to be President of the United States. Again, there is focussed upon him a responsibility so direct, so inevitable, so tremendous that it would sober and steady a man far weaker, far less scrupulous than any who was ever yet President. Surely we should choose only the best ; but even if the cheapest politician who has been named for the office had reached it, the odds are a hundred to one that he would not have disgraced it. Within arm's reach of memory, a notorious spoilsman became, in the twinkling of the accident which uplifted him from the vice-presidency, one of our safest presidents. The President stands in the same fierce white light which beats upon a throne. The brunt is his. He cannot hide behind anyone. And so, though he will sometimes blunder, he will never be an evil-doer nor a professional ass.

But Congress is responsible to no one. Theoretically it can be called to account by its master the People ; practically it cannot. And it knows it. It is not in its election a Congress of the United States, but a jumble of congressmen of incoherent sections. It is elected piecemeal, to represent not the country but the —th Massachusetts District and the —nd Georgia. So far from being sobered by any accountability, the average Congressman celebrates his escape from obscurity by going on a spree with his mouth. He barnstorms the national stage. The sober audience

—which an American must hope and believe is still strongest in America—he does not once look toward. The gallery is noisier—and he plays to it with noise. There are noble exceptions to this; but the sane men are not the ones we are deafened with.

The spectacle of the last three months is probably the gravest that unintoxicated Americans ever witnessed—for no foreign menace can be so serious as disease at the seat of our national life. Deliberately and of actual knowledge, it is to be said that there is not one of the despised Latin-American "republics," hot-blooded and impulsive as they are, whose Congress would have practically whooped into war *without one word of discussion*, as our Congress did in the Venezuelan matter. There is not in Mexico or France or Norway or Germany or Italy or pagan Japan a legislative body where such consummate ignorance of the issue, such heartless flippancy, such Apache readiness to plunge a people in war could have prevailed without one sober voice to protest; one cool finger uplifted to say: "Wait a moment. Let us think." And it is perfectly safe to say that in no other country which has newspapers would so many of them have abetted the successive crimes against intelligence which have branded the last three months in Washington.

AND THE SCHOOLMASTER STILL ABROAD.

The most tolerant Westerner is not permitted to forget for long the ignorance of the East. When the periodicals and text books give him a brief respite from their blunders, then Washington reminds him that it has never been able to learn a geography more than two hundred miles wide. This time it is a statesman in the Postoffice Department who issues orders that the people of Long Beach, Cal., shall spell their postoffice Longbeach; that Del Mar shall be Delmar; Las Posas, Lasposas; Ben Hur, Benhur—and so on. The Lion does not much believe in revolutions; but this under-educated and over-paid clerk is not altogether the government of the United States; and to snub him is hardly high treason. It is perfectly true that Newyork and Newjersey and Saintlouis and Rhodeisland might better suit the sort of brains this gentleman enjoys than the present spelling; but the Constitution of the United States does not yet empower any accidental ignoramus to tell the people of any city by what name they may venture to call themselves. If the people of the Southern California postoffices which have been thus butchered have half an American spirit, they will simply laugh at the vandal, and go on spelling things correctly.

OUR FIRECRACKER CONGRESS.

The joke of the Cuban affair is funnier to anyone else than to an American—to him, the ghastly stupidity and indecency of it are too near home to be comic. Here is the fire-cracker Congress which misrepresents (please God) the best sense and honor of the United States, not only insulting but blackguarding a friendly nation; seriously—or as near seriousness as a Morgan gets in his sober moments—moving to "recognize" the independence of a people that does not exist even on paper, a fugitive horde of ignorant bandits and barn-burners without a local habitation or a name. This imbecility, unprecedented in the history of nations, is urged on the ground that Spain early recognized the Confederacy. Such an argument of demagogues is worthy of the cause. They know they prevaricate, and that every man who is not ignorant of history knows they know it. The Confederacy was wrong, but it was a government. It held its territory in fact. It had seaports and forts, cities and states, a capital, a government, a currency, and armies. And Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were not skulking in Europe. From Sumter until Appomatox the South was a country.

Our own colonies in the Revolution have been cited as dishonestly. The colonies were a country, in possession of their domain, and fighting by civilized armies, not by bushwhackers. Yet even France did not recognize our belligerency until two years after the most important town held by the British had surrendered to Washington, and nearly four months after the principal British army had been made prisoner by us.

The Cuban rebels have not a government nor a single spot whereon a government could sit down if there were one. They have not a seaport, nor a fort, nor a capital, nor a town, nor currency, nor anything that sane men can call an army. Their only "government" is a huddle of runaway adventurers in New York — where it will always be so long as there is danger. The figureheads in Cuba are only to bunco those who prefer to be ignorant. The rebellion is composed of the worst elements in the island, led by a few abler men of as noble motives as Debs's. Indeed the only parallels to the Cuban insurrection with which the United States is familiar are the Debs and Coxey "rebellions." Congress would have "recognized" both these, if they had managed to hold together a little longer.

We look for this sort of thing from the Lodges and Fryes and Morgans and Tillmans. We do not expect the sane words of the Whites and Hoars and Hales and Cafferys to stop the tide. But it was enough to stun one when Senator Sherman stood up the other day and gravely charged Captain-General Weyler with making the wives and daughters of Cuban rebels dance naked before his soldiers. Mr. Sherman has been a man of use to his country; but if age has brought his brains to this pass, it is time he was retired to some Old Man's Home where bunco-steerers and green-goods sellers cannot get at the inmates.

Our politicians hate Spain, not because they know an earthly thing about history, for they have proved their ignorance; not because she ever did us any harm; but because they were born that way. England naturally hated and belied Spain, her traditional foe; and we, though we hate England with a ridiculous hatred, prove our descent by carrying out her grudges.

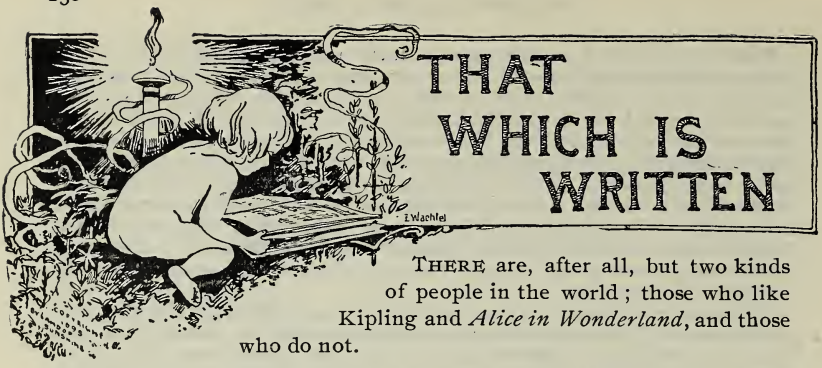
The chief reason why we pretend to despise England is that she has been a land-grabber. Now we are entering upon the same "robber policy." We want to grab Hawaii. We want to grab Cuba. We want to spend hundreds of millions for navy and coast defenses — why? To mind our own business with? Not at all. No nation and no collection of nations is going to attack us so long as we remember the wisdom that stretched from Washington to Lincoln. But our politicians do not intend to remember. The cue is — no matter how disguised now — a policy of conquest. If we go on for the next twenty years as we are going now, the United States will be trying to swallow the whole Western Hemisphere—and failing. And that will mean the beginning of the end.

STEALS WHAT HE NEEDS MOST.

A gilded youth of New York, being one night in desperate straits, put a pistol under the nose of a man he met on a lonely street and said: "Aw, give me youah money or I'll blow out youah bwains, y' know."

The other looked at him calmly. "Sonny," said he, "I reckon you'd do better to blow out my money and take my brains!"

One T. V. Wilson of 122 Pall Mall, London, recalls this episode. Probably Mr. Wilson would not steal money out of a safe. Possibly he should not be too much blamed for getting brains wherever he can lay hands on them. But he needs to acquire some morals. Anyone in the United States who should steal the cover-design of this magazine would be attended to by the law; but it is not copyrighted abroad, and can be stolen there by anyone who has the instincts to steal when he can steal without being punished. The design cost money and brains; it is property; to appropriate it against the owner's will is thievery. Mr. Wilson has appropriated it and put it on the cover of a railroad pamphlet. I mistake the railroad for which he is "general European agent," if he does not hear from his superiors as soon as they learn what he has done.



THERE are, after all, but two kinds of people in the world; those who like Kipling and *Alice in Wonderland*, and those who do not.

If all the new magazines trust in God and keep their powder dry, we shall presently be grasshoppered with them beyond the plagues of Egypt. But there are cheerful probabilities that the majority will come to forget their maker and their umbrella, and catch their death of dampness.

THE HOMER OF THE JUNGLE.

It is a curious fact that no other writer of this generation (and probably none of this century) ever added so much to his fame — after he had set it world-wide upon its feet — by his first venture into an absolutely new field as did Kipling with his Jungle stories. Indeed there have been few such Columbian discoveries in modern literature anyhow, as this landfall of a whole new continent of fiction. While too many writers have been making clear the beastliness of humanity, no other story-writer has had the insight to know and the power to make graphic for us the humanity of the beasts. One of the most eminent of critics has said that there is nothing since Æsop like the Jungle stories; and he might have left out the comparison altogether — for Æsop's didactic pills, with beasts merely for sugar-coating, are no more to be compared to Kipling's vital Jungle-people than Dr. Watts to Homer. Here are no Punch-and-Judy-trimmed fables, but stories that swing and sway and kindle us as very few have ever done. Few men's men are so contagious heroes as Kipling's beasts; and one must think long to recall any book wherein so many of the characters have so much possessed him as Bagheera the Panther, and Akela the Lone Wolf, and Kaa the Python, and Baloo the sapient Bear, and Hathi the Ancient, and several more — not to mention Mowgli himself, the Man-cub who became wise with the wisdom of the Jungle. Here are no sawdust shadows moving across boards which the author needs label "This is a stage." Every actor stands forth with an actuality that is so usually impossible to words that the drama had to be invented to enforce them.

The first *Jungle Book* took the reading world by storm. At least one of its stories ("Mowgli's Brothers") is unequaled in literature, and several cross the line to real greatness. The *Second Jungle Book* — and last, for there are to be no more Jungle stories — had its welcome predestined, and it took 40,000 copies to meet the first orders. If it is not clear that Mr. Kipling has quite lived up to the difficult standard of the former volume, it is wholly certain that no other living writer could have come so close. In the nature of things it is impossible that all the

members of a book shall be as great as the heart of it. But if we cannot have again the first sun-burst of surprise, several of the stories in the present book are fully worthy to follow "Mowgli's Brothers" and "Kaa's Hunting." Such stories as "How Fear Came," and "Letting in the Jungle," and "The King's Ankus," no one but Kipling could write; and when it comes to "The Undertakers," and "Quiquern" (which is of the Arctic, but splendid as its mates of the Jungle), and "Red Dog," the greatest story in the book—why, no one else could even *try* to write them. The fore-songs and after-ballads have also some characteristic touches of the present master of English balladry.

The only real criticism fit to be made in face of such a book is a general one to the author. His work is always good individually, but all his books of stories have some air of being flung together. It would be worth while to make, of the present two, one perfect *Jungle Book;* with the best Jungle stories in their chronological order, and the splendid other stories of other lands put to a volume by themselves. The *Second Jungle Book* is decorated by Kipling's father, and printed at the De Vinne press The Century Co., N. Y., $1.50.

AND STILL THEY COME.

The magazine birth-rate recalls an urchin to whose home the doctor brought many presents. The genial stranger, getting acquainted with the boys after school, asked this one:

"And how many brothers and sisters have you, my little man?"

"Dunno!" said the youngster, reflectively. "I haven't been home since morning."

No one knows how many magazines there are who hasn't been home since morning. The latest at the time of going to press is the *Penny Magazine*, of which the April issue is Vol. 1, No. 1. It is a short-story monthly, evidently patterned after the *Black Cat*, but with better-known contributors and at a half of the price. It hails from Philadelphia.

NOT THAT SORT OF CHILDREN.

In matters of taste, young people may well be bettered by a book so beautiful to the eye as Catharine Brooks Yale's *Nim and Cum, and the Wonderhead Stories.* But it is doubtful if many children will warm to these stories. Those who do, will bear looking after. Normal children do not run to puns, which are a vice of less singlehearted maturity; and *Nim and Cum* is mostly built of puns imported from a great distance. The hero fishing with the North Pole for a rod, the Equinoctial Line, and a bent meridian for a hook, or punching holes in the "Little Dipper" with a "point of view" for an awl—he is rather too laborious a joker to please the sort of youngsters we would better bring up. *The Wonderhead Stories* are not so forced; but nothing in the book shows much understanding of the real lingua franca of childhood. Way & Williams, Chicago, $1.25.

A BOOK WHICH PROMISES.

Among the best things in the first volume of the *Chap-Book* was a series of "Dreams of Today" by Percival Pollard. Mr. Pollard is now editing *The Echo*, of Chicago, and making a success of this fortnightly reproduction of the best caricature and poster art at home and abroad. He has also recently issued his first novel, *Cape of Storms*, which has just given me pleasure in the reading. It has shortcomings which appear mostly of haste; and the putative moral will be largely quarreled with as a matter of ethics. But the real concern of the book is its picturing of a fine young manhood sophisticated, cheapened and nearly ruined by the city; and this devolution is portrayed so delicately and sympathetically and sanely that the story leaves a good taste in the mouth. Prophecy is a dangerous function in these days; but we ought to hear worthy things from the young man who can do this in his first sustained flight. The Echo Pub. Co., Chicago. Paper, with cover by Will Bradley, 75 cents.

THE ONLY ONE.

There is only one magazine published west of the Rockies which expects contributors to take their pay in a subscription. A lady called on the Lion the other day to say:

"You don't know how much I owe you! I cut that story down one half, as you were kind enough to advise, and sent it to the *Warmedoverland*. They accepted it and gave me—two years' subscription. Now if it hadn't been for you, the story would be twice as long, and they might have sent me their magazine for *four* years!"

THIS, THAT AND THE OTHER.

If the *Cosmopolitan's* friends found its February cover a shock, a worse was in store for them. The March cover seems to indicate a lady caught out without her umbrella in a hard rain of scrambled eggs.

Sports Afield is a sturdy magazine of field-sports, adventure and Western life, which honestly lives up to its title. It is now in its 16th volume. Chicago, $1.20 a year.

There are getting to be more magazines than there are names to go round. *The Lotus*, intercollegiate, is a Kansas City addition to the deckle-edged bibelots; small, "Modern" and perceptibly undergraduate. *The Lotos* is from New York, and more magazine-like, in size and build and contents. It succeeds *The New Cycle*, and seems to be an organ of the Federated Women's Clubs. Miss Neith Boyce, formerly of Los Angeles, is its literary editor.

One is glad to see that *The Black Riders* did not measure the cubic contents of Stephen Crane. He has followed these unversed verses, which were properly laughed at, with a war-story, *The Red Badge of Courage*, which has made a great hit in the East and England. Mr. Crane is only 24; and if he is willing to work, and not too proud to take off his hat to the rudiments of English grammar when he meets them on the street, he is likely to make his mark.

Life at Shut-In Valley is a collection of California tales by Clara Spalding Brown, of Los Angeles. The successful short story, in the present sense, is the rarest thing in literature, and Mrs. Brown makes no pretence to be one of the elect. Her tales, however, are unaffected and clean. The Editor Pub. Co., Franklin, O. Paper, 50 cents.

The death of "Bill" Nye takes another peculiarly American figure off the stage. Not at all of the rank of Twain or even of Burdette, he was little of a wit but much of a humorist. He was probably the most successful type of the "funny man." He has made a great deal of laughter and done very little harm withal; yet one cannot help feeling that he was somewhat misapplied. For Nye had in him enough of real though wilful humor to have made a much more enduring name if his work had been a little better advised and a good deal less sold by the yard.

The *Hartford Post* has secured for its literary editor Chas. Dexter Allen, well-known as a bibliophile and authority on book-plates, and will make a special feature of its literary department.

It is a comfort and pride to such as care for the dignity and worth of American letters that we have in the United States a literary review which is really critical and sane and studious and never hysterical; one which is as reliable as it is scholarly. The Chicago *Dial* is, as Whittier called it, the best purely literary journal in this country; and it ought to have a place on the table of every person who cares to keep abreast with the best criticism of the day.

Arizona is a country of magnificent distances and calibres. Even the church militates with nothing smaller than a forty-four. A new religious fortnightly in Phœnix wears this head:

RED-HOT EDITION.

THE CHRISTIAN WITNESS.

It is in red ink all through; and Bro. C. M. Lane, who encarnadines it, is no slouch of a fighter.

FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.

ONE of the greatest surprises of the Southwest is the San Francisco Plateau — that gigantic whaleback humped above the general surface of the Mogollon water-shed in northern Arizona. It is as different from the rest of the system as hope from despair. On either hand the strenuous desert laps its side — on the east, the lofty barrens of the Painted Desert; on the west, the sunken aridities of the Mojave. Yet here, hemmed between these bare, thirsty lands, this vast swale rounds upward like a fertile island. Below it, on either side, the parched plains support no nobler timber than the sage-brush; but up here is the most splendid forest in Arizona — and one of the finest in the Southwest.

A. H. Moore, Eng. COCONINO COUNTY COURTHOUSE. Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

Below are sands and heat; up here the breath of immemorial pines and the tang of breezes off the snow-peaks, and knee-high grasses, and glades and ponds, and — trout brooks! There are people who carefully leave their minds at home when they travel, lest they accidentally learn something en route; but to any intelligent traveler the sudden vision of this magnificent forest which looks down on either side to hundreds of treeless miles, is matter not only for delight, but for thought.

This great Arizona pine-belt, where the Atlantic & Pacific R. R. crosses it, is about sixty miles wide from east to west. North and south it is two hundred miles long. Fifty miles north of the railroad, the inconceivable chasm of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado chops it across, but does not terminate it. Fifty miles south of the railroad the tremendous Mogollon Escarpment (more popularly known as the "Rim Rock") dumps it over cyclopean cliffs into the edges of the Tonto Basin—beyond which it clambers up again to the Mazatzals and other ranges, dying out

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

FLAGSTAFF AND THE SAN FRANCISCO PEAKS.

Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

L. A. Eng Co. THE TERRITORIAL REFORM SCHOOL. Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

at last only where the great uplands dwindle away to the gaunt deserts below the Gila.

This belt is the Arizona divide, the culmination of the Mogollon watershed, its average height being somewhere about 7000 feet, while its sentinels, the noble San Francisco peaks, rise to over 13,000 feet — the highest mountains in Arizona.

Even in the Southwestern Wonderland* this region stands unique—the most wonderful area in the United States. And its intellectual interest is not greater than its physical charm. The very air of this great piney plateau is a revelation. Its scent is the scent of Maine forests ; but there is a tonic in it that Maine never knew—nor any other land of humid skies. The altitude and the dryness of it give the atmosphere a quality which it is quite hopeless to try to explain to people who have never

A. H. Moore, Eng. A LOGGING-TRAIN. Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

* See article, page 204.

learned anything better than Adirondack air, for instance. One becomes a pulmonary epicure in it; the lungs reach greedily to get their fill of it, and the freshened blood tingles in every capillary. In winter there are great but not persistent snows, and the mercury has severe sinking-spells; but for a summer climate there is nothing in North America so exhilarant and so tonic as this—for here are the advantages not alone of altitude but of dryness.

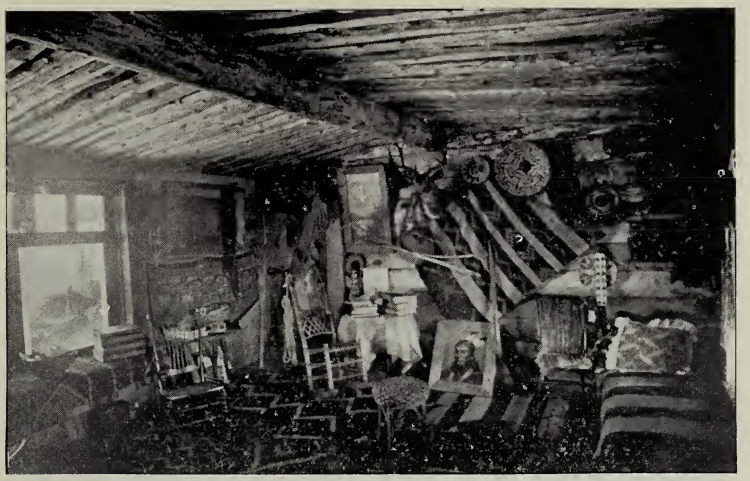
Flagstaff, the principal town of this superb plateau, is 6935 feet above the level of the sea; a wide-awake, prosperous American town, nestled among the stately pines at the foot of the San Francisco mountains, whose sharp, volcanic peaks, snow-crowned most of the year, have so

Union Eng Co. AT THE FOOT OF THE HANCE TRAIL. Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

much to do with redeeming this region from the desert which pinches it on either side. The location is ideally beautiful, with its vistas of Mt. Agassiz and his mates through the columnar pines which edge into the very town.

Astonishingly healthful, steadily prosperous beyond almost any other town on the A. & P. R. R., backed by the practically inexhaustible wealth of its forests, and with so many of the natural attractions which make life worth living, there is no uncertainty about the future of Flagstaff.

The town gets its rather peculiar name, by the way, from the fact that a government expedition, camping here on the Fourth of July, trimmed up a spar-like pine and floated Old Glory from its peak. Naturally the



A. H. Moore, Eng. *IN D. M. RIORDAN'S LOG CABIN.* Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

locality has been a marked spot since overland travel first began; for the footsore explorer, toiling across the deserts, would not soon forget this magnificent oasis. Frémont came this way — in fact, the A. & P. R. R. largely follows the trail of the Pathfinder — and before him the hardy trappers, and after him the Argonauts steered their course for 200 miles by the San Francisco peaks. It is likely that Capt. Garcia Lopez de Cárdenas, Coronado's emissary, who discovered the Grand Cañon of the Colorado in 1540, came here with his twelve men; and that Antonio de Espejo did in 1583. It is certain that Juan de Oñate, the founder of

A. H. Moore, Eng. *THE SAME.* Photo by Osborn, Flagstaff.

New Mexico, passed here in his tremendous march from Santa Fé to the Gulf of California, in 1604–5, for his chronicler, Fray Zárate-Salmeron, describes the country of the pines unmistakably in his *Relaciones*.

But all these things are of the past; and it is with the present and future that Flagstaff has the larger dealings. It is a modern American town, with the clear American eye to the main chance, and the sturdy American fists to win thither. And it holds the key to success by several doors.

For one thing, it is destined to become an important point in the itineraries of intelligent tourists; not only as a charming summer resort, but as a center of some of the greatest scenic wonders of the world. Not only is it a natural approach to the Pine-creek Natural Bridge, "Montezuma's Castle," "Montezuma's Well," and other marvels of that region; not only does it command the wonders of Cataract Cañon and Walnut Creek Cañon with its cliff-dwellings, and an important group of cave-dwellings, but it is also the main entrance to that greatest thing in

A. H Moore, Eng. THE PUBLIC SCHOOL. Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

the world, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. Add to this that it is a fine hunting country; that its air is so clear that it was chosen by Harvard College as the best point in the United States for a branch observatory; that its great mountain reservoirs guarantee an abundance of the purest water; that its forests, unmarred by underbrush, are one vast park in which one may ride everywhere — and you begin to know some of the attractions that will make Flagstaff a mecca of discerning travelers.

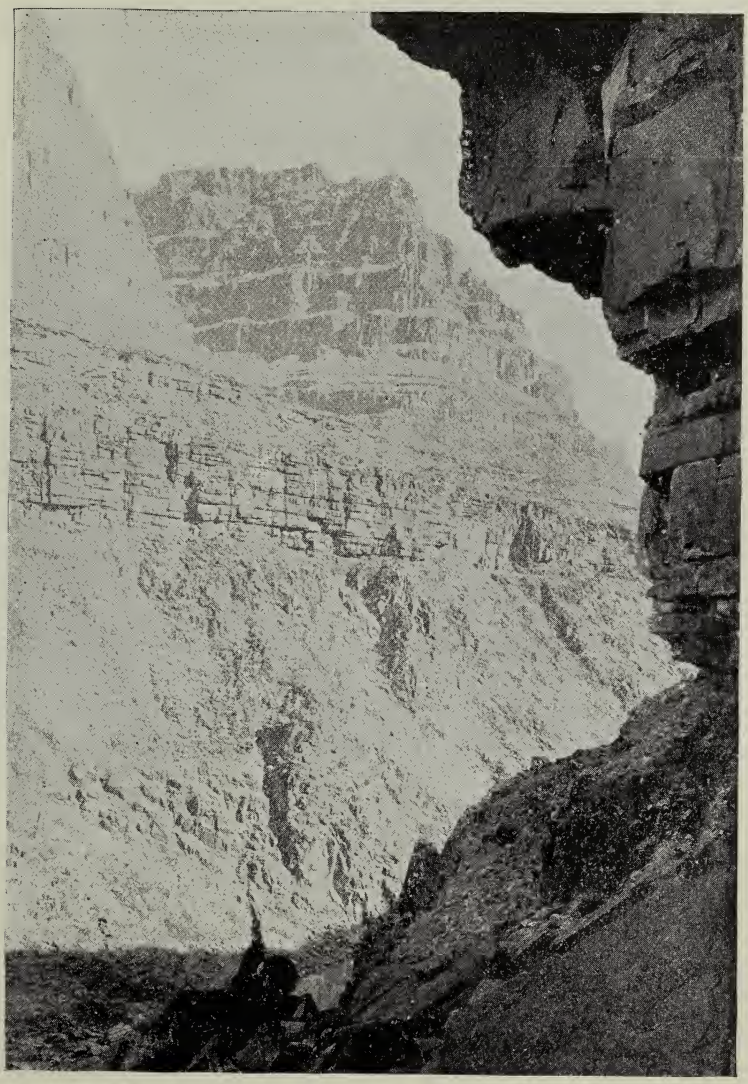
In the fine cañon of Walnut Creek, an hour's ride from town, are hundreds of cliff-dweller ruins* of the small house type, ranged like martins' nests along the shelves of the tortuous chasm which yawns suddenly in the floor-like plain.

One can also drive from Flagstaff down into the picturesque Tonto Basin, descending by the cañon of Oak Creek, and visit the five-story

* See page 210.

cliff-dwellings of the Beaver-creek type. There is no other region in North America where such ancient and important ruins can be so easily reached from a railroad. And the strange little settlements of modern aborigines amid the wild beauties of Cataract Cañon are more interesting than anything most tourists see in a transcontinental journey.

The foremost material interest of Flagstaff is of course its vast lumber resources. Such an area of "four-to-the-thousand" pines means some-



Union Eng. Co. *A BIT OF THE GRAND CANYON* Photo. by Jackson, Denver.

thing in the bare Southwest; and Flagstaff commands the situation. The Arizona Lumber and Timber Company controls 871,000 acres of these forests. It owns five saw-mills, with an aggregate capacity of 385,000 feet of lumber in a 24-hour run; not to mention a 35-mile railroad of its own, buildings, stores and other properties. Its president is D. M. Riordan—and that is not the end of him, as the name of their position is of some men. "A gentleman and a scholar" is an abused term; but every one who knows this broad man and strong one—as most Southwesterners do—feels its literal application in this case. The globe-trotter will remember no hospitality longer, either for itself or for its setting, than that of Mr. Riordan's home—which is finished inside as an honest log-cabin.

In addition to its other industries, the Arizona Lumber and Timber

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

MILL No. 1 AND PRINCIPAL LUMBER YARD.
Arizona Lumber and Timber Co.

Company has recently fitted a box factory and is manufacturing fruit boxes—which will supply the enormous California market.

Notwithstanding the difficulties incident to the depression that has prevailed in this section during the past two years and a half, the company has managed to keep going in good shape, and last year (1895) turned out about 18,000,000 feet of lumber.

One peculiar feature in the organization of this company is that every stockholder in it is an employé; that is to say, there are no investors connected with it except those who are actually concerned in it and bearing the heat and burden of its daily operations. Every man who has been five years with the concern has, through the system adopted by its president, become a stockholder, without investment on his part. In addition to this, every man who is in its service for more than one year, becomes a sharer in its profits; and if he has been two years

in the service of the company, is entitled to become a stockholder if he so chooses. During the past year a complete reorganization of the company has taken place in order to bring about the above set of conditions and to acquire the interests of investors in the concern who have never been actual workers. All this having been accomplished, the present organization looks forward with confident hope to a renewed activity in its field, and to legitimate rewards thereof. With anything like reasonable prosperity in the region which it serves, this company expects to manufacture and to sell 2,000,000 feet of lumber during the present year (1896).

During the year 1895, this company purchased the Central Arizona Railway company's entire property, including rails, rolling stock, roadbed, franchises, etc., and is now operating it in connection with its lumber company.

L. A. Eng. Co. THE RED SANDSTONE QUARRY. Photo. by Osborn, Flagstaff.

Another important material wealth of Flagstaff is its immense deposits of a superb red sandstone, one of the handsomest and best building stones in the United States. Some of the finest buildings in Chicago are of this Flagstaff stone, which can be quarried in larger perfect blocks than perhaps any other.

A curious but important product just beginning to be known is the volcanic tufa, which makes the best of fire-brick. Light, yet resistant to pressure, so completely a non-conductor that you can heat one end of a brick of it red hot and hold the other end between your fingers, it seems destined to become an important factor in our architecture.

Flagstaff is the chief town and the county-seat of Coconino county.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. Photo. by F. W. Sisson, Flagstaff.

BABBITT BROS' ESTABLISHMENT.

It has a population of about 1500, and is an attractive-looking, as well as a progressive, town. It has gas and electric light, a foundry, stores, bank (the Arizona Central), a good hotel, churches, schools, and fine public buildings. The court house, the school and the new Territorial Reform School (now being finished) would not be out of place in any city whatever.

A Summer School of Science will begin in Flagstaff July 1st. Departments in musical and dramatic art and natural history will be directed by eminent specialists. The Lowell Observatory will be occupied, and astronomical observations of practical value are hoped for. Competent instructors will teach in the various scientific lines, and class-work will be supplemented by a course of popular lectures. Arrangements are making for the accommodation of 500 students, and favorable railroad

L. A. Eng. Co. Photo by Osborn, Flagstaff.

THE BANK HOTEL, AND THE GRAND CANYON STAGE

THE J. A. VAIL BLOCK. Photo. by F. W. Sisson.

rates are expected. The double attraction of the School of Science and a few weeks amid these really magnificent surroundings will undoubtedly bring a large number of people to Flagstaff this summer.

Flagstaff has all the furnitures of a wide-awake American town of its size. Indeed, a great many Eastern towns of 1500 would be very much surprised to discover how many things which they have not are to be found in this place "on the frontier." The stores are particularly notable in such a comparison; the principal ones carrying such stocks as would make the New England village merchant gasp, and put some of his big-city cousins to the blush. The Babbett Bros., dealing in general merchandise, wholesale and retail, command an immense tributary country, and have, besides their fine store in Flagstaff, three trading-posts in the Navajo country. The Flagstaff Commercial Co. carries a large line in dry goods, clothing and groceries. Dr. D. J. Brannen, President of the Board of Trade, conducts an extensive drug business.

From Flagstaff, the finest accessible point in the Grand Cañon of the Colorado is reached by the easiest and pleasantest route. A daylight's

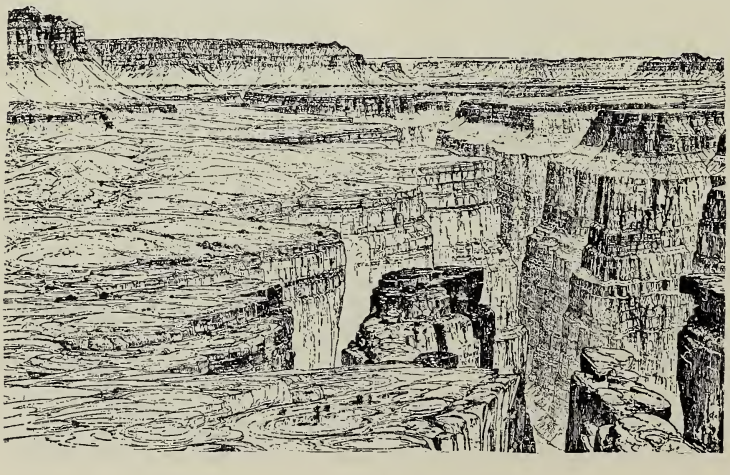
FLAGSTAFF COMMERCIAL COMPANY BLOCK. Photo by F. W. Sisson.

DR. BRANNEN'S DRUG STORE. Photo by F. W. Sisson

drive through the noble pine woods, in one of the first-class stages of Wilbur Thurber, brings the traveler to the brink of the matchless gorge at Hance's. Here are very comfortable accommodations, with proper facilities for exploring the "rim," or going down to the bottom of this incomparable rent in the earth *via* Hance's excellent trail.

The probabilities are that a railroad will presently be built from Flagstaff to the Grand Cañon; but the journey is more charming now than it will ever be on a railroad train, and not a bit more to be feared, though of course not quite so lazily easy.

Flagstaff is also a heavy shipper of wool, the range being a favorite field for sheep men. The largest area of fine grazing-lands in the Territory is upon this plateau, and horned cattle are also an important factor. Mining is not yet largely developed, but is to be counted in the assets of the region; for there are enormous mineral riches waiting to be taken from the walls of the Grand Cañon and its tributaries.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE GRAND CANYON.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co

A SEMI-TROPIC CONTRAST.
The snow-peaks five miles from the palms.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena

"THE LANDS OF THE SUN EXPAND THE SOUL."

THE LAND OF SUNSHINE

C.W. TRAVER

VOL. 4, NO. 6. LOS ANGELES MAY, 1896.

THE SOUTHWESTERN WONDERLAND.

II: AN AMERICAN PASSION-PLAY.

BY CHAS. F. LUMMIS.

TO such Americans as have recently finished the keeping of Lent with what they were pleased to deem self-denial and mortification of the flesh, it may be of interest to realize that some hundreds of their fellow-citizens got out of the Forty Days much less cheaply. For to be a Penitente is not exactly to

"be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease."

No man can become a member of the Third Order without expense to his hide, nor stay one and be stingy therewith. There are no priests nor pew-rents nor collections to levy upon the purse. But one must squander comfort like a very spendthrift.

I shall not soon forget the stir when I first published* an account of the Penitentes, illustrated with the first photographs ever made of them—and the only ones ever made yet of their crowning rites. Since then, the fanatic brotherhood has taken its place in literature and history; but at that time there were people who found it hard to believe that we have citizens of the United States who professionally flagellate and torture themselves and once a year crucify one of their fellows. But whatever doubts survived the photographs, Bandelier's historical researches have silenced forever. He has traced the origin of this astonishing order and commented on its present status. And every year, too, increases the number of American witnesses.

Founded in Spain in the 16th century, the order of *Los Hermanos Penitentes* was brought to America by the *Conquistadores*. But neither

* In *The Cosmopolitan* for May, 1889.

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Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.
THE PITERO AND HIS DAUGHTER.

in its inception nor its early practice was it a society for self-torture. It was merely an association for religious thought, for repentance by fasting and prayer. But in the isolated communities where it took root in the New World it did not need long to degenerate. These were those for whom the Catholic religion was too weak; and doubtless by suggestion of that strange self-whipping craze which over-ran nearly the whole of Europe in the Middle Ages, the Penitentes took to the scourge. As early as 1594 the first public flagellant devotions took place in North America, when Juan de Onate, the founder of New Mexico, and his little army did penance with their backs in what is now Chihuahua but was then a part of New Mexico. The colonists who finally rooted in the Territory and persisted through danger, loneliness and hardship, began a brave people and grew braver; but isolation has only one possible result—and they became ingrown.

The ascetic brotherhood spread and flourished among these people, remote from friends and comfort and safety. It grew sterner and more fanatic; and presently there existed an order stronger than any political party, in a way stronger than the church, barbarous as the surrounding savages. The American conquest nearly half a century ago made little

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.
THE MORADA.

difference with anything in the Territory, and none at all with the Penitentes. Here was still out of the world. The slow prairie schooner came and went and left no mark. When the railroad entered New Mexico, a score of years ago, the brotherhood numbered many thousand. The Church was powerless against them. They simply laughed at the fulminations of the Archbishop—I have in my possession several of his bulls against the order—and the priest who opposed them (as many brave pastors did) took his life in his hands. When Father Brun assumed the parish of Taos, nearly thirty years ago, the whitewashed walls inside the church of Fernandez de Taos were splattered shoulder-high with blood, from the Penitente whippings; and when he refused to let the Brethren profane the building again, they tried several times to kill him. I have known a good many of the famous "bad men" of the frontier; but few of them have ever seen—and still fewer have dared—so much of danger as

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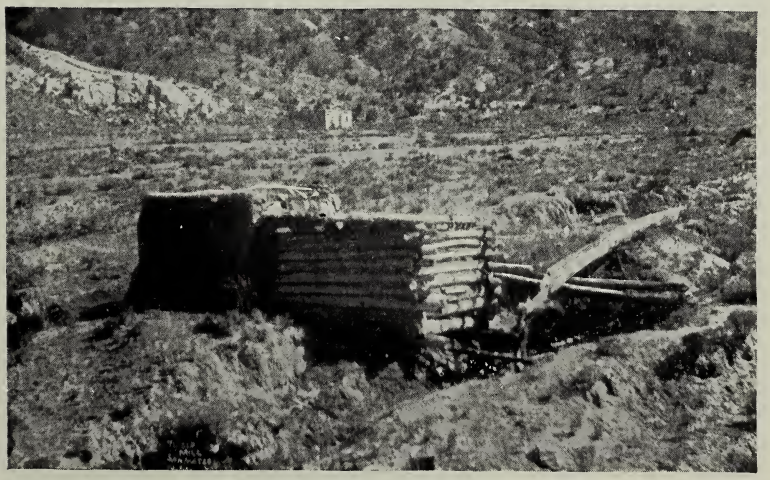
THE HERMANO MAYOR.



Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE OLD MILL, SAN MATEO.
(Morada in the background.)

L. A. Eng. Co.

THE VILLAGE OF SAN MATEO.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. TWO BROTHERS OF LIGHT.

some of the quiet *padres*. It was a very paradox; this murderous determination of the Penitentes to fight their way into a church which has so long refused them. They would like the Church as a common rallying-point, though they feel that they have risen to a sort of Thirty-Third degree, far over the heads of any mere christian who doesn't care to be crucified for his faith. All the Penitentes are Mexicans. Indians have nothing to do with the order.

But the railroad was the death-knell of the order. It brought mails and made travel easy. It brought strangers to witness their rites, and made it harder to conceal their identity from the Archbishop. Bigotry dies slowly; and in spite of excommunication, in spite of the gradual filling of New Mexico with people who have changed the balance of public opinion, the Penitent Brotherhood is not dead yet. But it is on its last legs. You can find the brotherhood houses within ten miles of Santa Fé, the capital, and Albuquerque, the central city; in the Taos country, and in Tajique, and the Sandia mountains, and Cubero, and San Mateo, and near Raton and Trinidad and many other places. But not in one of them does the old audacity persist. Most of these places

FIRST PROCESSION TO THE GRAVEYARD.

still have Penitente processions — but only the shadow of the old sort. The self-whipping and the carrying of crosses, the tortures with cactus and all the other horrors survive only in the most remote hamlets, and even there with considerable secrecy. For New Mexico has become a very different country from what it was ten years ago.

The Penitentes are active only during Lent. The rest of the year they have no reunions, unless to bury a brother — at midnight in the solitudes, where no man shall know his grave — or to sentence an erring member. The order is, of course, oath-bound ; and a traitor to its secrets is buried alive. But these meetings are rare ; the brethren are extraordinarily tenacious of life, and few betray the order.

With the beginning of the Forty Days, however, the scattered fanatics rally to their common center. Each region has its *Hermano Mayor* (Chief Brother), who is supreme ; and a brotherhood house (called the *Morada*) at some central point, but apart from public haunt. Besides the active members who torture themselves (*hermanos penitentes*) there are what may be counted honorary members — the *hermanos de luz* or

Union Eng. Co. CALVARY.

Brothers of Light. Awed by the slow, steady warfare of the Church, the Penitentes who whip themselves or wallow in cactus or get crucified do so with their heads bagged in a hangman's black cap. This keeps them unidentified, but also unseeing ; and the Brothers of Light act as guides to the blindfold self-torturers.

A great many Americans now have witnessed more or less of the Penitente ceremonials. Myself I have seen many ; and on Holy Thursday and Good Friday, 1888,* I not only saw everything but photographed the procession and the crucifixion — this unprecedented privilege being obtained partly by diplomacy, partly by the influence of a Colt's .44, and largely by the staunchness of a Spanish friend than whom I want no truer man beside me when my back is to the wall.

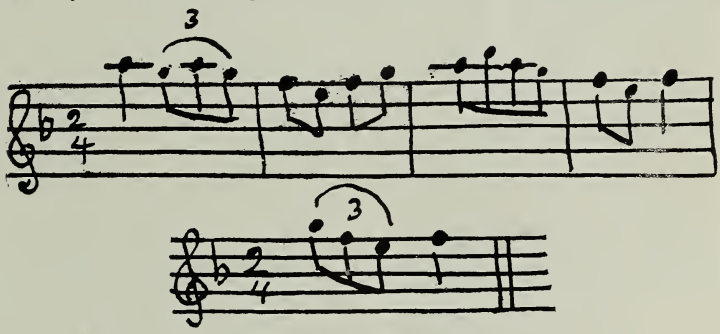
On the first Friday night in Lent the Penitentes assemble. As that is a pastoral country, and their part of it largely wilderness, some of them come tedious distances. Fifty miles is no strange thing for a Brother to trudge in from the sheep-herd that he may square up his year by flaying his back. Tomorrow he will trudge back to his flock. And next Friday he will come again. And in Holy Week, he leaves all other things and is a Penitente pure and simple ; sleeping on the bare floor of the Morada

* March 29 and 30, that year.

SELF-WHIPPERS IN PROCESSION.

and verifying his devotion by whatever torture approves itself to his mind as most heroic.

These services, of late years, are carried on at night, until the last two days. The belated traveler among the New Mexican ranges is like to hear, then, the most hideous sound that ever despoiled the night — the unearthly screech of the *pito*, a reed fife with unparalleled carrying-



THE AIR OF THE PENITENTES.

power — and by caution may see the wierd processional winding among the sombre pines. The Brothers of Light carrying incompetent lanterns and guiding among the icy rocks of a New Mexican winter the barefoot devotees; the Penitent Brothers, stripped to the waist, slowly and mechanically beswatting their raw backs with the frozen scourges, their white cotton pantaloons stiff with trickling blood, their naked feet staining the frozen trail — and ahead of all the *pitero*, torturing his fife.

But on Holy Thursday and Good Friday everything is open and by broad day, and within the confines of civilization. Visitors can look on—though I would not wholly advise the "camera fiend" to be visible, unless he is prepared to pay more than market price for negatives. Since 1888 there has been a rather tangible prejudice among the Penitentes against being photographed.

All through Holy Thursday there are processions from the *morada* to the nearest *campo santo* (burying-ground) and back. In these processions the lead is taken by the *pitero*. After him come most of the women who live in the village, singing hymns under the leadership of the Chief Brother. Last of all is the slow, stiff-stepping single file of the Penitentes proper; their heads black-bagged, their backs and feet bare. Some swing

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE PENITENTE PROCESSION.

Copyright 1888 by C. F. Lummis.

the heavy scourge of *palmilla** fibre first over one shoulder, then over the other. It strikes about the small of the back; and from a patch large and raw as a beefsteak the blood dribbles to their ankles. Some stagger under crosses which only a very powerful man can lift at all. Looking at their size as shown in the engraving, one hardly needs to be told that the greatest weighs full seven hundred pounds. Yet I have seen a straining fanatic drag that cross upon his shoulders from *morada* to *campo santo* and back (a third of a mile each way) twice in a day. Small wonder that several times he fell under the crushing load. Others, instead of whips or crosses, bear huge burdens of buckhorn cactus, cinched upon their naked backs with heavy ropes, so that innumerable thorns explore their flesh. Reasonably to measure this exaltation, you may fancy yourself marching slowly, methodically, solemnly, with ten thousand wasps stinging you from neck to hips.

On Good Friday there are the same morning processions with the same modes of self-torture; added to which is the annual renewing of the "seal" of the order. On this day the Hermano Mayor, coming to each

Union Eng. Co. WOMEN WAITING OUTSIDE THE MORADA.

member, cuts three generous slashes upon his bare back from right to left, and then cross-hatches them with three more from left to right. The implement is a sharp flint like the prehistoric Indian scalping-knife.

Soon after noon a deep hole is dug in front of the *morada*, and the largest cross is laid beside it. Presently the Penitentes and their helpers emerge from the building, leading one chosen by lot for the highest honor that can befall one of his order. His head is black capped. Down his side a broad stream of blood leaks from the ghastly cut which profanely symbolizes the wound of the Man of Nazareth. The victim is stretched upon the prostrate cross, and lashed to it†—for this is as far as the fanatics dare go, now. A new hempen rope is wound about his arms and legs and the wood; and is then hauled taut with all the power of a muscular "packer," with one foot braced on the body of the crucified. A sheet is wound around the purpling form, to prevent identification; and the cross is lifted to a perpendicular and planted in the hole.

The crucifixion I photographed at San Mateo lasted thirty-one minutes

* The *Yucca baccata*.

† The last nailing to the cross by hands and feet seems to have been in 1887.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

THE CRUCIFIXION OF A PENITENTE.

Copyright 1888 by C. F. Lummis.

by the watch. In the first five minutes, the victim's arms had turned dead black, from the constriction of the rope. He did not groan nor move; but presently his muffled head drooped upon his breast, and I presumed he was dead.

The hush of death was in the air. The Chief Brother and the assistants — all wearing crowns of thorns from under which beads of blood stood out — were motionless as carven images. The women stood mute off at one side; and on the other were ranged the breathless townspeople. I could hear the blood pounding in my ears. All nature seemed whist — save where the old log mill shook the splashing water from its locked wheel; and a fat, erect prairie-dog chattered petulantly. At the foot of the cross a black-capped Penitent lay bare-backed upon a bed of cactus. The top of his head is visible in the picture of the crucifixion.

At last it was over and the cross was lowered. The fainting wretch was unbound and dragged into the *morada*, to be brought to life again. Even since nailing has gone out of fashion, it is by no means rare for the crucified one to die; and of course under the old régime the mortality was much greater.

The procession re-forms, with the singing women, its cross-bearers and cactus-bearers and self-whippers and attendants; and its grisly marches between *morada* and graveyard are kept up till sunset. In the evening the *tinieblas* or "dark" services are held, in a closed and unlighted room. No one is admitted but the active members; to the huddled watchers outside comes nothing but groans and sobs and the clank of chains. After this, the procession returns to the *morada*, and the doors are closed. So far as the public is concerned, the services are over. The Penitentes are busied with prayer until midnight; then the door creaks, and dark forms slouch away through the night toward their respective destinations. The Brotherhood has balanced its account with God until another year.

Any more active participation by women than the singing of hymns and moral support is now done away with; but it is a scant decade since female fanatics joined in the tortures — winding their legs and arms with wire till the circulation stopped, walking with pebbles in their shoes, and the like. They are sympathetic still, but it is harder for a woman to be deaf to the voice of the Church. I remember the wrath of a Reverend Superintendent of Missions over my allusion to the fact that the most noticeable figure (because the tallest) in the processions of 1888 was the Mexican wife of the Presbyterian missionary then stationed at San Mateo. This florid-faced, well-intended carpenter, named Montgomery, finding it much easier to earn $40 a month at missionarying than at the bench, and lonely in his uncordial parish, had married him with a stalwart Mexican girl of the village; and she was as near a convert as he ever got.

These seem strange tidings of a corner of the United States; a Passion-Fact beside which Oberammergau is a child's doll-play; a barbarity fit to rank with the tortures of East India *fakeers* — and all carried on by voters of the foremost nation in civilization.

But the anachronism is fast dying out. The thunders of the Church, the pressure of a new public opinion, are at work; and the Penitentes grow fewer every year. A little more, and the order which was once invincible in the Territory will have disappeared from off the face of the earth. Even now, it draws more and more into the fastnesses and the shadows, for sympathy with it is confined to the few ignorant, outlying hamlets. New Mexico as a whole is no more to be judged by this strange survival than the average intelligence and morals of New York State are to be measured by Platt and Tammany. The Penitentes are fanatics; not as influential or as dangerous as some fanatics who range the East; nor so subversive of morality as some of the Impenitent Brotherhood of Congress. They are merely more picturesque.

All the illustrations to this article are from photos by the author.

L. A. Eng. Co.

THE STORM OF MARCH 2-3.

On the Mt. Lowe Railway; looking down to a valley of roses and orange-blossoms.

Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

A Strange Frolic.

BY JUAN DE LA NIEVE.

E counted it very funny, we Yankee boys in college, to watch the ingenuous freshmen from California when the first storm of winter had come. To think that these tall, strapping fellows — among whom were the best boxers and the longest runners — had never before seen snow "close-to!" But some of us have put a roof upon our ignorance since those days.

Californians see snow every winter — it is hard to find a town beyond eye-shot of some one of the great peaks that vertebrate the State and pierce the upper air to the equivalent latitude of Labrador, while their bases are in the semi-tropics. In northern California, those who dwell in the Sierras feel snow as well as see it. But in the southern half of our 800 miles, it is very rarely that we see snow except as a glorified halo upon the lofty summits that tooth the northern and eastern horizon.

A. H. Moore Eng. FROM FLORIDA TO MAINE. Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

There it is enjoyable—and no Eastern or Northern winter ever had a sight like the flushing snow-peaks that float higher and higher with the twilight above the darkening leagues of orange and palm. They are ethereal, spiritual, beyond the guess of peaks in commonplace atmospheres.

March 2nd and 3rd, 1896, the heaviest snow storm that has befallen Southern California in years came upon the Sierra Madre. From the 12,000-foot summits down to about 1,200 feet, mountain and foothill were sheeted white. On the morning of the 3rd, there was enough snow in several foothill towns—like Altadena, Pomona and Claremont—for snowballing. And the public attitude toward the strange visitor was instructive to the thoughtful. The whole affair was something like the coming of a circus to the county-seat, back in the simpler-hearted New England of a generation ago. A vast good-humor was in the air—even the electric road motormen thawed to full humanity. There was a great shifting of population. Trains and trolley-cars bound towards the mountains were crowded; and country roads were

beaded with vehicles headed in the same direction. Thousands of California-born children were whisked off to the foothills for their first introduction to snow; and thousands of sober adults went to refresh their memories of a thing they had well nigh forgotten these five or ten years. Crowds journeyed up the Mt. Lowe railway, and took a sleighride in sight of a valley sweet with orange-bloom and yellow with undismayed poppies; and rollicked and snowballed and *enjoyed* snow for once—since it was servant of their pleasure and not master of them. The Governor of California was up there, and was properly snowballed—and gave as good as was sent him, besides "washing faces" for minor dignitaries. In Pomona, business men gathered on their roofs; and while the inch or more of snow lasted it was as much as a hat's life was worth to appear on the street. College boys and girls hired big wagons and chased the retreating snow up to the cañons, there to have snowball battles royal. Photographers rushed along the range, shading their instruments, may be, under a palm or a rose-arbor, to picture the wintry

Union Eng. Co. AT THE MOUTH OF SAN ANTONIO CANYON. Photo. by C. F. L.

mountains. In a word, it was such a general romp of a population as probably no holiday in the year sets afoot. Snow is a handsome thing when you don't have to have it. Through all this storm, orange, lemon, peach, apricot, plum and other fruit-trees, millions of roses and billions of wild-flowers, were blooming in the valley—and even up into the edges of the snowfall—and none were damaged. And even now that the snow has retreated to the upper peaks, the contrasts are marvelously beautiful—the vast sea of semi-tropic green, and those enchanted islands, in a hundred-mile line, floating white and sublimated above in the upper blue.

Los Angeles, Cal.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles.

UCCESS never stands still. When it rests on its laurels it ceases to be success. For the third time, now, Southern California has celebrated La Fiesta de Los Angeles; and each time more delightfully than the time before. The Fiesta of 1896 will be remembered by tens of thousands as high-water mark thus far—and it will need a very superb carnival to surpass, another year, this year's celebration. Learning by experience, the executive committee (composed of the foremost men of affairs in Los Angeles) has avoided past pitfalls and climbed new heights. The outcome is a vast credit to Prest. John F. Francis, Sec. C. D. Willard, Messrs. R. W. Pridham, F. K. Rule, C. S. Walton, H. Jevne, (the remaining members of the executive committee) and their aiders and coadjutors too numerous to be named here.

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PUEBLO VISITORS TO LA FIESTA.

It is earnestly to be hoped that this third success will entail the Fiesta to us in perpetuity. We need it, not only in our business but in our lives. The Saxon is too little a man of holidays; and the American is least festal of all the great English-speaking family. Environment has had most to do with this. There is no congenital reason why the Saxon cannot have a good time if he wishes—but he has fallen into the evil habit of forgetting what he does wish, not to say what he wants. The unfriendly climates in which he has developed and mostly lived are very largely to blame. A good time on any respectable scale means out of doors; and he has generally lived where he got out of doors only at his proper peril. One-half the year his merrymakings were apt to gather as mementoes frozen ears, chilblains and pneumonia; the other half, sun stroke and thunder storms. The housing which his climate made necessary has doubtless done as much to make him cheerless as has the com-

L. A. Eng. Co.

LA FIESTA—THE NIGHT PARADE, "LANDS OF THE SUN."

petition of business in the development of a new country. At all events, the fact remains notorious to travelers that Americans enjoy themselves less than any other people on earth except the Esquimaux.

But the racial experiment of which Charles Dudley Warner has spoken so hopefully in the pages of this magazine bids fair to change all this. Here in the Southwest we have the Saxon transplanted to a livable climate, a friendly, loving, right-minded climate, where he dares go out and enjoy himself. And although on a large scale his residence in Southern California is but a matter of a decade, the genial environment is already penetrating the joints of his armor of tradition. Southern Californians do not have nearly as many good times as they might have or as they will learn to have; but it is probably safe to say that already they have learned more of the unaccustomed arts of enjoyment than are known to the Saxon in any other part of North America.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. Drawn by Elmer Wachtel.

THE SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA FLOAT.

La Fiesta de Los Angeles is a step in the right direction. It, and the Santa Barbara Flower Festival and the other local celebrations which are springing up, all point to the time when we shall have learned to get just as much done and to have a much better time in the doing of it.

La Fiesta is—and will become more and more—not merely a feast but a characteristic one. There will be just as much splendor and fun in it as in the Veiled Prophets and the Mardi Gras, and a great deal more instruction. Its very setting is impossible to any other part of America; and several chief features could not be duplicated anywhere in the United States outside of the Southwest. The magnificent Chinese parade, with its barbaric splendor and its quaintness; the floral marvels of Floral Day (and of every street in Los Angeles every day of the Fiesta) its Spanish cavaliers and its Pueblo Indians (picturesque and artistic as the quaintest of Old World peoples)—to see these things, one must come to Los Angeles.

As this number goes to press before it is possible to portray the whole of the Fiesta, an illustrated supplement will be published within a few hours of the closing exercises. This supplement will be bound in with the second edition of the magazine; and loose copies can be procured free at the news-stands or at this office on presentation of the first edition of the magazine.

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. QUEEN OF LA FIESTA—MRS. MARK B. LEWIS Photo. by Schumacher.

Photos. by Waite. Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

STREET PARADE.
Showing Marines from U. S. S. Philadelphia

THRONE OF THE QUEEN.
At Grand Stand.

L. A. Eng. Co.

THE CHINESE DRAGON.

Photos. by Waite. Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

CHEMICAL ENGINE No. 4. *THE PASADENA FLOAT.*

A GROUP OF PUEBLOS FROM ISLETA.

Participants in La Fiesta.

Photo. by Waite. *THREE FIGURES OF THE FIESTA.* Mausard-Collier Eng. Co.

TWO TIGUA FOLK-SONGS.

BY JOHN COMFORT FILLMORE.

THROUGH the kindness of the editor of this magazine I have lately been afforded the opportunity to take down the two songs published herewith from the lips of an aboriginal singer, a young girl of the Tigua tribe, from the pueblo of Isleta, New Mexico. This young girl, Carlota by name, is at present domesticated in the family of Mr. Lummis, as is also her brother Antonio. The latter seems not to be a singer; at least I have thus far been wholly dependent on Carlota for procuring the songs of a tribe hitherto inaccessible to me.

Both these songs, like most Indian songs, are religious in character, although the words of the Dance Song are now mere musical syllables having no meaning to the Tiguas. Whether they ever had or not I do not know. The words of the Song of the Sun are significant; but I leave the explanation of them to Mr. Lummis, the matter being wholly outside my special field. It is with the peculiarities of these songs as music that I, as a professional musician, am more particularly concerned. The time has now gone by when the musical historian could afford to ignore any folk-music, however crude or barbarous it may sound to civilized ears. The idea has now dawned upon the musical intelligence of our time that the art of music, like all other developments of human nature, has been subject to the same laws of evolution as everything else. Music as we have it today is not an accident, still less an artificial product; the germs of the most advanced musical productions of the nineteenth century are to be found in the untutored compositions of primitive musicians, and the process of evolution may be traced in an unbroken chain from the lowest savages to Bach, Beethoven and Wagner.

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A TIGUA SINGER.

To begin with, the impulses which drive men to the production of music is emotional excitement. The effect of religious or warlike emotions on the nervous system of the savage is to produce bodily actions; and the emotional excitement finds vent most easily and naturally through vocal utterance, usually accompanied by clapping of hands, stamping of the feet or blows of a stick. The excited savage shouts, yells or howls; pounds a tree or a log with his club; stamps with his feet, making extravagant motions and noises as his excitement rises to frenzy.

But, since neither his shouts nor his blows can be continuous, but must necessarily become alternations of motion and repose, Rhythm, the regular, pulsating recurrence of muscular impulses, whether vocal or other, is the very first element to be developed in savage music. Quality of tone and clearly defined pitch are considerations which do not occur to the savage: he is merely expressing his excited feelings in the most simple and natural way, by rhythmic movements of his muscles, including the vocal organs.

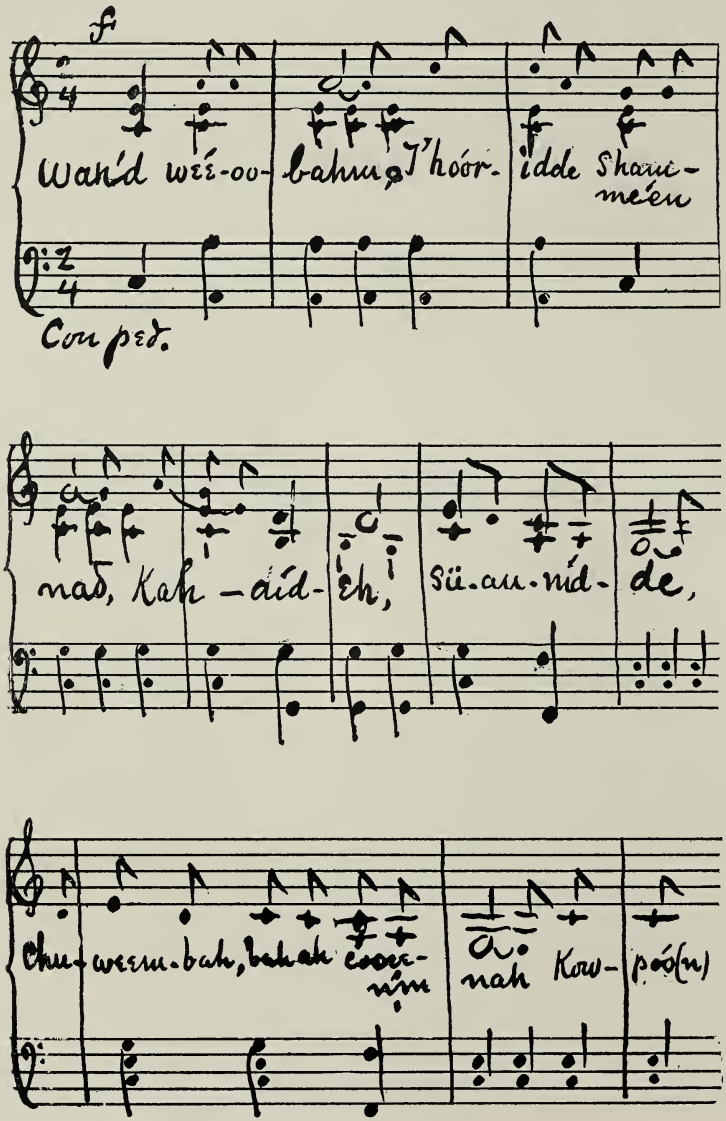
Of course these bodily movements occur *along the line of least resistance.* I emphasize this point, because one of the most important questions concerning primitive music (a question which I was, I believe, the first to raise and to answer) is "*What is the line of least resistance for the human voice expressing emotion spontaneously?*" One might naturally expect this line to be a monotone, rising or falling in pitch by indefinite gradations with the sinking and swelling of emotional excitement; and this is actually the case; only it is an exceedingly curious and significant fact that when the savage singer leaves the monotone, he tends unmistakably *to move along the line of the major chord.* The line of least resistance is the chord-line—the line of the intervals found in the natural tones of the trumpet and of the overtones of vibrating strings and other vibrating bodies, including the human voice. The savage singer is apt to slide from one tone to another, instead of going from one well defined interval of the chord to the next; but there is no mistaking the intervals to which he slides, provided the hearer knows a major chord when he hears it. I have now in my possession phonographic records of Navajo songs where the quality of tone is almost more like the howlings of a wild beast than like anything which civilized people are accustomed to call singing; yet there is no mistaking the fact that these howls make the intervals of the major chord *and nothing else.* Sometimes the minor chord replaces the major; but the great majority of the hundreds of savage songs which I have studied are in a major key.

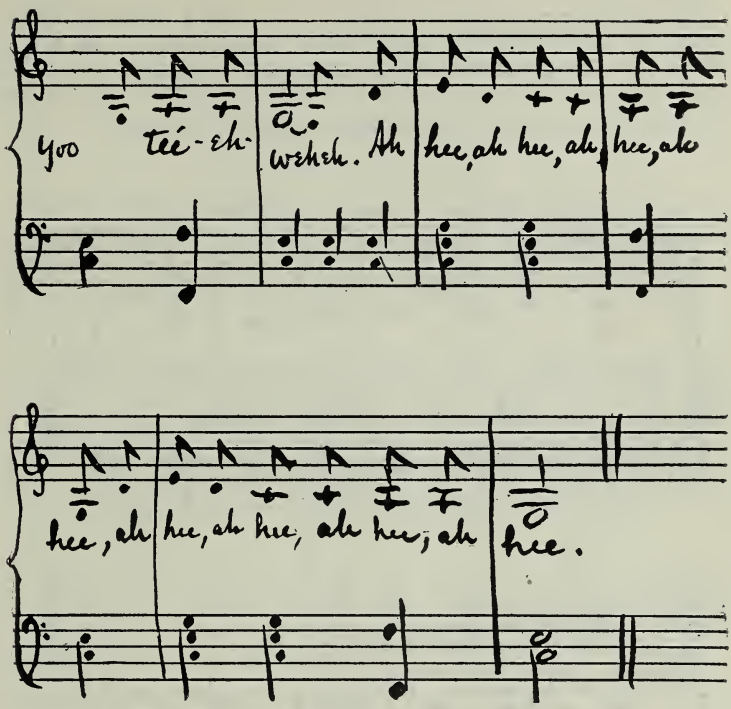
Of the three tones which make up the major chord, the key-note always predominates in primitive song, so far as I have observed. The next step in the evolution of primitive melody seems to be the introduction of the major sixth, or under minor third from the key-note (Tonic). This is the tone which, taken together with the key-note and its third, makes the relative minor chord. To put it in familiar popular form: primitive melody begins with Do as a monotone, adds to that Mi and Sol,

Mausard-Collier Eng. Co. CARLOTA Copyright 1896 by C. F. Lummis.

making the major chord of Do (Tonic or key-note), then progresses a step by adding La. When the center of gravity is shifted from Do to La, then La becomes Tonic, and the minor chord La-Do-Mi becomes Tonic chord, making minor tonality. But this tone (La) also belongs to the subdominant chord and often seems to imply that chord rather than the relative minor chord.

THE SONG OF THE SUN.





THE SONG OF THE SUN.

(Translated by the editor.)

Wahd weé-oo-bahm T'hoor-íd-de
There East-coming the Sun
Shahm-meén-nahd
he comes up
Kah-aí-de, Sü-an-níd-de
Father, man
Chee-wím-bah poh-kweé-nin-nah
all things the whole world
Kow-poó (n)-yoo teé-eh-weh-weh
dawn he sees

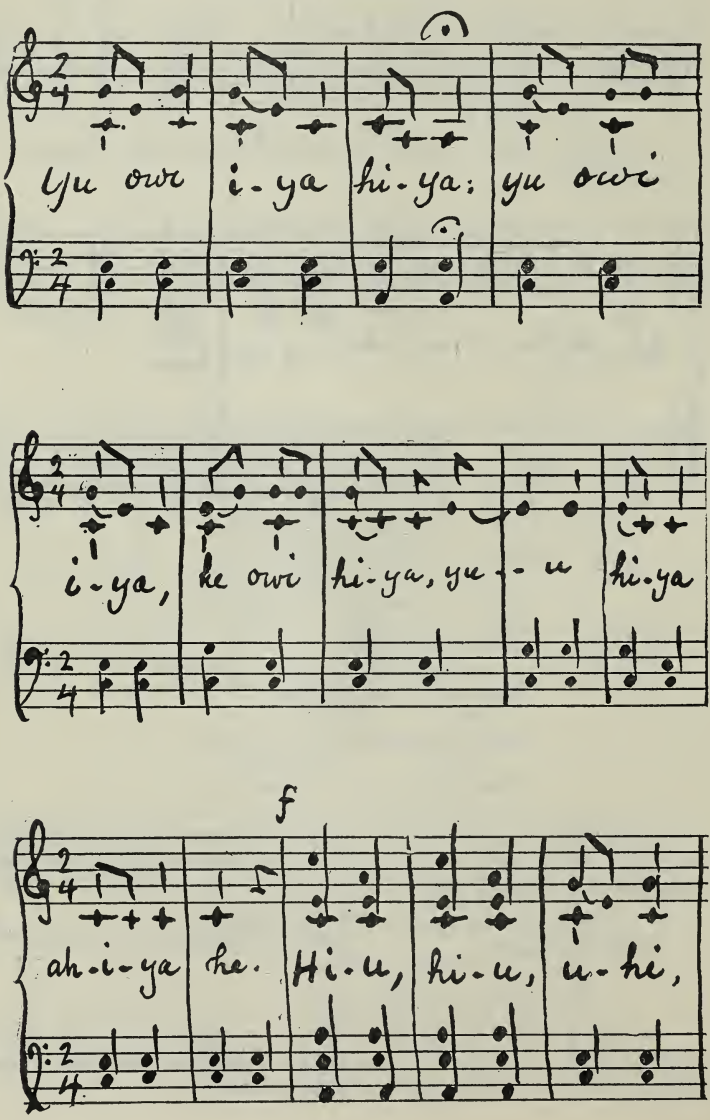
Or, carried out in English (for Indian languages are so enormously condensed that a fair translation into any civilized tongue requires several times as many words):

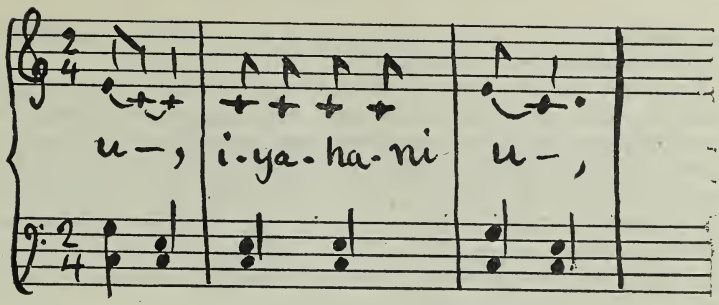
There in the East the Sun is coming.
He rises!
Our Father, our Man.
All things, the whole world
He sees, for it is dawn.

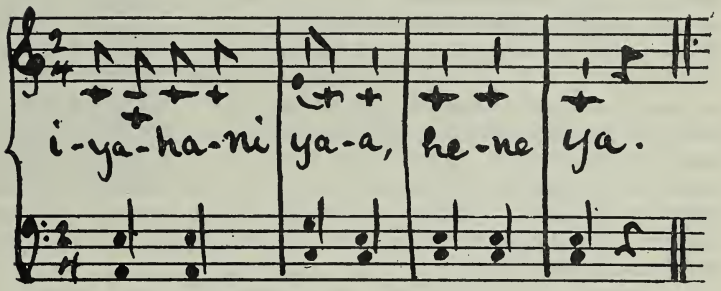
Kow-poó (*n*) *yoo* (literally "seeing") is used of that time in the morning when one can begin to see objects clearly.

The next step seems to be the addition of the second tone of the major scale (Re), which implies the dominant chord. When this stage is reached, we have songs made on a pentatonic (five-toned) scale, being the tones of our major scale with the fourth and seventh omitted. The tonality is major or minor according as the center of gravity is on Do or

SONG OF THE WHEEL DANCE.







La. Tonality is never a question of *what* tones are used, but of *how* they are used; it is always a question of grouping and relation.

Songs made on this five-toned scale are found in every nation and race under the sun whose folk-music has thus far been examined; Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian, Teutonic, Slav, Arab, Hindu, Malay, Chinese, Japanese, Negro, and lastly, American Indian in various race stocks, ranging from the Kwakiutls of Vancouver Island to the Tarahumares of Mexico, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The same scale is found among the Esquimaux.

Of course the universality of this phenomenon points to a universal law which governs the development of folk-melody. That law I have, I believe, discovered and stated in the principle above laid down, that folk-melody, following the line of least resistance, *always moves along a harmonic line*. In other words, all folk-melody, like all modern melody, is *harmonic;* it implies or even actually embodies chords, and is based on harmonic perception more or less distinct.

The two songs herewith published illustrate this principle admirably. "The Dance of the Wheel" is made up mostly of the chord-tones C-E-G, with C preponderating. The only other tone in the song is A, the sixth of the scale. The two chords embodied in the song are, therefore, the major Tonic and its relative minor. "The Song of the Sun" has the same tones with the additional tone D, the second of the scale, implying

the dominant chord. These tones, C, D, E, G, A, make the well-known five-toned scale above referred to.

I may add that the harmonies I have written to these melodies not only seem natural to me, but also to Carlota. After I had written the melodies down from her singing, had sung them with her and for her, and she had pronounced them correct, I took her to a piano and played them, at first without chords. She approved them in that form and sang them with the instrument. Then I played them for her with these natural harmonies; and turning round to her I saw her face beaming with delight at hearing her own songs enriched with chords. "Bueno, Carlota?" said I. "Si!" was the emphatic answer.

The simple results thus obtained afford one more proof, if further proof were needed, of the essential unity of all music, from the most primitive to the most advanced. The evidence is cumulative. I have carefully studied, at first hand, folk-music of all the races above mentioned, with the uniform result of finding that all of it was based on chords, exactly as is our most advanced culture-music. Every musician and every cultured music-lover knows that all our modern melody is harmonic melody; but it is equally true that all folk-melody, the world over, is harmonic also. The Navajo howls his song to the war-god directly along the line of the major chord; Beethoven makes the first theme of his great "Eroica" symphony out of precisely the same material. The Tigua makes his "Dance of the Wheel" out of a major chord and its relative minor; Wagner makes Lohengrin sing "Mein lieber Schwan" to a melody composed of exactly the same ingredients.

In short, there is only one kind of music in the world. Whatever music there is has been produced always and everywhere by reason of the same natural impulses, and has developed in accordance with natural laws which are the same for all human beings. On the physical side, human ears and human throats are the same the world over; and the correlations of the auditory and vocal apparatus with the physical laws of sound on the one hand and with the laws of mind on the other, are fundamentally the same for all races of men. There are vast differences between the stages of development represented by the savage and by the modern musician, and there are also ethnological differences resulting from the physical and mental peculiarities of the races; but, essentially and fundamentally, music is precisely the same phenomenon for the savage that it is for the most advanced representative of modern culture.

Pomona College, Claremont, Cal.

THE RETURNED NATIVE.

BY WILLIAM FRANCIS BERNARD.

Sudden I woke from dreams; the air
  Seemed full of falling snow;
And sounds came in the silence there
  Such as the north winds know.

I looked, and saw the petals white
  Waft down from blooming trees;
And heard the music of delight
  Made by the robber bees.

Chicago, Ills.

CALIFORNIA.

BY CLARENCE URMY.

A sleeping beauty, hammock-swung, beside the sunset sea,
And dowered with riches, wheat and oil, vineyard and orange tree;
Her hand, her heart to that fair prince, whose genius shall unfold
With rarest art her treasured tales of life and love and gold.

San Jose, Cal.

JOSÉ'S REVENGE.

BY WM. H. COFFIN, JR.

THE afternoon sun had already flung from the highest peak of the Tres Piedras a long shadow over the scorched plains. As the shadow grew, Old Man Clarkson, cook of the T—Z outfit, crawled from beneath his wagon sheet and surveyed the scene with sleepy eyes.

A few hundred yards away the sun still shone in all its brilliancy, and the sage and chaparral seemed to smoke beneath its rays. To the east lay a long line of purple hills, which seemed much nearer than the thirty miles a traveler would have to ride before reaching the little village of Fernandez de Taos at their base. Midway, but unseen from the camp, was the chasm through which rushed the waters of the Rio Grande. To the north, south, and west, stretched a waterless waste, where the piñon alone can eke out a miserable existence. In front of the camp a dozen hobbled ponies were hopping towards the shadow-line and the spring at the base of the rocks. No other living thing was in sight.

Old Man Clarkson had gazed on the same scene for six weeks; and until today, when two Mexicans stopped at the camp to water their horses, nothing had occurred to break the monotony.

The highest of the Three Rocks served as a time piece, for regularly when the sun touched its peak, the old man began to prepare the evening meal. By sunset the men would be home for the night.

Already his eye caught a cloud of dust far down the trail. He turned to the smouldering embers. The old man's lungs were still hearty, and a few blasts caused the smoke to rise.

A few minutes later, with a thunder of hoofs and shouts, the T—Z outfit was home for the night. By the chuck-wagon the fire was blazing merrily, and Old Man Clarkson was bending over the tail-piece with his hands in the dough.

"Hullo, Clarkson, anything new?" asked the Boss, as he led his tired horse to the spring.

"Didn't like the looks of a couple of Mexicans as passed here a spell ago," answered the cook. "Reckon they was into some sort of mischief up above, for they only stopped to water their horses and then hit the trail like they were in a hurry".

"Like enough they was," answered the Boss. "They might 'a' been all right, but I don't want 'em around any camp of mine."

Only the dim outline of the distant hills could be seen in the growing darkness. Supper was finished and the men lay in groups around the fire, smoking and telling tales of the round-ups of bygone days. The whinny of horses in the corral and the occasional cry of a coyote alone broke the stillness of the night. Suddenly a dog barked, the sound of hoofs came from the trail, and a voice hailed the camp.

"*Buenas noches, señores.*"

"Hullo, you! What do you want?" shouted the Boss.

"I am José," came back the answer, "and please, señor, I want something to eat".

"A boy; wal, come on, young feller!" cried the cook.

The boy needed no second invitation. The remains of the supper lay waiting Old Man Clarkson's summary "clean-up", and at a sign from the Boss, he fell to with a vim.

The men watched him eat for a time in silence. He was evidently very hungry and his dark eyes had a tired look in them. They judged him to be about fourteen years old, though as the cook said to the Boss, "You can never tell them Mexicans' ages. The boy might 'a' been twelve or eighteen, for all we know. They're deceivin' critters."

When José had finished his supper he turned to the cook in his quiet way and said,

"*Gracias, señor!* I was very hungry, for I have had nothing to eat since yesterday."

"Where are you going?" broke in the Boss kindly.

"I am looking for two men, señor, who yesterday killed my father, mother, and the little Pepita."

A murmur of interest went around the circle. The men who were playing cards by the chuck-wagon put them away and joined the group. Even Texas Pete, who spent all his spare time sleeping, sat up on his blanket and listened.

"Ten to one them's the fellers that passed here a spell ago," growled Old Man Clarkson. "What did they look like?" he asked aloud.

"They were Mexicans," said José, slowly. "One rode a black pony with a white face. He was tall and had a beard, black as his heart. His name was Feliz Sabino and I know him well. It was he who told Alvarez that my *padre* had the gold."

The boy rose from the ground, and his slim little figure stood sharp in the firelight.

"They killed your father, did they?" inquired the Boss.

"*Si, señor*, and my mother, and the little Pepita, too."

"And what are you going to do if you find them?"

"I will kill them," answered the boy calmly.

Then little by little they drew his story from him. He had left home in the morning to hunt for his pony Bonita, on the Mesa. Riding home at noon he met Feliz Sabino and a stranger.

"Better nip him, too," said Feliz, as José passed.

"Let the *muchachito* go," the stranger had answered. "We've done enough killing for one day."

José's heart beat very rapidly as he urged Bonita down the trail. Then he reached the house and ——. Here the lad broke into tears.

Old Man Clarkson stirred the fire furiously. The group moved uneasily. The T—Z outfit was not used to tears.

Suddenly José drew himself up, his eyes flashed and his voice grew shrill. "It is enough, señores. My father, mother, and the little Pepita were all dead; and the little bag of gold that my father got at Alamosa was gone."

The Boss urged him to wait until morning, but the boy was firm.

"I must find them tonight," he said. "Tomorrow they will be in Taos."

As he led his pony up to the fire, Old Man Clarkson cautiously thrust a small bag of bread and tortillas into the boy's hand.

"They'll fill you as full of holes as they did your father," he said aloud for the benefit of the company. José turned Bonita's head down the trail, and the darkness hid him.

"It's a burning shame that kid's a Mexican!" grumbled Old Man Clarkson, as he turned to the fire.

For several hours José rode on in the darkness. Several times he thought he had lost the trail, but Bonita had eyes like a cat. Once she stopped, and when José dismounted, he found that the trail had divided. The left hand led to Taos and he felt sure Feliz had taken it. The other led to Santa Fé, some hundred-odd miles to the south.

Now the way was clearer, for he was on the Indian trail which the Pueblos have used for generations on their journeys to the south. Bonita struck an easy lope and they hurried on.

Once more the mare slackened speed and stopped. Before and below lay a deep blackness from which, far down, came a sullen roar. Once before he had been here with his father, when they had driven the sheep home from Taos. He recognized it now and his heart sank, for below him was the cañon of the Rio Grande. The wind caught the roar of the river and bore it to the mesa above. It sounded deep and angry.

José tied Bonita to a piñon and carefully picked his way down the rocky trail.

He knew that the river, swollen by recent rains, would be dangerous to ford in the darkness. If Feliz and his companion had reached the cañon after dark, they would probably camp there till daylight before attempting to cross. It was almost morning now. His teeth were clenched and his little hands felt the cold steel at his belt. A vision of the three still ones at home was very clear to him.

The trail grew steeper and more rugged and the roar of the river louder as he advanced. The huge cliffs above intensified the sound.

Now he found himself on a little pebbly beach. Before him rushed the river, over what he knew must be the ford. Clearly it was impassable, and José felt that the men he was seeking could not be far off.

Then from the distance a sound came to his ears. It was the whinny

of a horse — and Bonita was tied on the mesa nearly a mile away. For a moment José was very still. Then he threw himself on his knees and slowly crept up the gorge in the direction of the sound. They could not be far away. Slowly and carefully he crept on. The stones hurt his bare hands and knees. Once he put his palm on a cactus and had to draw the sharp needles from his flesh. Then a large boulder loomed up before him and in the air he caught a faint odor of smoke. There was a camp fire on the other side of the rock, not twenty feet away. Never did an Apache hug the ground closer than José. His slender hands felt carefully in front of him lest he creep over some hidden stick, whose snapping might betray his presence. The corner of the rock was reached and he could see the glow of the fire. Another foot and he could see the camp.

For the first time the boy shivered, and his breath came in little gasps. After all, José was young, and the night very dark. If he was discovered, he knew that those rushing waters would be for him. Then his hand sought the long bladed, keen-edged knife that he had taken from his father's belt; and he turned the corner of the rock.

Ah, Feliz, coward and murderer, why do you not awake? Does no dream tell you of that set, boyish face above you? Those trembling lips are praying for strength to strike!

Ah, you do awake! But too late. You see it now — but your lips only flutter, and the terror freezes on your blue face. It was to the heart! You do not even hear the shot that an iustant later rings through the cañon. Alvarez, too, has heard news from the orphan. Father, mother and little Pepita are avenged.

"Mexicans again," muttered Old Man Clarkson, spying a cloud of dust far down the trail, that afternoon. "Three of 'em, too, and hittin' the road."

When he looked again he stood speechless with amazement. Yonder was a slender boy on a pinto pony and — yes, there could be no doubt about it — he was leading two horses. From the pommel of each saddle hung a Winchester and cartridge belt, while from the boy's own dangled a pair of silver spurs.

"*Buenos dias, señor*," said the boy, as he reined up.

"Well, I'll be ear-tagged if it ain't José! But where's the fellers that rode them ponies?"

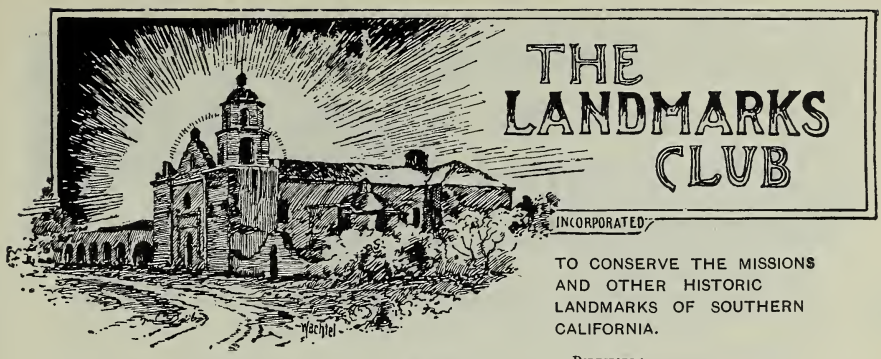
"They have died," said the boy quietly.

It was two weeks later that a couple of men from the I—X outfit stopped at the Big Rocks for the night. As before, the old man stood before the fire, but this time a boy was throwing wood on the blaze.

"Here, you young Greaser," called out one of the men, "unsaddle these ponies. Quick, or you'll see stars!"

The cook turned slowly to the new comers and put his hand to his belt. "Greaser, or no Greaser," he said, "that there kid's a member of the T—Z outfit, and the man as roughs him has got Old Man Clarkson to reckon with."

Colorado Springs, Colo.



TO CONSERVE THE MISSIONS AND OTHER HISTORIC LANDMARKS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

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J. T. Bertrand, Official Photographer

The directors are very happy to announce that not only is actual work begun, but about $500 worth of material and labor has already been expended at the Mission San Juan Capistrano, on which the Club has a lease. The Mission kitchen, one of the most picturesque of the buildings, was the first point of attack. The tiles were carefully removed, the crazy sycamore rafters were thrown off and a new roof-structure of Oregon pine was put on, over which the tiles are replaced. This roof is now good for at least a century; the walls of the room (which is a splendid masonry vault) having been also repaired solidly in several bad breaches. About 50 feet of the front corridor and 200 feet of the corridor on the patio have also been roofed to the extent of the rafters and sheeting; the water-proofing of these porch coverings being yet to do. Colonnades and room-walls in this same stretch have been tied with bolts from side to side, insuring their stability. A remarkable amount of work has been secured for the money expended and the time of one carpenter and helper and one mason. But a large secret of speed and economy is that Judge Richard Egan, the sage of Capistrano, who is in charge of the Club's work at this point, has put his own competent fists to the work (as he has done before for this Mission)—and he is a whole construction force himself. The next repairs will be in similarly putting a new frame under the tile roof next west of the chapel; then a like service to the old adobe church; and meantime the securing of a badly shattered stone pillar whose condition now menaces the two noble domes which are all that remain of the great stone church. Some photographs showing graphically the progress of the work will be printed in the June number.

This is much more than the Club had dared expect to do so soon; but everyone seems interested to save these superb monuments from destruction, and the appeal for contributions to the work has met and is still meeting with generous response. All over California and from many Eastern States the dollar memberships come in, and larger contributions; and from as far as the south of France, Thos. A. Janvier sends his godspeed to the cause. The raising of funds will proceed steadily, and every dollar contributed will go direct to the preservation of the Missions and other landmarks.

Membership in the Club is $1 a year; and people of taste and intelligence everywhere are asked to join.

A splendid impetus to the work of the Club has been given by the ladies of the Pasadena Committee, Miss Dows, Miss Dreer, Mrs. Wotkyns, Miss Wotkyns, Mrs. Holder, Mrs. Seymour Locke, Mrs. Kimball. The entertainment given by them and the ladies who so kindly assisted them, March 21st, in the Hotel Green, was a marvel

of good taste and beauty as would perhaps be possible in no other place than Pasadena. And it netted the handsome sum of about $300.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CAUSE:

Previously acknowledged: Cash, $243.50; material and services, $361; total, $604.50.

New contributions, cash: Cornelius Vanderbilt, New York, $20; Mrs. J. W. Scott, Chicago, $10.

$1 each: C. H. Albers, Mrs. C. H. Albers and Miss Albers (all St. Louis), J. P. Hyde Price, Mrs. J. F. Sartori, Mrs. Cornelia Harper, W. C. Patterson, L. E. Mosher, Ella M. Sexton (San Francisco), Anna C. Murphy (Sacramento).

Through the Pasadena Committee, $1 each: Mrs. J. B. Phillips, Mrs. Appleton R. Hilyer (Hartford, Conn.), C. C. Johnson, Mrs. E. A. Ford (Pittsburg, Pa.), Mrs. N. W. Bell, Mrs. C. F Holder, Mrs. John Wigmore, Miss Edith Shorb (San Gabriel), C. H. Hastings (Sierra Madre).

Material, etc.: Howland & Chadwick, photo supplies, $1; R. J. Belford, and Don Marcos Forster (Capistrano), teams, hauling, $5 each.

ROCKS THAT MAKE SOUNDS.

BY EMMA SECKEL MARSHALL.

IN the Palomar Mountains, near Pala, San Diego county, California, are to be found some strange freaks of nature. At the base of a high rocky peak lies an immense rock which has apparently fallen from the heights above. There is nothing particularly noticeable in its appearance, but the Indians of the valley, it is said, cannot be persuaded to go near it after nightfall because they believe an evil spirit is confined beneath it, and they fear some irresistible influence may force them to move the rock and thus free the bad spirit.

There certainly is something uncanny about this huge pile of granite, and even the practical, matter-of-fact people shun its vicinity. It is known as the "crying rock," because when the land breeze commences (the breeze comes from the sea all day and from the mountains during the night) to creep down the steep slopes, strange moaning sounds are heard apparently issuing from it, and when the wind blows hard these moans increase to shrieks and wails.

Scientists say there must be cracks and crannies in the rock over which the wind plays, when it comes from certain directions, as over the strings of an Eolian harp, but it is impossible to convince the simple-minded aborigines of this fact.

There is another peculiar "talking stone" in this vicinity, and it was discovered quite by accident. In a tiny cañon is a succession of springs, each one higher than the other, and the rocks from which they flow form miniature precipices at the bases of which the water has worn shallow bowls.

A resident of the valley procures his drinking water from one of these springs, and while stooping to lift his bucket one day, was startled by a series of strange sounds proceeding apparently from the heart of the rock. He laid his ear against the moist surface of the boulder and plainly heard a noise such as would be made if someone were within the rock hammering against it. He pondered long over the phenomenon, and went again and again to the spring to listen and try to solve the mystery.

Sometimes there was no sound to be heard; again it was faint and far away; and at other times the sounds were thunderous and wierd in their tone. At length he came to the conclusion that they were caused by a neighbor who was blasting a water ditch through the rocky side of a mountain fully a mile distant; and experiments were made which proved this theory to be correct. The ledge of granite through which the spring trickled was continuous, and formed a perfect conductor of sound, in fact a natural telephone.

East Oakland, Cal,

OUR NEARSIGHTED FRIENDS.

Every newspaper in the country has several loathsome contemporaries. Anyone who may praise any other newspaper in that town, does so at his own proper peril. Unfortunately, this is a busy country, and the editor is the busiest man in it. He hasn't found time yet for much personal correspondence. When he shall have, one can imagine how he will open his eyes at the gradual discovery that every other town is like his own. Each has but one able and honest newspaper in it. As to the name of that paper there will be some difference of opinion — probably three or four differences at least. But the fact is there ; that one is always a great and noble moral engine, and all the rest are more or less esteemed contrumperies. When this dazing knowledge shall have dawned from Fort Warren to Mare Island, we shall doubtless see less swiftness to annihilate every man who dares think that all newspapers are not always right. It will be understood, by then, that he merely means the other fellow — whom you are having hard enough work to show up in his true light to the community where he butts against you.

NEW INNOCENTS ABROAD.

The West, as everyone knows, is peopled with ignorant creatures — not to mention refugees and cutthroats. For what little it may ever hope to know, it must look to the East where learning has staid at home ever since it was born. We look. And we learn.

This spring it chances that two famous Eastern seats of wisdom — the Field Columbian Museum (of Chicago) and the University of Pennsylvania — have published monographs by the curators of their respective museums. Both volumes are on Yucatan, where the rival expeditions were practically synchronous. And both these scientific Eastern gentlemen talk gravely of *tigers* in Central America. Why not giraffes?

From Sonora to the Amazon ranges that big spotted cat which unlettered Spanish-Americans nickname *tigre*, just as they call its rival *leon*. But in the West we would laugh at a scientist who didn't know that there are no tigers in the New World, and that the jaguar is another litter of cats altogether.

WITH HIS LITTLE FINGER.

The East may not see itself interested in a harbor-appropriation for California ; but if Easterners are still Americans, they "have a candle in our funeral," and some concern in the way Congress is conducting it. Here are the simple facts : A few hundred miles of the southerly seaboard of California needs a harbor to accommodate the fastest-growing population in the Union. There is one

place, fixed by nature, for such a harbor. That is San Pedro. Three times, the government engineers have recommended that site; and have reported that Santa Monica is not fit for a harbor. There is no reason why Santa Monica should be tried to be made a harbor, except that a monopoly owns it. The public sentiment of the whole population concerned is overwhelmingly in favor of San Pedro; and our representatives in Congress were elected on that issue. They are fighting earnestly for San Pedro (with the possible exception of Congressman McLachlan), and the people are at their backs. San Pedro has three lines of railroad already, and room for more; an inner harbor and the beginning of an outer. The government has already expended large sums there, and has got its money's worth.

Santa Monica is an open roadstead. No amount of money would make it a safe harbor. But Collis P. Huntington controls Santa Monica. His line is at San Pedro, too; but there it has competitors. At Santa Monica it has none and will take care never to have any.

In the face of the people, in the face of their representatives, in the face of the experts, the House Committee on Rivers and Harbors reports $50,000 for the people's harbor and $2,800,000 for Mr. Huntington's harbor. If the government takes up Santa Monica, it will drop San Pedro, 20 miles away. The people have asked, overwhelmingly and unmistakably, for a harbor at San Pedro. Nobody has asked for one at Santa Monica but this one sly old man — a millionaire, please — and he in secret. Evidently a government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish — so long as Mr. Huntington can be "the people."

GET OUT THE SPELLING BOOKS.

Now if ever is the time to undo here some of the ignorant barbarities of nomenclature too easily accepted in a new and busy country by people who know better. California is no longer backwoods. It should stop such atrocities — sure tag of ignorance of all languages but one — as the pronunciation Loss Ángie-lees. Los Angeles is to be pronounced pretty nearly Lōce Ánn-hel-ess. To call the noble peak of San Antonio by the vulgar nickname of "Old Baldy" is not exactly fair to our average breeding. To try a Spanish name, and make it a laughing-stock is bad; but it is worse to stick to the blunder. Such a name as La Jolla for La Joya is a case in point. La Joya means "the jewel" — and the place is one. La Jolla doesn't mean anything — except that its sponsors knew more of town-lots than of spelling. Del Rosa — a masculine article with a feminine noun — is as ridiculous. It should be De la Rosa. As to the fake Spanish names chosen for uninstructed residences and boom townsites, there is no need of trouble. They probably stand for their people. But a town should not be saddled with a name that makes educated people presume that it has no school houses; nor should a cultured population perpetuate the blunders of its unlettered predecessors.

SOME BALD FACTS.

It is time to use a bit of common sense about Cuba, if one has sense to use. Cuba is not in rebellion against Spain. The Ever-Faithful Isle has a million and a half of people. The

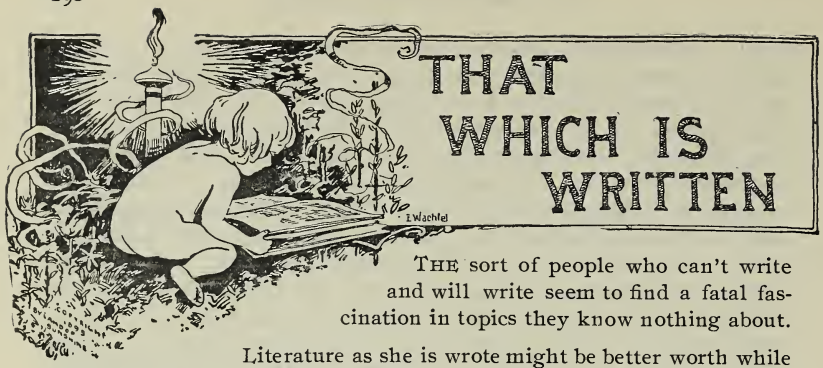
fugitive bushwhackers whom Congress calls a "patriot army" have never numbered 20,000 men. Let us say that these negroes represent 100,000 Cubans — which is a wild exaggeration. Or even admit that they stand for 750,000 people — which the most mendacious "patriot" who fights from behind the petticoats of New York would never dare claim — and even then, you could make nothing more of it than a row between two political parties in Cuba. Property-owners and respectable people in Cuba are not in revolt. Spanish rule may seem to them as leaky as our Congress seems to the United States; but they no more think of rebellion than we do. The Cuban populists and Coxeys and bandits are on the warpath, and will probably be put down. Anyhow, every man who is not a fool knows that if Cuba were "freed" from Spain tomorrow, it would within two years need a good deal more freeing from itself. There would be a revolution in the "republic"— and Congress would have another excuse to meddle in another foreign business it knew nothing about, and to neglect the things which cry for its attention at home. But pray whom would it recognize then? Every "republic" south of us has a revolution every year or so — if not every six months. A Congress too cowardly to touch our own needs of finance and currency and tariff can keep busy "recognizing."

ANOTHER MILESTONE PASSED.

With this number the LAND OF SUNSHINE closes its fourth volume. A year ago it graduated from folio to magazine shape; and in that brief time has conquered its place among the magazines of the United States. It has won a standing that no other monthly in the West ever had since the forgotten days when Bret Harte made the *Overland* a magazine. It has known what it wanted and how to get it; to be Western but not "woolly," independent but responsible, vigorous but cultured. It has known how to throw away traditions which were only traditions, and to stand fast on principles that do not change. It has cared more to be good than to be big, readable than full of paper. It has aimed to be an authority in its field; to be the most condensed, the most individual and the most indispensable magazine in the United States. And it has won. Its reputation for literary quality and mechanical beauty is honorably fixed. It is read in every State of the Union, and every English-speaking country in the world. There is no substitute for it. It is the only thing of its sort — and not a bad sort. The busiest men — even Eastern editors — read it because it is characteristic. Its literary opinions on matters in its field are quoted by the foremost critical journals in America; its articles are reprinted in the best newspapers. In a word, its conductors have succeeded in their ambition —to send out from the Southwest a magazine of which the cultured people who are filling the Southwest need not be ashamed in any company.

Within the year the magazine has printed special contributions by Charles Dudley Warner, Jessie Benton Frémont, Elizabeth B. Custer, Joaquin Miller, John Vance Cheney and other writers of national or international reputation. Better yet, it has brought forward competent new writers, of whom several show genuine promise. It is not a magazine by or for disappointed writers; not a waste-basket for matter rejected elsewhere—but a rallying point for the best work of the best workers who write in and of the most interesting part of North America.

Its efforts have been generously appreciated. It is today financially on its feet; its subscription-list swelling fast, its advertising patronage forty per cent. more than that of any other monthly on the Coast, and its future brighter than ever. And it feels, as it felt at the start, that it will never be good enough so long as it can be made better.



THE sort of people who can't write and will write seem to find a fatal fascination in topics they know nothing about. Literature as she is wrote might be better worth while if the writers would take themselves a little less seriously and Literature a little more so.

The Realist has come to be one who counts nothing real but mud-puddles. As for the Romanticist, too many of him leans to think that nothing is romantic which is not impossible.

A BOOK WORTH READING.

Prof. Brander Matthews, one of the sturdiest of Americans and most genial of scholars, has done a new service to scholarship and to Americanism. His *Introduction to American Literature*, just out, is not merely an admirable text-book, but a volume everyone should read who pretends to literary taste. The Lion, some months ago, prophesied the inevitableness of an American — yea, even a Western — literature; and Prof. Matthews in this book shows in fuller and better form why these differentiations must come, as well as what they mean. The book is not only good gospel but good reading — marked by a very unusual clarity and point. It shows that happy talent for so presenting a large matter that the mind grasps the whole picture at a fist-full. The American Book Co., N. Y.

THE KING'S FOOL.

Time was when the crazy-quilted jester of the court stood not exactly for the court's brains, but at least for its intellectuality. He was the only fool in the crowd who had care to think or to whom it was profitable. *Meditations in Motley*, by Walter Blackburn Harte, is a cheerful return to the cap and bells and baubee of those by whose profession many a true word was spoken in jest. Mr. Harte is nobody's fool but the king's; and the courtier of the day comes hardly off in the encounter with him. The half-dozen essays in this book are uneven; but they are welcome ventures in what had like to have become a lost art. We have no more Old Master essayists; but with Agnes Repplier and Charles Dudley Warner and a few lesser lights, even this gallopading age retains a leisure pattern. And Mr. Harte starts well to set himself steadfastly in the honorable little list. Of the six present papers, that "On Certain Satisfactions of Prejudice" seems most wilfully loitering; that "About Critics and Criticism" most spontaneous and pointed. "Some Masks and Faces in Literature" is full of sharp truths; and the closing "Rhapsody on Music" is charming. The Arena Pub. Co., Boston.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIMSELF.

Elwyn Irving Hoffman is a young gentleman, handy to Stockton, who has published a small pamphlet of his poems at his proper expense and sent them forth bearing on the cover no other legend than "For Editorial Purposes." The nearest editorial purpose would be to take them out and have fun with them; but this would be a gloomy world if youth were always to be taken at its word. Mr. Hoffman really is not so brash as he declares himself:

> "I well could laugh at prudish art
> And snap my fingers scornfully
> Before the face of every fool
> That dares to lay by line or rule
> A guide for me."

While all green scribblers will agree that every man is a fool who knows anything, finger-snapping at criticism is the last gymnastics they indulge in; they sulk, rage and imagine a vain thing at whatsoever gentlest breath of rebuke.

Mr. Hoffman invites ridicule on every page by an astonishing ignorance of grammar and pronunciation. He has not learned yet that poetry has laws — vague and variant, but the most inevitable on earth. He does not know the number of "ye;" and takes London to be a hen which "lays;" and presumes that "Dives" (the rich man) rhymes with "lives;" and talks of "furtherest," and a great many other things a grammar schoolboy should be spanked for. And yet he has some stir of poetic feeling. "The Wild Horses of Nevada" is perhaps the best thing in the pamphlet.

> "See them rise from the plains and flee,
> Circle and snort and circle and wheel,
> Forward and back as their leader leads,
> Free as the light-winged birds are free,
> Free as the winds they snuff and feel,
> Free as naught else in the world is free—
> Nevada's wind-blown steeds!"

This is promising. It makes one think Mr. Hoffman might find it worth while to get off his sawhorse Pegasus and study grammar and prosody, and read something besides Joaquin Miller (with whom he is now saturated) — and then try to write. Because "John Keats was called a fool," as Mr. H. modestly reminds us, it doesn't follow that every man who is called a fool is a John Keats. And it is worth the Stocktonian youth's memory that no poet ever succeeded who was proud to be ignorant.

THE FALL OF A SPARROW.

Probably no other periodical ever took so big a fall between two numbers as the *Traveler's Record* has just done. Though only the business mouthpiece of an insurance company, it has had for years a genuine literary standing — as not merely the best insurance paper, but a monthly welcome to people who care less for insurance tracts than they do for last year's clams. This was wholly due to Forrest Morgan, the editor. He made a specialty of poetry; and it is not too much to say that no other folio in the United States published so high-average verse. All through, the little monthly was rather a model of editing. Now the insurance company has a new president, whom Mr. Morgan dislikes and distrusts, and Mr. Morgan is out of the *Record*. The Lion has no internal knowledge of the affair; but the *Record* now is a sight to be seen. The literary aroma has fled from it and left no trace, and the competency ditto. Its last number is nothing but abuse of the editor who alone ever gave it standing among educated people. Whatever the merits of the business quarrel, the *Record* has exchanged a first-class editor for a guy.

WHERE IGNORANCE IS BLISS.

Those who read 16th century French, or the apology for a translation of it, may remember "The Danger of Being Too Innocent." There is not in the United States a more honest, earnest, god-fearing weekly than the *Independent*. But its very charac-

ter gives one to see how it can "regret" that our poor Mr. Huntington should have been "bullied" by a Congressional committee, and declare that we should thank rather than blame him. The *Independent* can about as much conceive the real Mr. Huntington as it can read the arabesques of Chan-Chan. And though there are some disadvantages in any sort of ignorance, it should be rather proud of this.

NO GREAT HARM.

Apparently we have to have a dose of "California authors" about once in so often; and it seems to be necessary that each review of them should be less competent than the one before. *Munsey's* for April has our medicine up to date. Its article bristles with the unknown and the unknowable, and ignores Charles Warren Stoddard, and Mrs. Graham, and Grace Ellery Channing, and others who have a real place in letters. Whom it does mention it bungles. Ina Coolbrith it gravely lists as public librarian of a city whose shame it is that she is no more its librarian; and the other victims fare about as well. But after all, the article might be worse. It is only in *Munsey's*.

NOTES AND NOTIONS.

It is dangerous trying to be safe, in this world. The *Critic* quotes approvingly someone's remark that Byron said "Easy writing's —— hard reading." Very likely Byron thought so; but Sheridan had the advantage of him in saying it—

> "You write with ease to show your breeding,
> But easy writing's curst hard reading."

T. Fisher Unwin, a leading London publisher, has issued a standard edition of Charlotte Perkins Stetson's poems.

The *Fly Leaf* and the *Philistine* have become one flesh, and that flesh principally the editor, Walter Blackburn Harte. East Aurora, N. Y.

An exhibition of paintings by Charles Walter Stetson (of Pasadena) was held at Vickery's, San Francisco, last month, and attracted much attention, and the praise of the expert.

The third edition of Lindley and Widney's *California of the South*, rewritten and up to date, is out—a standard guidebook to God's country. It will have larger notice in these pages.

McClure's Magazine, one is glad to see, is making a solid success in the field in which it is a pioneer. It inclines to be newspapery, for its canny Scot took his start in newspaper syndicating (where by the way he made the best syndicate we have had yet); but it is doing substantial work. Some of the very best short stories are in it; and its Napoleon and Lincoln lives are pictorial monuments.

The *Sierra Club Bulletin*, Vol. 7, No. 1, is eleventh of the useful publications of this useful Club. It contains an interesting account by Prof. Bolton Coit Brown of his "Three Days with Mt. King;" "Forest Reservations; with a report on the Sierra Reservation, California," by Prof. Wm. Russell Dudley; the addresses of John Muir and Prof. Joseph Le Conte at the annual meeting, and other interesting matter. The headquarters of the Sierra Club are in San Francisco; and its objects are to explore, make known and protect to their proper uses the mountain regions of the coast.

In Story-Land is by Elizabeth Harrison, principal of the Chicago Kindergarten College and author of several books for and about children. It is a collection of fifteen short fairy and hero-stories designed to be retold by kindergartners in the specific ways best adapted to their pupils, and will doubtless serve its purpose. The author writes from Pasadena: "It was your magazine which first reconciled me to giving up my work for a year and coming to Southern California to rest and recruit. I felt sure that where such a magazine could come into existence and be supported there must be plenty of the kind of people I cared for."

Miss Blue Stocking is (in build, at least) the Bernhardt of the bibelots, being nine inches long, by three wide—and Bostonian of course. Probably from a fine sense of the fitness of things, the filling is slender.

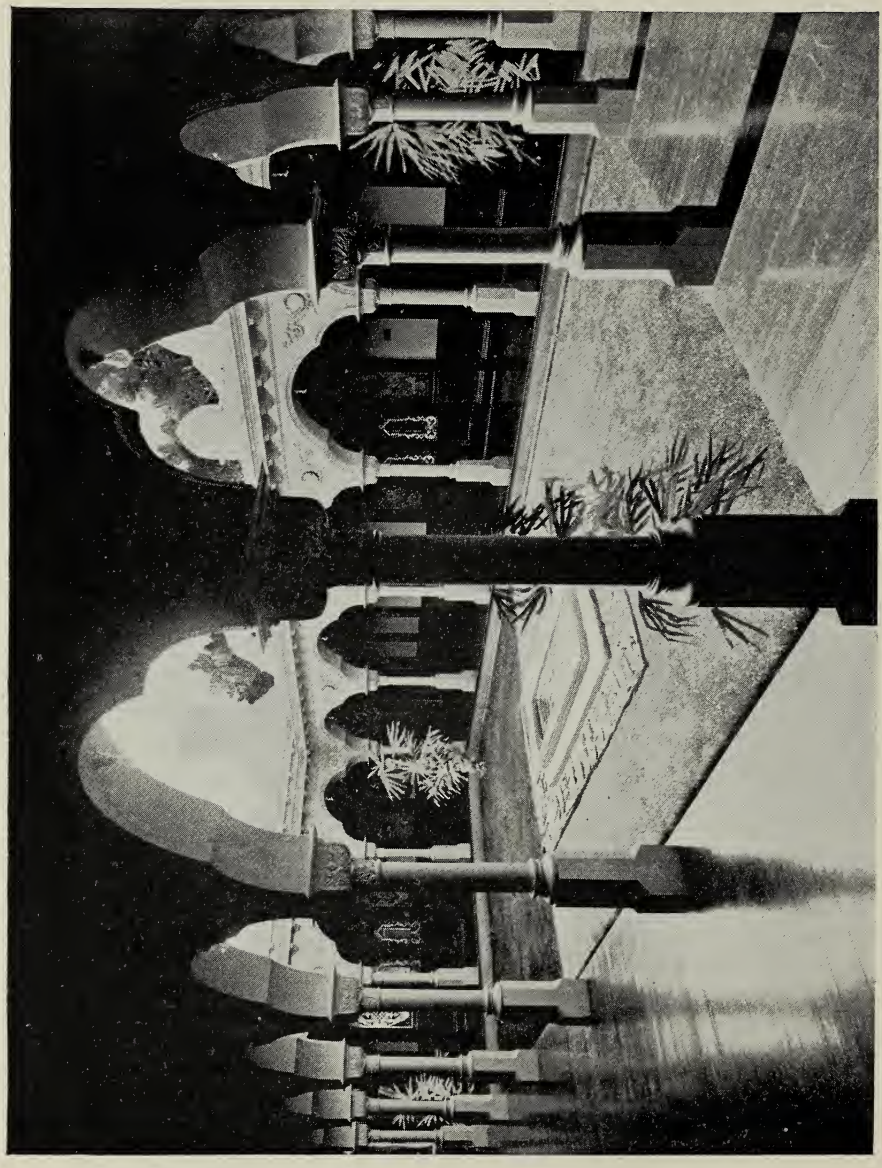
ALHAMBRA.

FAMOUS as Southern California is for its beautiful towns, it is doubtful whether in any of the seven southern counties there is a settlement that can compare in the beauty of its location and the high state of improvement of its homes with Alhambra. Unlike its ambitious neighbor, Pasadena, Alhambra does not make any pretense to commercial standing. It is a city of rural homes — a model suburb, in which the best features of city and country life are combined. Here, within twenty-five minutes ride of Los Angeles, the business man may find relaxation from the cares of city life, and if he so pleases play at farming in his leisure moments. The rare beauty of the grounds surrounding the attractive homes of Alhambra is a constant theme of admiration among eastern visitors. Other cities can show grander business blocks, but when it comes to gardens Alhambra is *facile princeps*. The

Mausard-Collier Eng Co. *A SECTIONAL VIEW OF ALHAMBRA.* Photo. by Waite.

mildness of the climate here permits the most delicate plants and trees to flourish in the open air all through the winter. At Christmas may be seen hedges of calla lilies, geranium bushes ten feet and more in height, and heliotrope covering the side of a house, while the jasmine, tuberose and orange make the air heavy with their delicious perfume. Giant bananas wave their graceful leaves in the gentle breeze, and ripen their fruit; the fan and date palms grow to mammoth proportions, and roses of a thousand varieties run riot. A majority of the residences stand in spacious grounds. Many have from five to twenty acres of land, all in a high state of cultivation, with well-kept verdant lawns, upon which the fig, orange and palm cast a grateful shade. Along the sides of the street shade trees are also the rule, the favorite varieties being the grace ful pepper—which grows to immense size—the eucalyptus and the grevilla.

One of the attractive features of Alhambra is the originality that has been displayed by home-builders in the architecture of their houses. There is no sameness in this respect, but each citizen appears to have



Putnam, Photo. THE PATIO OF THE GAIL BORDEN RESIDENCE ALHAMBRA. Los Angeles Eng. Co.

given his artistic ideas free scope, the result being pleasing in the extreme. Of late years the Mission has been a favorite style of architecture for residences, but many other styles may be noted in the course of a brief walk among these residences, which cause the visitor from less favored climes to envy their happy owners.

One of the attractions of Alhambra is the historic mission of San Gabriel, still in a good state of preservation, and used for regular services. The mission church and the quaint old settlement of San Gabriel that surround it are separated from Alhambra by a ravine crossed by a road.

It is little more than a score of years since the traveler crossing the site of this beautiful settlement would have seen only the solitary vaquero with his herd, scattered over a landscape in spring-time made gorgeous by wild flowers, in summer bare and dry, with no sign of the wonderful transformation that was to take place when life-giving water should be brought on the thirsty land. B. D. Wilson was the owner of this tract. Even at that early day he realized the possibilities of the

Putnam, Photo. *EXTERIOR OF THE RESIDENCE OF GAIL BORDEN.* L. A. Eng. Co.

section, and predicted that on this apparently barren waste thousands of beautiful homes would arise. Inspired with this faith, he proceeded to construct an aqueduct from his home place, known as the Lake Vineyard Ranch, developing enough water to irrigate about 275 acres, the land being divided into tracts of ten acres each. With the assistance of J. DeBarth Shorb, a worthy pioneer recently deceased, the tract was placed on the market, under the name of Alhambra, after the classic spot of that name in Spain. The location of the new tract was so desirable in every way that it was in demand from the start, at a time when there was no great call for real estate in this section. The subdivisions were soon disposed of. It is interesting to note that while Pasadena, which was laid out about the same time, has advanced far ahead of Alhambra as a commercial city, the pioneers who laid out the two tracts recognized the fact that the soil of Alhambra was superior to that of Pasadena, and a higher price was asked for Alhambra land.

In order to supply the demand for more tracts in this section the Lake Vineyard Land and Water Association, of which Mr. Wilson was president, placed 2500 acres on the market, adjoining Alhambra on the west, under the name of the Alhambra Addition Tract. A pipe line was laid, connecting this tract with El Molino or Kewen cañon, and the stream which the old padres diverted many years before to turn the wheel of the old mill was now utilized to transform the arid plain into an extensive garden, such as these brave old mission priests never dreamed of.

During the twenty years or so that have elapsed since then, a town has been built which, while retaining all that is attractive and desirable of rural life, still enjoys the advantages of modern municipal civiliza-

Waite, Photo. RESIDENCE OF F. EDWARD GRAY. L. A. Eng. Co.

tion. At the corner of Garfield Avenue and Main street stands a first-class hotel of fifty rooms, appropriately constructed in the Moorish style of architecture. On the opposite corner is the fine business block portrayed in this article, while several other solid blocks of substantial business houses are near by. Alhambra boasts of a fine school building and there are three churches. The convenience of access to Los Angeles has made Alhambra a popular place of residence for people doing business in the larger city. There are two lines of railroad. The Monrovia branch of the Southern Pacific runs through the town, while the main line of that system skirts its southern boundary. The Los Angeles and Pasadena Electric Company has a franchise for a line from Los Angeles to Alhambra, and thence on to Monrovia. It is believed that work on this line will be commenced before long, in which case there is certain to be a rapid increase in the growth of the town.

Waite, Photo, RESIDENCE OF J. A. GRAVES. L. A. Eng. Co.

The soil and climate of Alhambra are preëminently adapted to the culture of the choicest varieties of semi-tropical fruits raised in Southern California. From the beginning of the settlement a specialty has been made of the orange, of which several hundred carloads are shipped every year. The soil for the main part is a friable sandy loam, which is easily worked and is wonderfully fertile, needing but the slightest encouragement on part of the horticulturist to produce remarkable crops.

Waite, Photo. ESTABLISHMENT OF J. S. HARRIS. L. A. Eng. Co.

FROM MOUNTAINS TO OCEAN.

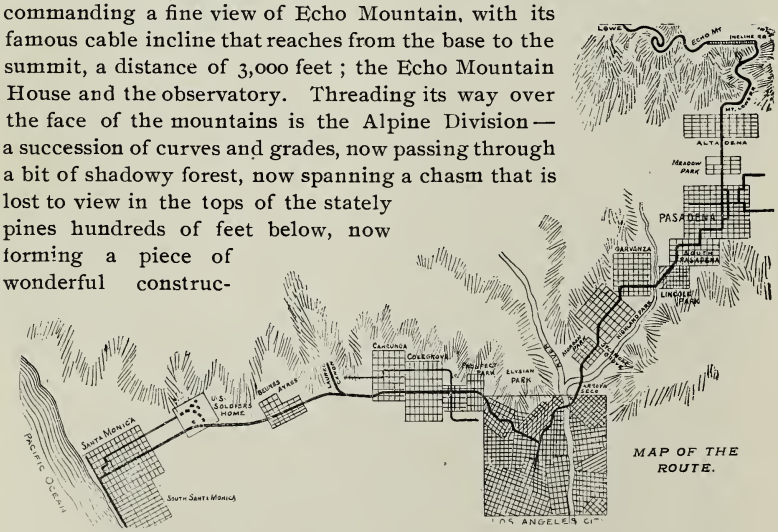
A PEERLESS TROLLY TRIP.

BY MADGE HARTELL CONNELL.

HEADQUARTERS, CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BLD'G.

THE Sierra Madre is now wedded to the ocean by electricity, the Pasadena and Pacific Electric Railroad Company having completed a system second to none in the United States. The coaches are of the latest make, with modern equipments, the seats in the enclosed car neatly upholstered, while outside seats are provided for those who prefer to ride in the open air.

The route traveled by this road is one of the most picturesque in the world. It starts from the little station of Altadena, situated in the midst of an orange grove, and commanding a fine view of Echo Mountain, with its famous cable incline that reaches from the base to the summit, a distance of 3,000 feet; the Echo Mountain House and the observatory. Threading its way over the face of the mountains is the Alpine Division — a succession of curves and grades, now passing through a bit of shadowy forest, now spanning a chasm that is lost to view in the tops of the stately pines hundreds of feet below, now forming a piece of wonderful construction, the "circular bridge," and then disappearing behind the rugged peaks. We may challenge the world to produce another such scenic route.



MAP OF THE ROUTE.

A signal from the conductor, and the car glides out from Altadena like a fairy boat on a golden sea, for the fields are abloom with California poppies that defiantly flaunt their royal colors in the face of the snow-capped peaks that tower majestically above them.

The next station of importance is Pasadena, the rose-embowered city

of beautiful homes. Here one may breathe the intoxicating perfume of the orange blossoms.

Putnam, Photo. Union Eng. Co.
MINNEAPOLIS AND LOS ANGELES DELEGATIONS AT THE JUNCTION.

Raymond and the flourishing little town of Garvanza are soon passed, and we enter Los Angeles, the metropolis of the Southwest, whose atmosphere vibrates with the busy hum of commerce and whose arteries throb with the vigor of cosmopolitan life. Business men and lady shoppers disperse in all directions, while the pleasure-seekers board the cars for the new extension, and continue their journey to the sea.

This line runs through the northwest part of the city, past the Sisters' Hospital, skirting the southern portion of Elysian Park, out into the

L. A. Eng Co. INTERIOR OF CAR. Photo by Putnam.

broad fertile valley of the Cahuenga. The branch road takes in that section of country lying nearest the foothills, known as the "frostless

Putnam, Photo. Mausard-Collier Eng.

TERRACE FARM, THE FOOTHILL RANCH OF O. E. ROBERTS.

belt." The valley is protected by the Cahuenga mountains, shielding it from the cold winds of the north, and sloping gently to the southwest for fifteen miles it meets the sea, where cooling breezes temper the heat of summer, making it one of the most equable climates in the world. It is famous for its adaptability to lemon and fig culture. Lemons will bear the third year after planting, and a six-year-old orchard with good care, under favorable conditions, will produce as much as five boxes to the tree.

The Cahuenga Lemon Exchange is putting forth every effort to make lemon raising more profitable. It has just completed a packing house with a capacity of twelve carloads, which will be in full operation by the first of May. The members will be able to cure, pack and ship to better advantage and at less expense than they would as individuals. The association is composed of live business men, who are working for the best interest of the valley. It will be the means of bringing their home products into more prominence.

The soil of the Cahuenga valley is a rich sandy loam, and is, as above stated, especially adapted to fig culture. The White Smyrna variety is preferred for curing. Twenty thousand pounds of these figs were handled by a Hollywood firm last year, which for an establishment still in its infancy is most encouraging.

Putnam, Photo. *RESIDENCE OF C. F. HARPER.* Union Eng. Co.

Tender vegetables, such as tomatoes, peas, string beans, chiles, etc., are grown out of doors in winter, finding a market at high prices in San Francisco, Denver, St. Louis and Chicago.

Waite, Photo. RESIDENCE OF HON. CORNELIUS COLE. Union Eng. Co.

The Cahuenga Improvement Association has been the prime mover in the water question, and by August an extensive water system will be introduced that will supply the whole valley with an abundance of water for irrigation, making it bloom as a garden.

The Cahuenga is not only the home of big pumpkins and water-melons, but the home of people of means and culture, who recognize a good thing when they see it. With the climatic and scenic charms, the

Putnam, Photo. Mausard-Collier Eng.

"LA MITA"—THE HOME OF MR. AND MRS. JNO. W. MITCHELL.

Putnam, Photo. *LOTUS POND OF EDMUND D. STURTEVANT.* L. A. Eng. Co.
Prospect Park, Cahuenga Valley.

religious, educational and social advantages, together with the advent of rapid transit, it is no wonder that the Cahuenga is regarded as the coming suburb of Los Angeles.

The main line of the electric road passes through Colegrove and the Soldiers' Home, where the government is now providing for about 1800 veterans, thence on to that popular summer resort, Santa Monica, where it passes down one of the principle avenues until it reaches the bluff overlooking the wide bay which has acquired special prominence on account of the harbor question now being agitated in Congress. From this point the line skirts the shore until it reaches the great bathing pavilion, which is second to none on the continent.

The initial trip over this line was a notable one, conveying, as it did, not only the Los Angeles city officials and others of prominence, but also the city officials of Minneapolis, who were at that time making a tour of the coast. When the cars bearing this delegation arrived at

Putnam, Photo. *ARRIVAL AT SANTA MONICA, APRIL 1, 1896.* Union Eng. Co.

Putnam, Photo. Union Eng. Co.

THE MINNEAPOLIS CAR AT THE SANTA MONICA TERMINUS.

Santa Monica, the visitors were met with great enthusiasm, were showered with flowers and served with refreshments at the Public Hall, where a reception was held, and welcome extended to them, while congratulations were bestowed on the president of the company, Gen. Sherman, and vice-president and general manager E. P. Clarke, who, not content with giving Los Angeles an exceptionally good street railway service, crowned their achievements in this locality by a system that brings Los Angeles into direct communication with attractive suburban regions.

Less than two hours are consumed in making this most enjoyable trip from the mountains to the ocean.

Union Eng. Co. NORTH BEACH BATH HOUSE. Photo. by Hill, Pasadena.

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A Strong Card.

The valuable series of articles on "The Southwestern Wonderland," begun in the March issue, will run through at least twelve numbers of the magazine, and will largely increase the circle of its readers. Written by Chas. F. Lummis, from personal knowledge of the field to which he has given years of exploration and study, a field concerning which he is recognized as the leading authority, these articles with their graphic text and lavish illustration will form by far the most interesting and instructive series ever published concerning the Southwest. Each article will be complete in itself; but everyone will wish to preserve the series as a whole.

No one, critic or tenderfoot, at home or abroad, can see any of the glints of sunshine in those pages without realizing their characteristic freshness. It is clear that on this editorial masthead there is a lookout who sees the land in which we live. It is a good work that is here being done, quietly enough, but worthily — a work that demands all success.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

For our single self, we had rather have an old back number of the LAND OF SUNSHINE than a whole barrel of some older but more flimsily constructed magazines, with their conspicuous photographs of yet more conspicuous *damas del teatro* and such like. The people of the entire Southwest and West should do royally by it.—*N. Y. Sports Afield.*

PROGRAM OF LA FIESTA.

TUESDAY, April 21st, 8 p. m. Opening Ceremonial at the Pavilion. First appearance of the Queen and Court. Admission 25 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents.

WEDNESDAY, April 22d, 2 p. m. Grand Day Parade. Floats, Chinese, Caballeros, Military, Uniformed Clubs, etc. Seats on Tribunes, Seventh and Hope streets. Prices, 25 cents to $1.00.

Evening, 8 o'clock. Grand Concert at the Pavilion. Prices 25 to 75 cents.

THURSDAY, April 23d, 2 p. m., at Athletic Park. Contests of skill, Indian races and other events. Admission, 25 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents.

Evening, 8 o'clock. Grand Illuminated Night Parade, "Lands of the Sun." Seats on the Tribunes, Seventh and Hope streets, 25 and 50 cents.

FRIDAY, April 24th, 2 p. m. Children's Parade. Seats on the Tribunes, Seventh and Hope streets, 25 to 50 cents.

Evening, 8 o'clock. Grand Display of Fireworks at Athletic Park. Admission, 25 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents.

NINE O'CLOCK, THE QUEEN'S BALL AT THE PAVILION. Tickets for balcony and gallery, 50 cents to $1.50. (Tickets for the ball room can be secured only from the Ball Committee, E. F. C. Klokke, chairman.)

SATURDAY, April 25th, 2 p. m. Floral Parade and Battle of Flowers, before the Queen. Seats on the Tribunes, Seventh and Hope streets; prices, 50 cents to $1.50 cents.

Evening, 8 o'clock. Popular Illustrated Concert at Pavilion. Admission 25 cents. Merry-making on the streets.

THE

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